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AND
COMPANION.

VOL. XXIV.—VOL. XII, NEW SERIES.



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PREFACE.



To the DEAR CHILDREN in our SABBATH SCHOOLS, and in the CHRISTIAN FAMILIES in which it circulates ;

To their PARENTS, MINISTERS, SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS, and SCHOOL MANAGERS ;

This, the

TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME

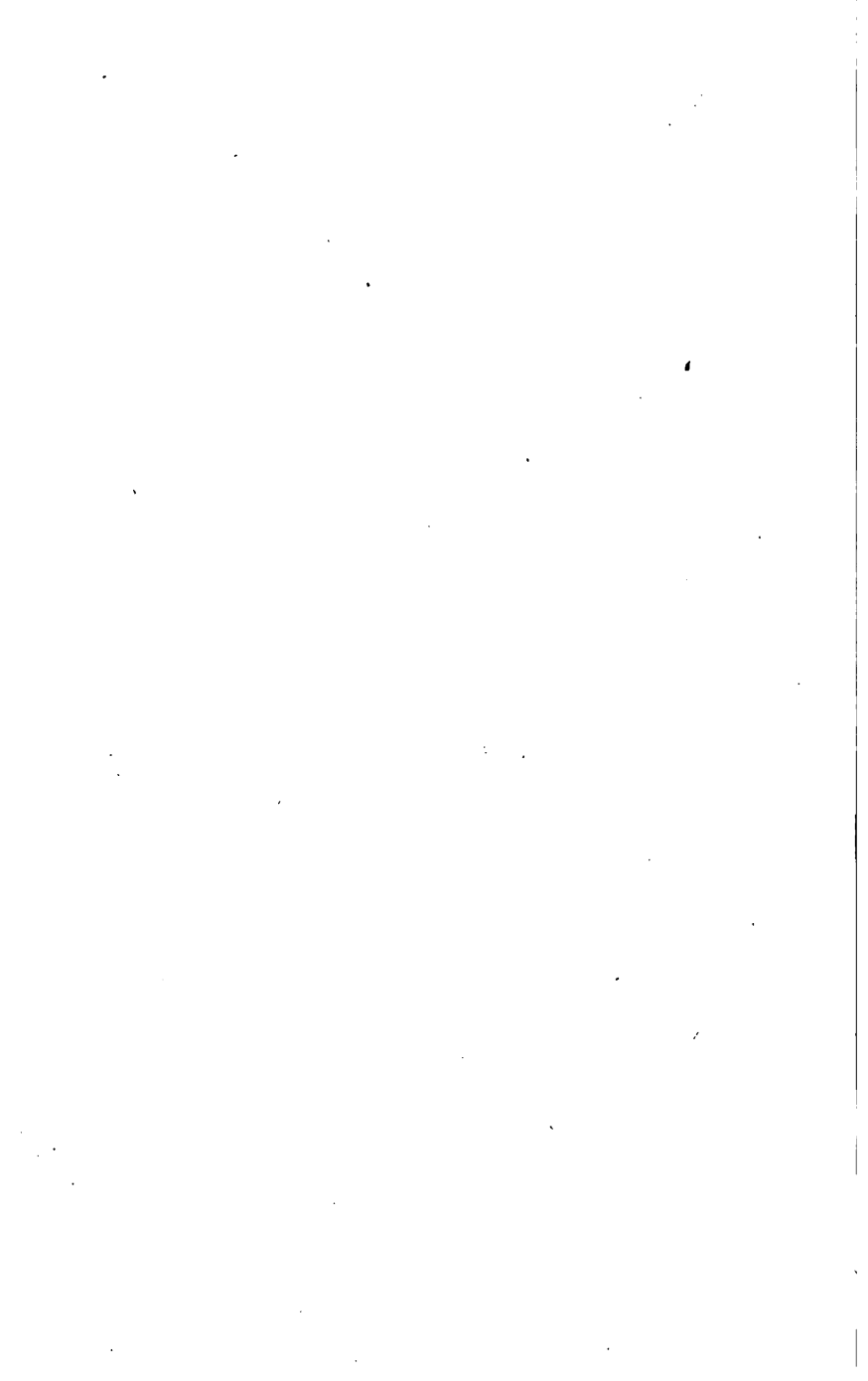
OF THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

is respectfully and affectionately dedicated ; in hope of their continued support, and with the earnest desire to make it their cherished companion in their hours of leisure, and in their endeavours to live a pure and useful life.

THE EDITOR.

London, Dec. 1st, 1873.





JOSEPH'S DREAM.—To ILLUSTRATE "CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE."—No. 1.

SQUIRE MILSTON'S VOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.



T was Christmas Eve, and the pretty little village of Moordale lay covered with a mantle of the purest snow. It had all the dark scars which the iron plough had furrowed in the fruitful soil; it adorned the quaint old church, toned down the rough angles in the gables of farm-houses, draped the naked arms of the giant trees with feathery whiteness, and nestled closely and lovingly among the thorns and twigs of the hedgerows. It was as if Nature had put on this vesture of dazzling white as the only fitting dress in which to celebrate the birth of the pure and spotless babe at Bethlehem. The snow, besides, hushed the footsteps of travellers, and seemed to bring with it a heavenly, peaceful calm.

But, alas! while outside all was so pure and peaceful, inside the abodes of men were the same dark and restless thoughts that had influenced them all the year round. In some homes, too, were sad countenances, and the evidences of that heart-sickness which comes of "hope deferred."

In Squire Milston's home every comfort and many of the elegances of life were found. But, as Mrs. Milston and her two children—Clara, a tall, handsome girl of about twenty-two years of age, and Harry, a curly-haired little fellow of about five—sat in their comfortable sitting-room, in the ruddy glow of their winter fire, it was easy to see that the two eldest, at least, were brooding over some great sorrow.

"Sissy," said little Harry, "'oo promised to take me to Farmer 'Ilkes' to-morrow night; Johnny said they *sud* have some games and play *ever* so pitty."

"All right, darling," said Clara; but she said it with a sigh, as she thought of a time when no home was happier than theirs at Christmas, and when their great wide kitchen had resounded with the merriment of youths and maidens hunting the slipper, turning the trencher, or playing at blindman's buff.

It was evident Mrs. Milston's thoughts were running in the same

channel, for she looked round, and, finding Harry had gone to the kitchen, doubtless tempted by the hope of preserves, she said sadly—

"I wonder where *he* will spend his Christmas, even if he is alive. And, oh! Clara, if he should be dead and we not know of it!"

"Do not talk so hopelessly, dear mother," said Clara; "I cannot think he is dead, for I feel sure he will come back some day. If father would only be a bit merciful and make inquiries, we should soon hear of him."

"Clara, my dear," said her mother, kindly but seriously, "you must not let your feelings lead you to think hardly of your father. He suffers as much as we, but his principles forbid him to act as his feelings dictate. Neither you nor I are capable of making such sacrifices to principle as your father. But, hush! here he comes to tea."

As she spoke there entered a tall, strong-built man of about fifty years of age, whose hair was nevertheless almost white. His step was steady, and that, together with his stern features and firm-set mouth, gave one an idea of great strength and force of character.

While they are engaged at their evening meal let us take a brief glance at their history.

The person of whom Mrs. Milston was speaking before her husband's entrance was her son George. He was a fine, high-spirited lad, and had a noble, generous nature; but, unfortunately, he was too impulsive and rash. Squire Milston was a man rigid in principle and practice. He lived himself according to rule, and was very severe in punishing the slightest fault in others. From childhood George's warm nature had been repelled by his father's coldness, since he was almost constantly incurring his displeasure.

When about fifteen he was guilty of some folly of more than usual magnitude; but the self-mortification he felt was amply sufficient to prevent its recurrence. However, instead of viewing the matter in this light, Squire Milston visited upon his son his severest punishment, and further tortured him by withholding all marks of reconciliation. His father's rigour so enraged George against all restraint that, in a fit of madness, he ran away from home, taking with him his little hoard of pocket-money.

On the morning after his departure Squire Milston detained his wife and daughter after breakfast, summoned the servants to the room, and in their presence calmly but bitterly disowned his son, and vowed he should never more enter his house.

George soon repented of his folly. The next morning's post brought a letter from him, dated Liverpool, pleading in the most humble terms for forgiveness. But his father was inexorable. He opened the letter merely to learn the address, and then returned it to his son without any comment whatever. Mrs. Milston had another letter a few days after, telling of George's early sailing

to Australia, but not giving the name of the ship, or, indeed, any particulars.

That was ten years ago, but the runaway's name had never since been mentioned in his father's presence. Mother and sister, however, frequently talked together of their bright, light-hearted George, and cheered each other with the forlorn hope that he might some day return. Squire Milston grew sterner and gloomier, and his hair whitened. Yet throughout he never reproached himself. He believed he had only acted justly towards his son; he thought it his duty to be severe, and no man was ever a greater slave to what he recognised as his duty than Squire Milston.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, too, in Liverpool; but, although it had snowed the whole of the preceding day, there was no beautifully white mantle there, no soft, pure carpet. For the heaven-sent messenger had been soiled by smoke and soot, and trodden under foot by the passers-by, till it was blended with the dust of the roads into clammy, dirty mud, which gave the streets a damp and desolate appearance.

But just as at Moordale the peace and purity outside were no guarantee for the happiness within, so here the damp discomfort of the streets was no criterion by which to judge of the interiors.

On either side of the hearth, in a cozy little sitting-room of a genteel house, in one of the quieter streets, sat two young men. To judge from the pensive brow of the taller and handsomer of the two (a young man of about twenty-five), and the steady, searching glance of his shorter companion directed at the fire, it was evident they had been engaged in considering some question of absorbing interest.

The door of the room opens, and there enters a neatly-dressed young lady, not pretty, but possessing, what is much better than mere prettiness, a pleasant, contented face. She walks up to the shorter of the two young men, who seems to be her husband, for she plays familiarly with his light-brown curls as she leans on the back of his chair, waiting to be informed of the result of their conversation.

"Well, Nellie," said her husband, "George has decided to go to Moordale by the mid-day train to-morrow."

"Oh! I'm so glad," said she, turning to the tall young man, "though we are both sorry to lose your company for Christmas. But then think of your poor mother and sister almost dying for a look at you!"

"Yes, I know they'll be glad to see me, Mrs. Tyler, but I'm afraid my father will not be reconciled. I know his firmness too well to hope much; but I will go and try him, and if he will not receive me, you and Fred will soon see me back again in Liverpool."

"Well, George, let us hope for better things," said Fred Tyler; "but if your fears should be realised, come here at once, for I feel sure I can get you the situation I told you of, and then you must come and live near us, and be as happy as you can."

Fred Tyler and George Milston had been chums at a public school. George had returned only a few days before from Australia, in good health, possessed of a good character, a decent sum of money, and an intense longing to see his mother and sister. Arrived in Liverpool, he had sought out his old schoelfellow, who had persuaded him to make his house his home for the little time he intended staying in town. Although he had come to England with the full determination of seeing his home and his friends, now that the time had come for the visit, he shrank from an interview with his father, which he feared would be as painful as it would be unavailing in softening his father's heart. But, happily, the advice and counsel of Fred Tyler and his wife had encouraged him to take the only right course.

* * * * *

Christmas-day dawned on the little village of Moordale. The joyous anniversary had been heralded by the village choir in simple yet beautiful carols proclaiming, as the angels had once done, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will toward men." The church bells had been ringing gaily since midnight in honour of our Saviour's birth, and then, in slower time, they called the people of the dale to "come and worship Christ their new-born king."

Slowly the villagers gathered in little groups to the quaint old church, endeared to their hearts by its association with all in their lives of bliss or sadness from the cradle to the grave. And, with characteristic punctuality, Squire Milston and his family were among the first to enter.

The venerable clergyman preached that morning an earnest practical discourse on the words, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." He dwelt mainly on the fact that at Christmas all family feuds, all kindred quarrels, should be entirely forgotten, and that all should meet in the bonds of perfect unity, to rejoice in the advent of the world's Peacemaker. He argued that it was not enough to offer friendship only to the dutiful and obedient. They must be reconciled to those who had injured them, and even to those who had cast themselves out of the pale of society by their sinful conduct. The angels had sung, "Good-will toward men"—toward *all* men; not to the good alone, but to rebels and traitors—to the vilest of the vile. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

"Brethren," said the good man in conclusion, "let us at this happy season try, each in our humble way, to increase this 'peace on earth,' and to extend 'good-will toward men.' Let us give the hearty grasp of friendship to any with whom we have been at enmity. Let us receive back to our warm hearts any who may have wandered from the path of right. And then can we truly pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

The earnest appeals of the pious clergyman made a deep impres-

sion on many hearts that morning, and among those thus influenced was Squire Milston. He went home pondering the sermon and its loving teaching. He was more than usually moody, and his wife, rightly conjecturing the cause, prayed silently, but, oh! how earnestly! that God would warm his heart towards his son.

Dinner passed in gloomy grandeur, and little Harry, after many vain endeavours to interest the pre-occupied minds of parents and sister, retired in disgust to the kitchen, where he knew he could demand attention more imperiously.

The lamp had been lit some time, and the tea ordered, when the figure of a tall young man might have been seen treading softly on the snow-covered lawn, and peeping cautiously through the sitting-room window at the interesting group within.

There was poor Mrs. Milston, sitting with folded hands and closed eyes, thinking of her dear boy far away at the Antipodes. The Squire and Clara were both pretending to read, but the Squire's eye continually wandered from his reading, and Clara for some time sat looking over the edge of her book down into the glowing embers, lost in thought. Suddenly the Squire shut his book with great determination, and, jumping to his feet, said, in the loud voice of one who speaks from conviction and at great sacrifice of feeling—

"Wife, I treated George unjustly. I'll go to Liverpool to-morrow to inquire about him."

"God bless you, John!" said his wife, as she and Clara clung round him in a warm embrace and smiled hopefully through their tears.

They had scarcely realised the happiness of their new-found hope when the door opened and the tall young man stood in the room.

All eyes were raised. Mrs. Milston gave a wild hysteric cry—"It's George—my son—my own George!"—staggered forward a few steps, and then fell fainting in the strong arms of her long-lost boy.

She soon recovered, and she and Clara lavished upon George the embraces and caresses prompted by the hoarded love of ten long years.

But George had not yet spoken to his father. Would he receive him without a word of reconciliation?

The returned prodigal stepped up to him. "Father," said he, "can you forgive me? I am very sorry I ever left you."

Squire Milston folded him to his breast, while his manly chest heaved with sobs which choked his utterance. At last, as tears came to his relief, he said reverently, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." "Amen," said George, and the reconciliation was complete.

What a happy Christmas was that for Squire Milston's family! George sat during the evening between his mother and sister, the former holding his hand fondly between her two, as if she feared she might yet lose him. Little Harry perched himself on George's knee, for he quite liked this big brother whom he had never seen, and

accordingly amused himself by playing with his whiskers. He never once reminded "Sissy" of the promised visit to "Farmer 'Ilkes." Squire Milston sat calm and cheerful, with a lighter brow and a gladder heart than he had had for ten years.

Thus they sat far into the night, listening to such of George's adventures as he thought not likely to cast a shade over their newly-found happiness.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

I.—THE BOY WHO BECAME A KING'S COUNSELLOR.

GENESIS XXXVII., ETC.



I SHOULD have made my bow at the end of the last year, but as I was about to retire from the JUVENILE platform, your editor stopped me and said—"Stay, sir, I want you to continue your talk with my children a little longer." As it is always to me a great pleasure to have a quarter of an hour's talk with the children in the Sunday-school, it was not likely that I could say "No" to the yet greater pleasure of speaking to the immense school of the Connexion which I suppose the host of our juvenile readers to form. So when Mr. Editor, the superintendent of this big school, thinks well to call upon me I shall, when possible, gladly respond to his call. My subject, then, is to be the Children of the Bible. Not all the children that are mentioned there—for to notice all would be too long a work—but one here and there, just as special interest or inclination may lead us to choose.

The first person of whose early life any considerable details are given is Joseph. There are not many of my readers but who will know Joseph very well. You have pictured him many a time standing in that patchwork coat of his. Perhaps you have wondered how it was made. Whether it was worked together in stripes, or squares, or diamonds, or in pieces of different shapes. What was the cut of the coat? Was it tight and short, or loose and long? Did he always wear it, or was it kept for his best—what some of you would call his Sunday coat? I am quite unable to answer all the questions you might put about that wonderful coat, because, you see, I do not happen to have enjoyed a personal acquaintance with Joseph. But one learned man, Dr. Clarke, says it was a coat made of *stripes* of differently coloured cloth, similar to the *toga pretexta* of the Roman youth, which was of white, striped or fringed with purple, and was worn by them until they were seventeen years of age, when it was exchanged by them for the *toga virilis*, made all of white. He also says such clothing of distinction is worn all over Persia, India, and China to the present day. Ah! that coat of many colours! It had been

better for the peace of Joseph's early days had it been made of the plainest grey! It told too well that he was the favourite, petted child in a family where there ought to have been no favourite at all. Jacob did wrong when he made that coat. He should not have made it for Joseph unless he had also clothed each son in a similar way. How strange Jacob did not remember how he himself had suffered from the same cause—the favouritism of his mother Rebecca. So slow you see are men to learn, even from their own experience. Joseph was Jacob's pet, and the coat was the sign of it. It is pleasing, however, to know that in this case favoritism had not its usual effect—namely, to spoil the child. We do not find Joseph growing up into a proud and disagreeable youth, boasting of his father's favour, and saying—"See what a fine coat I have got!" He seems rather to have been retired and thoughtful, obedient to his father, wishful to help his brothers, and scarcely conscious of his distinction. Many great and good men there have been who in their early life gave no promise whatever of what they afterwards became. It was not so with Joseph. His youth fitly foreshadowed his manhood, and told what it would be.

Then there were those strange dreams of his. You remember what they were. The brother's sheaves bowing down to his, the king-sheaf. And afterwards the sun, and moon, and eleven stars doing honour to him. Neither father nor brothers would have wondered much at his dreaming, for he was a dreaming sort of lad. The singular thing was that in both cases the honour was claimed for himself. Joseph did not feel that he was doing wrong by telling his dreams just as they occurred. He spoke out of the simplicity of his heart. The wrong was in his father and brothers, who could not bear to hear of his promised prosperity without envying him. See, my dear reader, what a fearful thing this envy is. To try by the use of proper means to rise to the level of others goodness and others prosperity is not wrong. It is an emulation which is lawful and good. But envious people do not this. They cannot bear to see others have more than they. They are sorry when they see others rise above themselves, and always try to pull them down again. Unwilling to strive after success themselves, they are unwilling that others should too. These are the snarling, uncharitable, detracting people you sometimes meet with. Shun them, I beseech you, for their example is wicked indeed. It was after the revelation of these dreams that Joseph's worst troubles began. His brethren had hated him before, because of his father's special favour. Often, I daresay, they had asked—"Why should he have a finer coat than we?" "And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him." But now they were thoroughly enraged.

At length the opportunity comes for them to show their rage. His brethren are feeding the flocks in Dothan, many miles away from home. Joseph draws near, the messenger of his anxious father. "See!" said one to another, "this dreamer cometh!" We cannot

be mistaken, for not many wear a coat like that ! "Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and we will say some evil beast hath devoured him : and we shall see what will become of his dreams." See how quickly the very worst sins follow upon the envy we have just spoken of. First, hatred ; then falsehood, then murder ; for though the last did not take place in positive deed, it was there in intention all the same. But Reuben, a better brother than the rest, said—"No, don't let us kill him. That would be too bad. Let us cast him into this pit." The pit was probably an old well—deep, but dry. Just as this foul arrangement is finished Joseph comes up. "How are my brothers to-day, and how are the flocks ?" Without any answer, save, perhaps, angry scowls, the many-coloured coat is torn from his back. In spite of his piteous pleading, Joseph is thrust down into that dark and dismal hole. And then, as though they had just done a worthy work, they sit down to eat a meal. The whole company, as they sit there on the grass, reminds us as much as anything of a band of brigands in the Greek mountains gloating over their wicked business. But fear not Joseph, down there in the dark well ; Jacob does not know of it, but thy better Father does, and will make it all right by-and-by !

What is yon long line of men with glittering spears, and camels with heavy loads ? It is a company of Midianite merchantmen. Judah sees them, and has something to propose. "It will be very serious," says he, "if we shed the lad's blood, for he is our brother. Let us sell him to the merchants. If he get to Egypt *we* shall not be troubled with him again." "Agreed," say all his brethren, and the poor frightened boy is hoisted out of the pit. They ask the strangers—"What will you give for the lad ?" and the price—twenty pieces of silver—is soon stated and received. So away goes Joseph, led by foreigners into a foreign land, to be a slave.

To be a slave ! Yes ; but after that to receive, with godlike forgiveness, the men who sold him ; to feed them in their dire need, and to fill the last days of his dear old father with plenty and with peace. To be a slave ! Yes ; but also to be a great nation's deliverer, to dwell in royal palaces, and to be the prime minister of a king ! So wonderful, my dear reader, are the paths along which our God leads his children. The dull, sad morning of Joseph's life unfolded into a glorious day. Does a boy or girl read these lines whose life is already troubled and sorrowful ? Be upright and godly, as Joseph was ; put thy cause into God's hands, as he did, and thou shalt find that all thy sorrows are steps in the way to usefulness, honour and peace.

J. C. S.



UP THE RHINE, &c. ;
OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.
No. III.

THERE are many singular signs and names borne by public-houses and hotels in this country, but it is seldom that we meet with a more singular one than that of our hotel, Amsterdam—The Old Bible Hotel. Being curious about its history, we plied the proprietor pretty freely with questions, and the following is it:—This building was formerly a printing and publishing establishment; and here was printed and published the first (Dutch) Protestant Bible in Amsterdam. This took place about the year 1542, and the publisher's name was Jacob Van Lievenus. In proof, the master of the house exhibits before our eyes a very dilapidated copy of the first edition. In the year 1690, however, a certain canny Scotchman converted the establishment into an hotel, and put outside a wooden Bible as a sign; whilst upon the leaves of the open Bible—still to be seen outside—he placed as a motto, the advice of St. Paul to Timothy, 1 Ep., v. 23. "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Some time ago, at the request of a number of clergymen who felt a little scandalized, the father of the present proprietor removed the objectionable motto. But the proprietor himself assured us of his intention shortly to restore it. We scarcely approve his design, but no opportunity occurring to say so, the subject drops.

Having refreshed, and taken a short row on the Zurder Zee, which history tells was once an inland lake, followed by a leisurely ramble round and about the town, we return thinking of the celebrities with whom Amsterdam has furnished the world. Here, for example, was born in 1633, Benedict de Spinoza, the celebrated Jew. Strange things are told of him: that he was a Jew by birth, a Christian in policy, and Atheist in principle. He is generally acknowledged to have been the founder of Modern Atheism, because he first reduced its teachings to a system. He died at The Hague, in 1677. Then there is another, not so well known as Spinoza, his name Manasseh Ben Israel. He was of the 17th century. He was a clever man, but an intermeddler. Rumours tell a tale to the following effect:—In the time of the English Commonwealth, when Cromwell was Lord Protector, Manasseh applied to the sturdy Puritan to allow the Jews to settle in England. For this privilege, the protector was offered the not despicable sum of £200,000, providing also that he would naturalize them, and quietly hand over to their use St. Paul's as a synagogue. It is said that his protectorship obtained Manasseh's money, and then cast him off. If he did—why, I'm ashamed of Oliver. But to put it curtly and simply, we don't much believe it.

Amsterdam is an old-fashioned place, with narrow, inconvenient streets, whilst here and there you see a fine building as the king's

palace, post-office, &c., whilst others and many of them are of queer construction. As in Rotterdam, so here canals run in all directions, and trees line the banks. The population, including Protestants, Papists, and Jews, is about 303,000. It is the commercial capital of Holland, and carries on one or two important branches of industry. Here are diamond mills, for example, employing some 10,000 hands,—where our Queen's celebrated diamond* was cut and polished.

Are you ever troubled with corns? When you travel this way then, be sure you pack up a razor. One of our party so troubled, calls out, "Garçon, the loan of a razor, please." "Can't," says garçon—"can fetch a barber." "No, man—a razor." Garçon persists—"Yes, I can." So seeing the hopelessness of the case, we move off with corns ripe into the harvest unfortunately uncut: hence the advice.

After a visit paid to Rembrandt's monument, in the fish-market, and bidding our hotel-keeper good-bye, we started for the railway station. By dint of perseverance, and not unskilful (?) combination of Dutch and English—"The Rhine Spoor, sir?" frequently repeated as we pointed in a certain direction,—we arrived safe at said Spoor. As we journey, a fellow walking about with a box of clothes' brushes under his arm—as the shoe-black brigade—having nothing better to do, steps forward, and unhesitatingly selects the writer for the invidious distinction of a brush. His watchword, as far as we could make it out: "Yoush smootiesh." Do I get angry? Nothing of the sort, but taking it as a joke, gently wave him off, and say to his next "companion-in-arms," who seems tempted to come the same thing, simply, "Yoush smootish," and pass on. But we soon found a call for the exercise of not a little charity and patience. The train bound for Cologne, whither we went, was just leaving, but had not left the platform. Had the officials been so minded, there was time to have booked, and sent us on; instead of which, they only laughed—having a little fun at our expense. It was very provoking, so we gratified ourselves, and let off our superfluous steam by giving them a little bit of our minds in English. Whether they understood us or not, is another question, but they did seem to know that we thought them unkind and a little bit shabby. Thus thrown in our reckoning, we wandered on to the bridge, which crosses the Amstel, on which the town stands. Here we have a splendid view up the river, which winds away in the distance, the banks bestud with houses and trees, and the sides varied by innumerable tiny creeks. As we face the town, a good view of which is obtained here, we have on our right hand the Amstel Hotel, a respectably good hotel, and judging from the exterior, we should say it is. On the left stands the Crystal Palace. As we stand, we are much amused by observing the costumes of the people, especially the funeral costumes; the droil looking hats of some of the male mourners, and the cylinder-looking hearse rather tickling one's fancy, and exciting one's risibilities unduly.

* Koh-i-noor.

Not having overgot our disappointment, we make further inquiries respecting the trains, and ascertain that we can go on as far as Utrecht, where, spending an hour or two, we can await the next train for Cologne. This discovery rather mollifies us a little; so we start by the 10.30 a.m. for the rather quiet, aristocratic looking town of Utrecht. Being strangers and pilgrims here, we have soon gathered round us a swarm of lads, as if we had been a lot of natural curiosities. "Rude boys—be off;" but they only laugh and joke fun at us. "Bad lads—go home—" but it is plain they don't have the privilege of grinning at three Englishmen every day. So we let them be, poor things! and they quietly disperse. We ramble round the town, and down to the church. Here, singular to relate, the tower over 300 feet high, and containing, it is said, over 40 bells, stands apart from the church. Pope Adrian VI. was born in Utrecht, though the place doesn't seem much the better for that. Adrian was a poor boy once, but clever, and so climbed up to the papal chair, which is not a very safe one just now. He succeeded Pope Leo X., and died in 1523. The University, Library, &c., and the part the place has played in the past among the Romans, make it worth a few-hours stay—not more. So the time of our departure drawing nigh, we return to the "Spoor," where the most noteworthy thing that arrests our attention is three shabby-dressed, seedy-looking, but jolly Roman priests, talking and smoking their pipes. But, here comes the train. So having our "billets," we take our seats amongst a lot of jabbering Dutchmen for the widely famed city of Cologne.

Through Arnheim and Zenevdar, the latter being the first station on Prussian territory. Of this, we are reminded by a sight of the Prussian eagle, and the invitation to step into the Customs' Room, from which, having nothing to elicit about us, we pass without delay, and resume our journey. Down an incline; catch our first glimpse of the famous river Rhine, which we cross without leaving our seats by means of a ponton worked by steam. At a rapid rate we roll over the ground, and presently arrive at Cleve, once the capital of the Dutchy of Cleve. This is the native town of Anne, who became the wife of our Henry the VIII.; and yonder stands the castle in which she was born. But Henry married Annie of Cleve, only from mere policy and statecraft. He was disappointed; for from a professed portrait of her, he thought her prepossessing, but felt a little taken in when he saw her at Rochester. Henry, however, had quite a faculty for getting rid of his wives when they fell into disfavour. So divorcing Anne, he married Catherine Howard. The church of Cleve stands well; the surrounding country is very fertile, beautifully wooded, and pleasantly relieved from the monotony which afflicts Holland by hills and dales; whilst there is promise of an abundant harvest. On we go, through Keuss, of old Roman celebrity, forward to the far-famed Cologne. The country through which we pass looks well—potatoes, clover, barley, rye, corn, &c. At this juncture, the guard appears, shouting "Köln," and collects our tickets—we are not sorry. Another

smart run, passed villages and crucifixes at the corners of the road, through the fortress, and into the Central Station, at 7.15 p.m. A little wandering, and we find ourselves in a comfortable room of the Hotel de Holland, close to the landing-stage, and overlooking the river Rhine. A band of music on the opposite side is playing the "Last Rose of Summer," and sweet do the notes sound across the water, as they come calmly floating on the cooling breeze.

Cologne is a very old city, and is supposed to be built upon the very site of the ancient capital of the Ubii—a people of whom Cæsar tells us in his Commentaries. As we ramble round the city inspecting the exterior of the Hotel de Ville, Museum, &c., every now and then we find our olfactory faculty unpleasantly aroused by the too near presence of something which certainly bears no comparison with the article of commerce for which the city is so far famed. Doubtless, Coleridge experienced the same thing, for he says, "I counted two and seventy stenchs, all well defined, and several stinks." The surface drains, will, no doubt, account for this in great part. But let that pass.

In the morning we start to see the churches of the city, and here are some fine ones. Seeing a long string of youths trooping through the streets (7.0 a.m.), we bring up the rear, and find ourselves in the Church of St. Maria-in-Capitolio at morning prayers. The interior of the church is gorgeous. A row of pillars on each side of the church support the naves; and on these stands a life-size statue of some saint. At the end of the church, three paintings—but too far off to see the subjects. Down the sides, a number of confessionals, &c., &c. Romanism here is at home—to any extent bell-ringing, host-lifting, genuflecting, and intoning. On the whole, the lads seem tolerably attentive and devout. And we cannot forbear the reflection, how the solemn tones of the organ, with the mysterious behaviour of the priests and acolytes at the altar, and lighted candles, and the magnificent display generally, are calculated to influence the imagination, overawe and lead captive the silly and the superstitious. But to the Church of St. Ursula. Connected with this is a legend. In the fourth or fifth century a certain British princess, by name Ursula, made a pilgrimage to Rome. Her attendants numbered some 11,000 young ladies. On her return she stayed at Cologne, where she was met by the Huns—a cruel and ruthless people—who offered Ursula and her virgins violence. And, rather than suffer it, Princess Ursula and her virgins chose to be murdered. In process of time the Romanists canonise and call her Saint Ursula, and ultimately build this church to her memory. They profess to have a number of the bones framed in gold, arranged round the walls; but as service is going on this is scarcely the time for seeking them. So we leave, thinking, "It is something to have been in the church, though the whole story sounds much akin to Roman stories in general. The magnificent crucifix shrine of the Virgin Mary, at which the people were paying their devotions, and offering candles, &c., &c., we shall not attempt to

describe, but observe that the next church we visited was the church of the Jesuits. Perhaps the most remarkable thing here is that the bells are made of the cannon which the celebrated General Tilly captured at Magdeburg. The reason why the cannons were cast into Jesuit bells is this perhaps:—Tilly himself, before entering upon the military profession, was a member of the so-called Society of Jesus. He died in 1632. If the bells had been hung in a church where Christ was preached instead of the Virgin Mary we should say it was a good thing, for that which was once used as an instrument of the devil's kingdom, and to spread it, should now send forth in clearest tone an invitation to all to the kingdom of peace. As it is, however, we fear the old cannon is in the same service, though under a different form and name. Here we see a great deal of dipping the hand into the "holy water," to sprinkle and mark their persons. Being curious I peep into the font, and find not a single drop of anything. It was as dry as a sunbeam though not as pure. We thought what hypocrisy! and wondered if the drained-out font in the Jesuit church was symbolical of Jesuitism in Germany—drained out.

But let us to the cathedral, the chief attraction of the place. It is a grand building, and, as you stand gazing with all the eyes you have, it takes some little time to realise its vastness. This is considered the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in existence without exception. It begins to look a little hoary with age, and well it may, for it began to be built about the middle of the thirteenth century. The nave is simply overpowering, being 160 feet in height. The church has had many a quarrel with the city for supremacy, just as the Romanists struggle for this supremacy to-day, and this has obstructed the progress of the building, so that 600 years have rolled away since its commencement. If report speaks truly, however, the top stone is to be brought on with shouting; and already picture and print dealers exhibit the cathedral, not only as it is, but as it is to be. Some 400 men are at present employed on the works, so that there appears the prospect of realising "the consummation so devoutly to be wished"—its completion. Here are also a number of curiosities and relics of various kinds, together with the tombs of some of earth's great ones. But all these have been dealt with by others, and so obviated the necessity of my so doing. It seems marvellous how rapidly the time seems to fly when one is revelling amongst interesting, curious, or antiquarian objects; so that one is forced to keep a sharp look out as to his procedure lest he inadvertently upset his own arrangements and come short of his programme. So, thinking and acting, we hastily gather up our *impedimenta*, and say, "Farewell, Cologne!" We don't feel particularly enamoured with your narrow streets, and dirty bad pavement, and unpleasant smells. Still we would like to see your environs, your walls—six miles round—and your eighty-three towers, against which, a short time ago, you expected to hear the play of French cannon. But your enemy never came. May your peaceful manufacture of lady's scent, your refresh-

ing "Eau," be broken in upon, never more. So good-bye. Now for the Rhine.

MONEY.

VII.—BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

No doubt many of our readers have seen the curious device on the reverse of an Isle of Man penny or halfpenny. The three legs might be supposed to represent the rapidity with which money runs away from us: I sometimes think it might have half-a-dozen legs, judging from the difficulty of keeping it in my pocket. It seems to have a liking for being always on the move. If you were to go to the Isle of Man, and ask one of the people there what this strange figure was intended to signify, he would, perhaps, tell you with a little twinkle in the corner of his eye, that one of the legs was kneeling to England, another bowing to Scotland, and the third just about to deliver a kick to Ireland. What Ireland has done to deserve such treatment I don't know, but this was the account given to a friend of mine who visited the little isle two or three years ago. However, we must not believe all we hear when travelling, and a little examination will show that the meaning lies deeper. The three legs are the coat-of-arms belonging to the island, they are encased in armour, and round them is the legend—"Quocunque Jeceris Stabit" (whichever way you throw it, it will stand). This device is said to have been borrowed from the ancient coins of Sicily, on which is represented the triangular form of the island, and in whatever position the coin is placed, one of the legs appear to be defending itself from an enemy, while the other two are supplicating help from some friend.

Jersey has the honour of a separate bronze coinage: the last two annual Reports issued from the Royal Mint contain an account of 160,000 pence, and the same number of halfpence for each year. The halfpennies and pennies for Jamaica are of Nickel, and the annual coinage of each is about the value of £500. Newfoundland has gold two-dollar pieces, and silver coins to represent fifty cents, twenty, ten, and five cents. The Canadian twenty-cent piece may often be met with in this country, where it is frequently passed for an English shilling: it bears on the obverse the Queen's head, with the words—"Canada," "Victoria Dei Gratia Regina." On the reverse, there is in the centre its value and date, and near the edges are branches tied together at the bottom, and surmounted by a crown. None of these have been coined lately, but the fifty, twenty-five, ten, and five-cent pieces are coined in large numbers. The fifty-cent. pieces for Newfoundland, and the fifty and twenty-five cent-pieces for Canada have been introduced during the last two years for the purpose of making the currency of those countries more like that of the United States.

Australia is honoured by having two branches of the Royal Mint, one at Sydney, established in 1853; and the other at Melbourne, founded in 1869. They are managed by officers who are under the direction of the Master of the Mint in England, and all gold coins issued by them are a legal tender for payments in any parts of Britain and her colonies. This connection is much closer than the one maintained with the mints in British India; for those at Calcutta, Bombay and Madras merely send a certain number of coins each year to be tried under the direction of the Master of the Mint in this country.

FOREIGN COINS.

A list of the moneys of all nations, with their value in English currency, would be rather too dry an affair for the pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, we must, therefore, make just a few references. Germany is now passing through a change in its coinage by the introduction of a new gold coin—a twenty-mark piece, equal to nineteen shillings and sixpence of English money. This comes nearer to the value of our sovereign than any other coin now in use; but if certain proposed changes are carried out by France, a twenty-five-franc piece will be issued, worth about a sovereign and five farthings of our money. As might be expected, a change has taken place in the design of the French coinage, owing to the adoption of a Republican form of government. The American half-eagle or five-dollar piece is worth twenty shillings and tenpence of English money: the cent, though smaller than our halfpenny, is equal to it in value, and bears on the obverse the head of an Indian adorned with an array of long feathers.

In the month of April, 1871, a new mint was opened at Osaka in Japan, and its opening may be regarded as marking a change in the relations existing between Europe and the East. Its furnishings were formerly the property of our Government, and were used in a branch mint at Hong-Kong, but were purchased by the Japanese and removed to Osaka. The master and other officers were engaged in England, and at the opening there was a grand ceremony attended by representatives from England, France, America, and Spain. We sincerely wish every success to the party of progress in Japan, and hope that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ will soon establish itself in the homes and hearts of the people. The Chinese coinage is a very inconvenient affair. They have a number of coins about the size of shillings, made of very common metal, and having a square hole in the centre. On the obverse are certain characters representing the name of the Emperor who was reigning at the time when the piece of money was coined. These little bits of metal are called "cash" by Europeans, but the Chinese call them "chean." They string 500 of them on a cord, and call them a thousand. When they have large sums of money to pay they use lumps of silver weighing about sixty-five English ounces: these are called "shoes" by Europeans. As the silver varies much in quality the difficulty of trading is frequently

found to be very great. We had intended saying something about paper-money, but space will not allow us. Those readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, who have followed us in these brief papers will, perhaps, feel now a deeper interest in the figures, dates and letters impressed on coins than otherwise they would have done. Be it remembered, however, that money is not really valuable for its own sake, but as a medium of trade; and to cherish a love for it on its own account alone is to go directly contrary to the precept of David—"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."—J. R.

THE STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS WORK DONE.

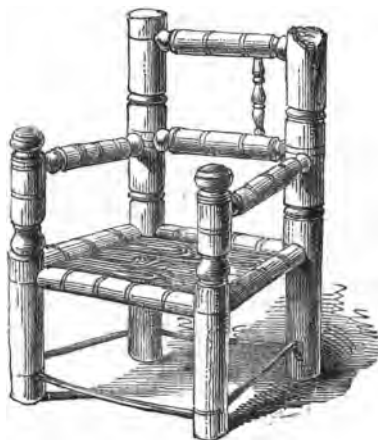


JOHN BUNYAN'S imprisonment was a very fruitful one. There is not a place on earth in which a man may not serve God if he have the will to do so, and assuredly Bunyan recognised this fact. He had but two books as his companions, the Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." But during those long and lonely years there sprang from that chastened mind of his another book whose deep knowledge of human character, rare expositions of Scripture, and beauteous imagery have given it a foremost place in English religious literature. We see the providence of God very clearly in the imprisonment of Bunyan. Enjoying constant liberty to travel and preach, he would have been still more useful, perhaps, among the men of his own day; but as a prisoner in Bedford Gaol, he became the world's minister. For through his "Pilgrim" he speaks to all nations and at all times.

Imprisoned, mainly through the enmity of the bishops, it is pleasing to know that it was mainly through the intercession of a bishop that he was released. It was in the year 1672, through the good offices of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, that he left his prison home. What a glorious change this was for the good man we can well understand. He was restored to his family again. In reference to them he had said—"The parting with my wife and children hath often been to me as the peeling the flesh from the bone; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these mercies, but also because I have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likely to meet with, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside." What a joy it must have been to be with them all again!

He lost no time in beginning again his labours. While a prisoner

he had been chosen pastor of the little Baptist church at Bedford. Soon after his release a chapel was built for him at this place, paid for out of the voluntary subscriptions of his friends. He proved himself a worthy successor of "Holy Mr. Gifford." No man could prove more diligent in work than did he. As an author his efforts were most untiring. No less than sixty books, great and small, came from his pen. As a preacher he maintained his power to the last. Besides his stated work as pastor of the church at Bedford, he made frequent journeys to other parts of the country to preach the Gospel. Every year he spent a short season in London, and preached there with such acceptance that 1,200 people would come together at seven in the morning of a winter's day to hear him. The celebrated Dr. Owen was often one of his audience.



Once, it is said, Charles II. asked Dr. Owen how a learned man like him could sit down to hear a tinker prate; to which he replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess the tinker's abilities for preaching I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

Happily Bunyan's popularity did not make him proud. After preaching very powerfully one day, it is said his friends pressed round to thank him for his "sweet sermon." "Aye," he replied, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me as much before I left the pulpit." Humbly but boldly he continued preaching the Gospel of the kingdom; often slandered and persecuted, but always encouraged by seeing his preaching blest to the saving of men. During one of his visits to London he was induced to take a journey to Reading to try to reconcile an estranged father and son. He succeeded in his

mission as a peacemaker, but, returning on horseback through drenching rains he took cold; the cold was followed by a fever, which ended in his death, August 12, 1688.

Engravings are given of a few personal relics of Bunyan. The chair and cabinet are preserved in the new chapel at Bedford. The former seems to gain in strength what it lacks in elegance. The latter is a small but highly-finished piece of workmanship. The jug, in 1853, was in the possession of Mrs. Hillyard, widow of the late Mr. Hillyard, who for fifty years was minister of Bunyan's church at Bedford. One tradition says it was used to take his broth in to the prison, and another to take the same to chapel in on a Sunday, when he usually took his dinner in the vestry.

When old Bedford Bridge was pulled down, in 1811, one of the workmen found a fine gold ring with seal and inscription, as seen in



the engraving. A neighbouring clergyman, Dr. Abbott, secured it, and in 1817 gave it to Dr. Bower, then curate of Elstow (Bunyan's birthplace), and afterwards Dean of Manchester. The ring was probably a present from some rich person to Bunyan.

And now, reader, I come to the close of my short story. In the very limited space allotted to me I have tried to give you the main facts in the history of this wonderful man. This is one among the countless instances in which God has chosen the poor and despised to do mighty things for Him. If any one had predicted that that lad who followed his father from village to village crying "Tins to mend!" who was the roughest lad in Elstow, and the ringleader of mischief-makers, would have attained such an eminence as he did, who would have believed it? And yet the honour given to him during his life was very great, though it is far outshone by that which has been rendered to him since his death. Men the most diverse in creed and

character have united to speak well of his name. The poet Cowper was among the first when he wrote—

"I name thee not—
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober grey,
Revere the man whose 'Pilgrim' marks the road,
And guides the 'Progress' of the soul to God."

Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Montgomery, Southey and Macaulay, have since joined in the acclaim of praise. All sections of the Church do honour to his memory. His great work, the "Pilgrim's Progress," is being read more extensively in this land than ever, while it is also being translated into the languages of other lands.

When did this mighty change in Bunyan's life begin? We have seen already it began when he gave himself to God. It was truly the grace of God that made him what he was, and enabled him to do what he did. While we give praise to the Father for what He wrought in and through this man, let us not forget that the same abounding grace is at hand to change, to enlighten, and ennoble these lives of ours.

J. C. S.

Editor's Table.

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Stockton-on-Tees, Nov. 18th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give me your explanation of the following verse—Ecclesiastes vii. 16: "Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise: why shouldst thou destroy thyself." An explanation through our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige. G.H.W.

ANSWER.—It is certain that we cannot be too holy, and it is certain we cannot be too wise; let this be remembered to begin with. Therefore, we are bound to seek some other interpretation of these words than to accept them as a condemnation of seeking either holiness or wisdom. But there is a righteousness which is all outward show, and a contention for small things to the neglect of greater, and there is a wisdom which deserves no better a name than cunning. In this sense the advice in this passage is good. There cannot be "overmuch" righteousness that springs from a sanctified heart, and there cannot be too much of that wisdom which cometh from above, which is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and hypocrisy.

Nov. 14th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—At the request of our class, I have to ask you kindly to explain to us the appearance of the "living creature by the river of Chebar," recorded in Ezekiel x. "Their appearance had one likeness, as if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. When they went, they went upon their four sides; . . . and their whole body, backs, hands, wings, and wheels, were full of eyes round about. . . . Every one had four faces;

the face of a cherub, a man, a lion, and an eagle." Do they represent something, and what? or are we to take it as the appearance of what he saw.

A READER OF THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER.—As a vision, of course, those living creatures and those wheels within wheels were actually seen by the prophet at the river of Chebar. But what did the vision mean or teach? It was meant to show us the omniscience of God—knowing everything, and the ever-watchful eye of God taking notice of everything; the mystery of His Providence wheels moving within wheels, and yet always moving, and with a design in everything—a foresight and a piercing view which overlook nothing. "Their whole body, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, and the wheels were full of eyes round about." Can anything more grandly or expressively teach us that God knoweth our lying down and our rising up, and that He understands all our ways? And then look at the beauty and glory of the agents who accompanied all these movements! They were the cherubim and the living creatures—the highest intelligence ready to do the Divine bidding in carrying out His purposes. We ought to learn from this—"Thou God seest me"; we ought to feel secure, because God is looking after us; and we ought to shun all evil, for the eye of the Lord seest it, and verily He will bring us into judgment.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to give your opinion on pantomimes? Some Christians tell us there is no harm going to those places, and I am almost of their opinion. I have been there, and have seen professing Christians there at the same time. Your opinion will oblige a reader of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

WINDY NOOK, X. Y. Z.

ANSWER.—We don't go to pantomimes, and we think professing Christians might find something better to do with their time than going there.

Cobridge, Nov. 19th, 1872.

SIR,—We find in Galatians i. 19, "And other of the apostles saw I none save James the Lord's brother." Was James the brother of our Lord. Please to answer in your next JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and your answer will oblige,

GEORGE EVANSON.

ANSWER.—Two Jameses are named in Matt. x. 2, 3, as having been chosen to the Apostleship—James the son of Zebedee, and James the son of Alphæus. Some think that this James the son of Alphæus was a son of the sister of Mary, the mother of our Lord; and, by a custom of the sacred writers, who use some latitude of speech when speaking of relatives, he is the one whom Paul mentions as the brother of our Lord. There is a third James also mentioned in Mark xv. 40 as James "the less." We always prefer taking things as we find them, and Paul plainly intimates that there was a James the Lord's brother, who, in some sense, belonged to the Apostleship, and whom he did not see. We believe Paul sooner than the commentators.

Burslem, Oct. 21st, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly favour me with some information respecting the two following questions:—1st. What has become of the lost tribes of Israel? 2nd. Who were the ancestors of the English people? An answer in the next issue of the JUVENILE would greatly oblige, Y. Z.

ANSWER.—1st. We don't know what has become of the lost tribes. The last we heard of them was in 2 Kings xviii. 9. It is said that Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, came and besieged Samaria three years, and took Samaria, and carried Israel away into Assyria, and placed them in Halah and in Habor, by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. It would take about a volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to hold all that has been written of their lot after they were thus taken captive. Some say they are found on the coast of *Guinea*; others that the Red Indians are their descendants; others the Affghans; and others the Goths, and, consequently, we, the descendants of the Goths, are the lost tribes. The long and the short of it is that nobody knows, and we had better say so at once.

2nd. The ancestors of the English people were all thieves, with the exception of the Ancient Britons. The Romans stole the country from the Britons; the Anglo-Saxons stole it after the Romans left; the Danes stole a large portion from the Anglo-Saxons; and William the Conqueror stole it bodily and gave it to his lords and followers. This is the truth, though it is seldom told in such plain English.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to inform me what became of Lazarus after Christ said "Loose him and let him go"?—Yours truly,
A. B.

ANSWER.—Why, they did loose him, and he lived awhile and then went to heaven.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

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TALBOT STREET, SHEFFIELD SOUTH, BAND OF HOPE ANNUAL TEA MEETING.—This meeting was held on Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1872, under the presidency of Mr. C. T. Skelton, and was of a most interesting, enthusiastic, and successful character. The principal speech was delivered by Rev. Enoch Gratton, from Halifax, who ably and convincingly advocated the cause of religion and teetotalism. His remarks were received with frequent cheers, and produced a marked impression on the minds of his hearers, particularly the younger portion. Able and interesting speeches were delivered by Messrs. J. North, P. J. Smith, F. W. Smith, J. H. Parkin, Alex. Galley, and J. S. Robinson. The following hymns were sung by the scholars:—"The Sparkling Rill," "Sad is the Drunkard's Life," "There's an Angel Waiting," "God speed the Right."

BIRLEY CARR, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 27, 1872. Mr. B. Platts, our junior superintendent, presided. After the reading of the report, a series of suitable and interesting addresses were

delivered by Messrs. G. Murfin, J. Willis, J. Wagg, J. Steel, sen., J. Ollerearnshaw, D. Wragg, and Mr. J. S. Robinson (of Sheffield). Several recitations were given by the scholars, and appropriate hymns were also sang. The meeting was well attended by members of the congregation, as well as by the scholars. The following is the financial state of the society:—

Collected by girls—					£	s.	d.
Mary Ann Platts	0	17	7
Martha Steel	0	17	3
Ann Wragg	0	16	8½
Ann Drewry Murfin	0	11	4
Annie Clay	0	5	11
Maria Drewry Murfin	0	3	8
Collected by boys—							
Allen Ollerearnshaw	0	13	0
Richard Ollerearnshaw	0	10	7½
Frederick Hague	0	4	3½
Thomas Mays	0	4	0
Charles Hollingsworth	0	3	9
William Fearn	0	1	8½
					<hr/>		
Collection at the Meeting					5	9	10
					1	7	6
					<hr/>		
Making a Total of					6	17	4

This being an increase on last year.—I remain yours truly,

AMOS HEATH, *Secretary.*

Memoirs.

MARTHA ELIZABETH BOOTH

Was the beloved and affectionate daughter of Silvester and Hannah Booth, of Marsh, Huddersfield, and was born at Oakes, Lindley, on April 6, 1857. When about five or six years of age she had an illness which left her a cripple to the end of life. She was of pious parents, who are members of the Congregational Church at Paddock, and friends of our cause at Marsh, and always ready to do what they can for the prosperity of Zion, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom everywhere. Soon after the opening of our new school at Marsh Martha became a scholar, and re-

mained one until her dear Saviour called her home. She was of a quiet, meek, and submissive disposition; she was, moreover, diligent, sober-minded, and very intelligent. She was a great comfort to her parents, who deeply mourn their loss, but who rejoice in the happy assurance she has left behind her that she has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. At school she was beloved by all. Her kind and gentle disposition gained for her the esteem and friendship of all around her. She was always of a weak and delicate constitution, and during her last illness she was a great sufferer, but was never heard to

murmur. Fully resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, she would exclaim—

"Oh! what are all my sufferings here
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet."

During some special services which we held in October last year, Martha gave her heart to God and her hands to His Church. By the solicitation of the Rev. J. W. Williams, she came forward to the penitent form and there asked God, for Christ's sake, to pardon her sins, and, with her dear mother kneeling by her side, praying on her behalf, she found peace with God and went home rejoicing, with a bright hope of heaven. After her conversion her great desire was that she might be useful so long as God spared her life, ever working for the Lord, and for the comfort and well-being of all around her. She would often sing, amidst her suffering and pain, one of the hymns which she delighted to sing when at school—

"We are marching on, with shield and
banner bright;
We will work for God, and battle for the
right:
We'll praise His name, rejoicing in His
might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls."

About three weeks before she died she thought there was something for her to do before she could leave this vale of tears, when she had two half-sovereigns given her to do as she liked with. On the following Monday, the first day of April, she wrote the following letter to her grandfather:—"My dear Grandfather,—I am very sorry to hear that you have been so poorly. I have been very poorly myself for a few weeks, and I am not much better yet, or else either me or my mother would very likely have come over to see you. I hope you do not forget to look to God for strength in your affliction. He can

give you all you need, and comfort and support you, weak as you are. He never forgets His children. He says—'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Ask and ye shall receive.' I hope you will be better when warmer weather comes, and able to go to the chapel. May God bless you and save you. I had two half-sovereigns put into my hands on Saturday morning to do what I had a mind with, and I thought of you, dear grandfather. You are not able to do your work, and I don't know what you want the most; so I thought I would send you one of them. It may do you a bit of good. May God bless it to your good; and you must thank Him for it and not me."

A short time before her death she saw her mother weeping, when she placed her arm around her and said—"Mother, don't weep; if it's the Lord's will to make me better He will; if not, I shall meet you again." Her mother asked her where, when she replied, "In heaven." Truly she was resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, and would often sing—

"If Thou should'st call me to res'gn
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine—
Thy will be done."

On another occasion, when asked by her mother if she thought Jesus loved her, Martha's reply was—"I never doubted Him in my life." When asked what made her think that Jesus loved her she said—"Because He died to save me."

On the Sunday before her death she was visited by her leader and the writer's sister, when she seemed fully prepared, and awaiting her Saviour's call. On the following day she called her mother to her and requested her to give the other half-sovereign which she had to the building fund of our new chapel. Thus her last act was to give what

she had towards the building of a structure for the worship of her Saviour below before she passed away to worship in His temple above. At another time, when near the end of her journey, she asked her mother to pray for her to go, when her mother asked her if she could leave her and her dear father. Martha said—"It will only be a little before you." Again she asked her what her little brothers and sister would do. She said the Lord would take care of them. Truly she had committed her all unto the Lord, knowing that He careth for all those that cast their care upon Him. The day before she died one of her companions came to see her. Martha told her she thought she was going to die, and said she must meet her again in heaven. The same day, while alluding to the pastor of the church of which her parents are members, she said—"Mother, Mr. Boyd said the other day that whatever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be given. I prayed yesterday that I might go." Her mother said to her—"Perhaps you did not ask in faith, Martha." "I tried," she said. Yes, Martha tried, and not in vain, for her prayer was answered on the following day. Her dear Saviour called her home, to receive the reward which was awaiting her, on the 18th of April, 1872, aged fifteen years.

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon be gone—
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne."

Her body was carried to its final resting-place, at Highfields Congregational Chapel burial-ground, by the teachers of our school on the following Saturday afternoon. She is gone and we mourn her loss, yet we bow humbly to the will of Him who is too wise to err, too good to

be unkind, knowing that all things work together for good to them that love God. Having borne the cross, she wears the crown, and is now seated at the right hand of God, singing unto Him that has loved her, and washed her in His own precious blood. To Him be glory for ever and ever! Oh! let us all strive to meet her once again, where sickness sorrow, pain, and death are felt and feared no more, and where we shall never, never part again.

A. HAIGH.

Gledholt Bank, Oct., 1872.

ANN ANDREW.

OF ALT, MOSSLEY CIRCUIT.

ANN ANDREW was born at Alt, on the 27th of April, 1846. Her father being at that time a useful teacher in our school, she became a scholar at a very early age, and, beginning at the lowest class, she rose to the highest, after which she served as a teacher for several years. She was always a quiet, thoughtful girl, was blessed with an even temper, and had a smile for everyone. Her parents testify that "She was a good girl at home." From her earliest years she manifested great attachment to the school, and her regular attendance and amiable conduct won for her high commendation; but in later years she increased in seriousness, and on the 13th of August, 1865, under the preaching of the Rev. J. W. Williams, she resolved to give her heart to God, and experienced adoption into the Divine family. From this time she openly confessed her Saviour before men; used well the means of grace, and, though ever owning her own unworthiness, she constantly exerted herself for the cultivation of personal holiness, and also strove to be useful in winning souls to Christ. Her life, which had already borne some precious fruit, and seemed full of pro-

mise for many years to come, was suddenly and unexpectedly cut off. Less than a week before she died she was at the school, and heard the Rev. S. Walker preach. When she reached home she complained of illness, but her case was not at first considered serious. Such, however, was the severity of our sister's affliction in its later stages that she could not speak without great pain to herself; but the few words she uttered told of faith in Jesus, and of peace and hope through Him. One friend from the school inquired whether she felt Christ to be precious. She replied, "Yes!" Another, saying that the workings of Divine providence in her case were mysterious, she said—"It is the Lord's doing, and it must be for the best." When visited one day by a teacher, she requested him to read the 103rd Psalm and the hymn "I lay my sins on Jesus." Shortly before her death, as though she had been thinking of the purity necessary to admission into heaven, she repeated the lines—

"Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

Then came the end. Her happy spirit took its flight to be "for ever with the Lord" on the 25th of July, 1871, in the twenty-sixth year of her age.

DAVID JONES.

ALICE URMSON,
OF ALT, MOSSLEY CIRCUIT.

ALICE URMSON was born at Pitses, near Alt, December 16th, 1852. She became a scholar in Alt Sunday-school when little more than an infant, and continued till her death. She was a great favourite, being much respected both by teachers and superintendents. As a girl she was of a peaceable and agreeable disposition amongst her playmates and the scholars of the school. At

home she was remarkably dutiful and affectionate, delighting to make her parents happy.

About two years before her death she became concerned about her spiritual state, when, with a few others, she joined the Church, and subsequently attended the class-meeting with great regularity, her experience from week to week indicating that she enjoyed the love of God and the pardon of sin. To the extent of her ability she was a very cheerful supporter of God's cause, and the last money she earned was given to her class. The last visit she paid to the class was to her a specially happy one. She gave out and sang the beautiful verse—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last."

On the Saturday following she was taken with affliction from which she never recovered. Often she was unconscious; but when herself she conversed much about Jesus and heaven. Before her death she was asked whom she would look out for first when she got to heaven. To which she answered, "My mother and then my father." A day or two before her departure she sang the chorus of the 172nd Hymn in the "American Sacred Songster"—h^o

"My beautiful home, my beautiful home!
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam;
Where angels bright wear crowns of light:
My home is there, my home is there."
She fell asleep in Jesus on the 16th of March, 1871, in the nineteenth year of her age.

HENRY ATHERTON.

CHARLOTTE THORNTON.

CHARLOTTE THORNTON was the daughter of Joseph and Betty Thornton, and was born January

23rd, 1841, at Golcar, near Huddersfield. When she was old enough she was sent to the Church school, and when she went to a place of worship it was the Church of England. About the month of March, 1868, a remarkable revival of religion broke out at the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, Wellhouse, Golcar. The services continued five or six weeks every evening, and scores were pricked to the heart.

Charlotte attended the revival services, and it pleased the Lord to direct His word to her heart like an arrow, and she went home thoughtful and serious, and, for the first time, concerned about her eternal welfare.

All her sins now appeared in array before her. She saw how she had been living regardless of Christ and his mercy, and she now felt, when the Saviour was held up, that He was the only hope and refuge for guilty sinners to flee to. In this state of mind she remained for a short time, distressed and concerned about her soul, but yet a stranger to that peace of mind without which no one can possibly be happy. For this unspeakable blessing she sought earnestly at the house of God and in the means of grace, and at length she found the pearl of great price. It now pleased God to reveal His Son in her as the hope of glory. She obtained such peace and joy in believing as are

only to be found at the foot of the Saviour's cross. The burden of her guilt was thus removed, a sense of pardoning love was experienced in her soul, and from that time she went on her way rejoicing, proving that the ways of true religion are "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." As a Christian her piety was uniform and clear. She was most diligent in her attendance at the class-meeting and the other ordinances, so far as her opportunities allowed. She became unwell in the spring of 1871, and symptoms indicating a consumptive tendency exhibited themselves. Medical aid was procured, but, in spite of what medicine could do, the disease made a stealthy but sure progress. In her sickness she was visited by the minister and by the leaders and members of the church of which she was a member, and every visit was always welcome; and when she was asked about her soul she said, with a smile—"I am on the rock Christ Jesus." She was very patient in her sickness. Before her departure she gave with the utmost calmness certain directions about her funeral, and affectionately charged her parents and the other members of the family to prepare to meet her in heaven. Her mother asked her to give a sign if all was right just before her departure, and she, holding up her arms, gave a smile and fell asleep, August 11th, 1872. G. H. T.

OUR CHILDREN'S PORTION.

THE NAUGHTY PRINCE.

ONE day the Crown Prince of Germany heard an uproar in his nursery. He stepped in to inquire, and the nurse said, "Prince Henry refuses to be washed." "What, my son, will you not be washed and

made clean?" "No, I won't be washed," he petulantly responded; "I don't like to be washed. Let me be!" "Well," said Fritz, "if that is his choice let him be. He need not be washed." Away he bounded with great glee at having

conquered the nurse, and getting his own way. By-and-by the nurse and Prince Henry took a ride through the Thier garden and streets of Berlin. He soon noticed that the sentries stationed all over the city did not give them the customary salute. "Why don't the soldiers present arms, nurse?" "I cannot tell," she said; "we are dressed correctly, are in the royal carriage, and I cannot guess why they refuse us the honours." At eventide his papa asked Prince Henry if he had enjoyed his ride to-day? "No, papa, not a bit." "Not a bit? What can the matter be?" "Why, papa, not a soldier recognised or saluted us in driving all round the city, and we had on uniform and rode in the royal carriage." "Ah!" he says to the lad, "soldiers did not salute you, eh? Well, you must understand, my boy, that no Prussian soldier will present arms to an unwashed prince!"

BONNIE CHRISTIE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the teacher's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it. The other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" said the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must then have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the teacher's desk, and said—"I can't bear to be a liar, sir; I let off the squibs," and burst into tears. The teacher's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote upon his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, he walked to where Christie sat, and said aloud with some emotion, "Bonnie, Bonnie, lad, he and I beg your pardon; we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed—as schools are apt to be when anything noble is being done—so still they might almost have heard Bonnie's big-boy tear drop on his book; and when for want of something else to say he gently cried, "Master for ever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed his chair.

Poetry.

CONTENTMENT.

The following stanzas are two hundred and sixty years old: they were written by Robert Southwell:—

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care of gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts—
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honours slide.



THE LATE MR. JOHN RAMSDEN, OF HALIFAX.—*See page 44.*

(To illustrate our " Sunday School Workers.")

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.



T was a clear, cold, frosty morning in January, 186—, and the first school day in the new year. It wanted quite half an hour to school time yet. In the large playground of Copsley School was a little group of boys who had come thus early to meet their school-fellows, and to chat over the fun they had had in the holidays. They looked sturdy, jolly fellows, as they stood there wrapped in their warm overcoats their faces ruddy with cold, and three or four of them talking all at once, as they described what sports they had had.

"Back to school again" is never shouted quite so enthusiastically as "Home for the holidays," and yet most intelligent boys are glad to get back to school when the time comes for them to do so. When they "break up" they feel as if they could enjoy a perpetual vacation, and for the first week or so, while everyone else is taking holiday, they certainly do enjoy themselves immensely. But when father and elder brothers

have again to attend closely to business, when mother is fully occupied with household cares, when there are no more little parties, and no more entertainments or friends to visit, the leisure time begins to hang heavily on their hands, and all boys, who are not downright idlers, are glad to get off to school again. Although they do not put it before them in so many words, they soon find that holiday is only pleasant as a change, and they for the first time learn the useful lesson that work is better than play.

It was so with these boys. Before they left for the Christmas holidays they had got thoroughly tired of school work. Right away from the Midsummer vacation they had been hard at work at their lessons; and at last they had begun to consider the schoolroom as a prison, the lessons as penances, and the master as a tyrant. But now, after being away only three weeks, they were quite astonished to find what a pleasure there was in coming back to the familiar old place, and in meeting their master and their fellow-pupils.

But all this time we have left the little group of early comers chatting and standing out in the cold. Surely they have finished their gossip before now.

No, they have not. George Benson is just showing his playfellows how narrowly he escaped being thrown by the little pony he had been riding at his uncle's, and with his skate-strap for a rein he is demonstrating how cleverly he pulled the animal round just at the right instant.

But it is getting near school time now, and the boys are fast arriving. Presently we hear a great shout of "Hurrah! hurrah! here's Gus Brookes;" and a boy, apparently about thirteen years of age, squarely built, and with a roguish, jolly face, enters the playground.

Gus Brookes was the strongest boy in the school, and the little ones firmly believed that if he once put out his strength the school-master would be powerless in his hands. He was the leader in all the school sports, and although not particularly bright at his lessons, his generous, impulsive good nature made him a general favourite.

"How good you all are," said he. "I should think you are trying to curry favour with the master by coming so early. I wonder how many of you are going to keep on as well as you have begun? I should have been here as early as any of you though, but I have been skating since six o'clock till breakfast on the mill-pond."

"How does it bear?" was the immediate inquiry of half-a-dozen boys eager for the sport.

"As safe as houses in some parts," he replied, adding, with an air of conscious superiority, "but I'd advise anybody who can't swim well to keep away from the weir."

Immediately upon this another burst of cheering told of the arrival of another popular pupil, and a glance at him showed that his popularity must arise from far different causes from those which made Gus Brookes a favourite. This boy, who was greeted as Alec Gordon, was a slight-made, pale-faced lad, with thin features, and clear, piercing grey eyes. He was wrapped in a great coat, and had a warm woollen comforter round his neck; but for all that he was shivering with cold.

Alec Gordon was the cleverest boy in the school, and although he was not strong enough to join in any of the boisterous sports, his gentle demeanour and kindness made him a favourite with most of the scholars.

Almost close upon his heels there came a smart lad, dressed in a well-fitting suit, wearing a bright-coloured scarf, and fine cloth gloves.

"Oh my!" said Gus Brookes, "ain't Charlie Davis coming out as well. I should think they'll put his portrait in the fashion plates soon."

"Twig his purple gloves and his new 'tile,'" said Bob Johnson.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis," said Sam Townley, assuming a

lackadaisical air; "may I inquire if you feel tolerably well after the excitements of your holidays?"

"Don't be a donkey," said Charlie, who, though rather fond of dress, was by no means so foolish as people sometimes thought him.

"Have any of you fellows got heating apparatus concealed under your coats?" asked Alec Gordon. "To see how comfortable you look, one might be inclined to think you could draw warmth out of frost, while I am shivering enough to shake to pieces. Come, let's have a game. Here, I'll be tick! Look out! There you are, Gus—you have it."

If a bombshell had fallen in the centre of the group they could not have scattered much more quickly than they did when Alec Gordon cried "tick," and started the game. In an instant they were off in all directions, running hither and thither as one after another became the "ticker," until at nine o'clock the schoolmaster stepped into the playground and blew his whistle.

Copsley School was situated in the centre of a large manufacturing district in the Midland Counties. Although a cheap school, it was famed throughout the neighbourhood for the thorough, practical, middle-class education imparted; and, as a consequence, many of the pupils came from a distance and brought their dinners with them.

Mr. Stanton, the master, was tall and dark, gentlemanly in manners, a good scholar, and a truly good man. He was assisted in the management of his two hundred pupils by four junior masters, and also by a few of the elder boys, who occasionally acted as monitors to the younger children.

As was the invariable custom at Copsley School, as soon as the master's whistle was blown all play was stopped, and the scholars, running from every nook and corner of the playground, and tumbling out of the schoolroom, fell into line with the precision of soldiers, each class having a particular spot to stand on. Having thus formed themselves in a long line, curving round the whole of one side of the playground, they saluted their master with a bow, went through a little drilling, and then marched single file into the schoolroom, singing some marching tune, and as they came to their particular places they filed off, one class at a time.

The school was opened as usual with singing and prayer, but instead of proceeding with the lessons as on an ordinary school-day, the master told the lads to sit down for a little while, as he wanted to speak to them. He began by wishing them each and all a "Happy New Year." "Thank you, sir—the same to you," responded a chorus of merry voices, and the lads gave vent to their exuberant spirits by giving "three cheers for the master."

"Now, my boys," said Mr. Stanton, "it is of little use to wish each other a 'Happy New Year' unless we determine to make it a happy one. I hope you have all come back to school with an earnest purpose to do yourselves and me credit. You will not be able to come to school much longer. Many of you will soon be called upon

to earn your living. I trust you will therefore improve the little time you have to the best advantage. Let us all make a fresh start. I can sincerely say that I forgive everyone of you any anxiety or trouble you may have caused me in the past year. We now stand fair and square for the new one. If you only try your best, you may make this the happiest and most prosperous year of your school life. And now let us commence work."

With that, the different classes passed off to their proper places and commenced their various studies.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW SCHOLAR.

I FEAR there was not much work done on that first morning after the holidays. Neither men nor boys can settle down after a time of relaxation.

And then there were so many things to attract the attention of the boys. There had been various little repairs done which required to be noticed.

Gus Brookes found that the old desk where he and five other boys sat for the writing lesson, and which had been shaky for some time, had been replaced by a new one, which in its whiteness was quite a contrast to the others, black with ink-stains. But Gus liked his old desk much better than the new one. Although it had had more ink on it than any desk in the school, it was endeared to him by old associations, and some of them of a rather peculiar character. He could doubtless have told how many lines he had had to write for each particular time he had upset his ink-pot by his carelessness. And then it was ornamented with his initials in letters of all sizes and shapes, and had a wonderful portrait cut in it of one of the assistant teachers whom Gus greatly disliked, and whom he had nicknamed "Boney," because he thought he saw some resemblance in his features to those of Napoleon Bonaparte. Another reason for the dislike Gus had for his new desk was, if he upset his ink now it would show alarmingly plain, whereas if he did so on his old one, and could manage to dry it up quickly with his slate sponge, he might have defied a London detective to say whether or not there had been any new stain. He silently resolved to reproduce the initials and the portrait, and wished—oh! how earnestly—that some other lad would stain his part of the desk in his absence.

Then all the hat-pegs which had been broken by being used as gymnastic apparatus had been replaced by new ones. All the broken windows were repaired. The mouse hole under the book-cupboard (for watching which, poor Bob Johnson had had to write many an extra page of Natural History) was stopped up. The old map of Europe, which had got quite indistinct from frequent use, was replaced by a bright new one, which, to the terror of the boys, seemed to have nearly twice as many towns, rivers, and mountains delineated on its

brightly varnished surface. And worst of all, the master brandished a new cane, strong and supple; and from the way in which it twisted about in his hands, it seemed in a hurry to be seasoned on the back of some luckless lad.

And after these new things had been noticed, and silently commented upon, the old ones had to be glanced at and recognised.

George Benson found on his desk a rather rude engraving of his uncle's little pony, which he had cut in on his return from his visit at Midsummer. He now surveyed it with a critical eye, and got his knife out, so that when the master looked another way he might make such improvements in the design as were suggested by his more recent remembrance of that animal.

There were the same old books piled up in the cupboards; the same regiment of inkbottles under the master's desk; the same moral maxims in unreadable ornamental letters round the walls; the same colony of sparrows in the waterspout, occasionally peeping through the upper panes of the windows with an impertinent curiosity that was quite amusing; and the same old faces ranged along the deaks.

By the time the lads had completed their survey of the objects surrounding them, a new cause of inattention presented itself—a fresh boy entered the school, accompanied by his father. He looked about thirteen years of age, and had an intelligent face, but was much confused by the curious gaze he met, whichever way he looked. He was clean and neat, but his clothes bore evident signs of home production.

"Good morning, sir," said the man, as the schoolmaster approached; "my name is Lindsay. I want my son Edward to enter your school."

"What school has he been to before?" said the master.

"To Mr. Jones' school, at Rudham. I am rather proud of it, sir, but Mr. Jones said he could not teach him much more, and advised me to bring him to you."

On hearing this, Mr. Stanton examined the new pupil in writing, arithmetic, etc., and then said he thought he would do for the second class, and if he worked hard he might soon get into the first.

"Are there any boys from our neighbourhood whom you could recommend as companions for my son to come and go with?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"Let me see," said Mr. Stanton; "you live at Rudham. Do you know John and William Parsons? Their father is one of the foremen at Rudham Mill."

"I know Mr. Parsons very well," said Mr. Lindsay, "but not the boys."

"They are very steady lads, and the younger one will be in the same class. Young Brookes goes pretty nearly the same way home; but, although not a bad boy, he is hardly steady enough."

William Parsons was then called, introduced to Edward Lindsay and his father, and then sent to his place with the new boy for a companion.

"What a shy youngster," said Gus Brookes; "he looks as timid as if we were going to eat him."

"Shouldn't you like to beg the pattern of his coat?" asked Charlie Davis of his neighbour. "I wonder who is his tailor."

"Can't you see," said Bob Johnson, "his grandfather left him that suit of clothes in his will, and his mother has altered them to make them fit?"

Edward Lindsay felt anything but comfortable as he sat in his class, and looked round on his new companions. He saw that all of them were better dressed than himself, and occasionally his face flushed crimson as he overheard whispered sneers at the plainness of his clothes. He saw too that the studies were much more advanced than those he had been used to. Even in his pet subject—arithmetic, he found all the boys in his class somewhat ahead of him. His highest sums had been in Practice and Compound Proportion; but he now found the duller of his class-mates working vulgar and decimal fractions, while he scarcely knew a denominator from a numerator. Thinking of these things made him low-spirited and nervous, and when he might have answered a question he was too much confused to do so.

Dinner-time passed a bit pleasanter, and then the afternoon followed, much as the morning had done, in little discouragements for the new boy. It was quite a release for him when the benediction was pronounced, and he walked off home with William Parsons, between whom and Edward quite a friendship had sprung up.

The home-lesson appointed for the second class was an outline map of England; but Edward Lindsay had never tried to draw a map in his life, and besides he had no atlas to copy from. His friend William suggested that, as a new boy, the master would not expect one from him, but to this argument Edward would not listen. He had resolved to equal his competitors before long, and he knew he must not begin by shirking a difficult lesson.

Seeing his determination, William Parsons asked him to come up to their house in the evening, and he would show him how he did his map, and lend him his atlas.

When Edward went up, he was astonished to find John Parsons, who was in the first class, working out a geometrical figure with compasses. And turning to William, he was surprised at the ease and rapidity with which he traced the rugged outline of our island home; and when he got his colours, and tinted his map with a pink border, his admiration knew no bounds.

Then he tried to draw one, but time after time he had to rub off his blacklead lines and start again. At last, however, he succeeded in producing a recognisable outline.

When the master saw it next morning he was very much pleased with it. He had not expected one from him at all, but had forgotten to tell him so.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

ARTICLE I.—CHEMISTRY.

I SHOULD like everyone of my readers to know what the word science means, for it is not wise to use any word without knowing its meaning. Let me try to explain it. If you had a garden you would like to be told the names of all the flowers and plants that grew in it, and no doubt you would ask someone to tell you. You would then try to remember the names, and perhaps would write them in a book, with a description of the plants. But you know it would not be wise to write them in a careless way, without any order or system. The best plan would be to write down the names of all the grasses on one page and the names of flowers on other pages, in various classes, after looking closely at them to see how far the different flowers were like each other. This book would contain your knowledge of plants, and if the names were written in classes the knowledge would be all arranged in order, and we should call it a system of knowledge, or science. Thus you see the word science means a system of knowledge.

There are many sciences. The one we have just spoken of is called the science of botany. It tells us what is known about plants. The science of astronomy tells us what is known about the stars; and the science of geology tells us all that is known about the rocks. But at present I wish to write about the science of chemistry. I will make it as plain as I can, but if you wish to understand it you must try to think.

What is chemistry? Before giving attention to it I thought it simply told about doctors' medicines, about drugs, pills, and tinctures for toothache; but on beginning to read about it I found this to be a mistake. Chemistry tells what everything consists of, as far as it can be told; it tells us what salt is, what water is, what the air we breathe is; it tells us about chalk and coal, about iron and lead. Chemistry tells us that some things, such as chalk and coal, are made up of other things, and it points out the way in which we may separate them into the different parts of which they are composed; but it also tells us that some things, such as sulphur, lead, and iron, cannot be separated into anything different from what they are. Those which are made up of other things are called compounds, because they are composed of something else; and everything which is not a compound is called an element—so that chalk and coal are compounds, while sulphur, lead, and iron are elements. You know that a rice pudding consists of milk, rice, sugar, and so forth; so it is a compound. Then milk, rice, and sugar consist of other things, such as water and carbon; so they are compounds. Then again water consists of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; so it also is a compound. But carbon does not consist of anything else; it cannot be divided into anything; you may crush it and boil it, you may cut it and burn it, but it is carbon still: it is an element. The same with

gold and silver. You may beat them out or roll them up, you may melt them in a furnace or plunge them into water, but you cannot reduce them to anything lower than silver and gold: they are elements.

The number of elements at present known to exist is sixty-two, but there is no end to the number of compounds. Some of these elements exist in the form of gas, and others are solid, but when we require the gases pure, we have to free them from other elements with which they are generally united. Suppose, now, that a person wished to have some oxygen gas, how would he get it? There are many ways, but I will just describe the usual one. First he would procure some chlorate of potash, and mix with it a little black oxide of manganese. The chlorate of potash contains oxygen, and the manganese helps us to get the oxygen free. After mixing these two, he would put them into a glass vessel, having a cork in it with a glass tube through, so that the gas could be conveyed along the tube to a bottle. He would then apply heat to the glass vessel, by holding it over the flame of a spirit-lamp.

The spirit-lamp stands at the right hand, and the flame is just underneath the vessel containing the chlorate of potash and the manganese. Very soon after the heat reaches the mixture, the oxygen begins to rise and to pass through the cork, along the small glass tube which you see connecting the glass vessel with the bottle that is to receive the gas. This bottle is full of water, and is turned bottom upwards, but the water is prevented from running out because the bottle is standing in water. At first a little of the oxygen is allowed to escape, for it is mixed with air, and therefore cannot be pure, but after about half a minute he passes the end of the tube under the neck of the bottle, and the gas bubbles up through the water, which gradually lowers as the oxygen takes its place. When all the water is out the bottle is full of gas, it is then just moved a little sideways, the stopper is put in, and the bottle of oxygen is ready for use.

Supposing, now, that after the chemist had prepared this bottle of oxygen he were to give it to you, what would you do with it? You might first examine it closely with your eyes; you would then see that it was entirely without colour, and that the bottle appeared as though it were quite empty. This would teach you that oxygen is transparent and colourless. You might next try if you could smell it, and you would find it without smell. If you were to put your tongue in and try to taste it, you would find it to be also tasteless. But if oxygen is without taste, smell, or colour, and if we cannot feel it when we put our hands into it, how can we distinguish between it and the air we breathe? The air we breathe contains oxygen, but it contains other gases as well, and therefore it differs from the pure gas of which we are speaking. This difference could easily be shown.

You might get a piece of copper wire and bend one end of it upwards; then stick the crooked end of the wire into the end of a wax taper, or a piece of candle. After you had done this the candle

might be lighted and allowed to burn for a short time, then the flame could be blown out, and while the wick was red with heat it could be put into the bottle of oxygen, and it would at once burn again with a bright flame. If instead of a candle you tried a piece of wood, just letting it burn a short time, then blowing out the flame and plunging the end, while glowing with heat, into the bottle, the result would be just the same; it would burst into a flame again and give off so much light as almost to dazzle you. A piece of small iron wire twisted like a corkscrew, with the end dipped in sulphur and then lighted, would burn brightly in the bottle of gas and scatter many beautiful little sparks. Thus you see that oxygen feeds fire and helps it to burn.

If the oxygen were to be taken out of the air that we breathe we could not live, we should all be suffocated. Our fires would not burn without oxygen. When people open the door of a room in order that a fire may burn brightly, it is the additional oxygen of the air which causes the drooping flame to revive. The same when you use a pair of bellows, you send more air to the burning coals, and the oxygen it contains feeds the fire, and so increases it. If you expose a piece of iron in a damp room, the oxygen causes it to rust. About one-third of the solid substance of the earth is supposed to consist of oxygen, and two-thirds, by weight, of the water is oxygen also. It seems strange to us that this gas should support a fire so well, while water, which contains so much of it, will quench a fire or prevent it from burning; but God has wisely ordered this for the good of His creature—man.

“GONE TO SLEEP IN THE COLD.”

ONE cold morning in January, my little girl, Anna, who is not quite four years old, came running into the study and jumping into my lap, said: “O papa, I saw some ice out yonder in the tub?”

“How do you know it is ice?”

“Lucy told me so.”

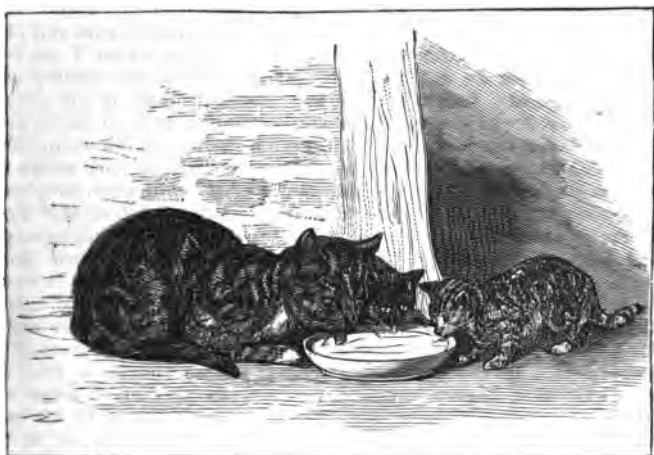
“Well, Anna, how did the ice get there?”

“Why, papa, you see, the water went to sleep in the cold and it turned to ice!”

And so whenever I hear a man carping at the pastor or the superintendent, complaining of the little good done, and that, after all, too much stress is laid on the instruction and conversion of children, and too many methods adopted to interest them, I suspect he has “gone to sleep in the cold.” Whenever I see a man refusing to aid the people of God in their efforts to Christianise the heathen in our own, or in a foreign land; and do not find the fruitful graces of the Holy Spirit showing themselves in the life of anyone who sits under the ministrations of the sanctuary; whenever I see a worldly-minded Sunday-school teacher, I say, he “went to sleep in the cold, and turned to ice,” and I feel like praying, may the Sun of Righteousness melt him!—*Sunday-school World*.

THE NOTABLE HISTORY OF OUR CAT.

BY THE EDITOR.



CHAPTER I.



THIS is our cat in his babyhood. You see him in the cut—he, his mother, and his sister. His mother is on the left hand, his sister in the middle, and he on the right hand, all lapping milk. Nobody ever thought he would come to such greatness as he has achieved when they looked upon him in his babyhood. It was likely that he would share the fate of many other cats, or rather kittens—that is, that he would run out some night and lose his way, and be teased to death by naughty boys or worried by some dog or other, and that his mother and friends would have to mourn over his premature death and his dishonoured grave in the gutter.

That such a fate did not overtake him may perhaps be attributed to four things—first, he had a respectable mother, who regularly attended chapel; secondly, he was born a citizen of London; third, he was born in a chapel; and fourth, he had an excellent training, as I hope to show in the following chapters of this momentous history. Few cats have ever been promoted as he has been, at least not since the days of the Pharaohs, when high priests used to wait upon cats and feed them, and splendid rooms and rich carpets were provided for their use and comfort. His associations have been intellectual from

his youth. He has heard conversations on sublime subjects which he must have been a dull cat indeed not to have profited by. Philosophy, astronomy, and the sciences generally have been discussed in his presence, to say nothing of more sacred subjects. He sleeps amidst literature, many a hundredweight of it: some in the cellar, which I am afraid will never get out of it, and where it would have been devoured long ago by rats, had it not been for his care and high appreciation of the contents of the place, a feeling which I am very sorry the public do not appear to share with him, for nobody ever asks now for any literature there is there—and some in the second floor, where books in elegant and costly bindings seem to excite pleasurable feelings in him, and which, were he permitted, he would often play with to the detriment of the volumes. Then he lives under the shadow of St. Paul's; hears the sound of its bells when they ring, sees the people going to the church, is close upon Paternoster Row, where all the books are published, and is always in good company—the company of grave divines and good men; and if he were not a wonderful cat, a moral cat, in short an example to his kind, it would be a disgrace to him, considering his bringing-up. All the cats in the neighbourhood are ready to burst with envy when they see him—his good looks, his wonderful size, his sober conduct, and his attention to his duties, are the theme of universal praise; and as is ever the case, even with higher beings than cats, when they excel some will envy them, so is it with our cat. No doubt he is envied by his race, who would, if they could speak or write, exalt their littleness at the expense of his greatness, just as it often is among human beings. Hence they snarl at him, wink at him, and make faces at him, which it is very contemptible to see; but he takes it all as he ought to do, and never condescends to quarrel with such low cats as sometimes come in his way.

I said that perhaps one reason of his superiority was that he was born a citizen of London. Country cats cannot be compared with London cats. They have not the high breeding, the advanced education, or the aristocratic manners of London cats. You will see the country cats at the top of the houses, griming themselves with the chimney-pots, and disturbing the neighbourhood with their noise; but houses are so tall in London that cats cannot get to the top of them, and as to griming themselves with the sooty chimney-pots, they would scorn to do such a thing. They are the descendants of Whittington's cat, who was Lord Mayor of London, and no wonder if they should strive as a rule to maintain their dignity; at all events "our cat" has maintained his, and is entitled by all odds to be Lord Mayor of all the cats in the City. His food is aristocratical, being the same, with some variations, which the people of Paris used during the siege of that city—namely, horse-flesh. Every day the "cat's-meat" man brings him a piece of boiled horse-flesh on a skewer. His intelligence is such that he knows when his dinner is coming long before the man can be seen, and will mew his thanks in very significant tones. In

addition to this he gets milk and bread and other odds and ends which Mr. Webber gives him. On those occasions when the committee meet in the book-room and take tea together, he perches himself on the desk higher than any of us, and is remembered kindly by the gentlemen who are there, who do not forget to let him share with them on the occasion. On the Saturday he gets a double portion—that is, two days' rations are served to him at once, and to his shame be it spoken (but this is about all the fault he has) he has not sufficient self-denial to reserve his Sunday dinner, but eats it on the Saturday. Sunday, therefore, is a fast-day with him, and the neighbours all testify that he is not a strict Sabbatarian. True, he is locked up in the office and cannot get out, but he makes his cries heard in the whole neighbourhood, and makes it clearly understood that, whatever benefit others may find in fasting, he considers there is none to him. But if people will not be prudent, if they will indulge their appetite in this way, they must expect to suffer—and so does our cat. Sunday to him is a day of pangs and hunger, because he has not sense enough to abstain on the Saturday.

Another probable reason of his superiority is that he was born in a chapel; and we know that everything takes its tone, more or less, from its circumstances. Good influences in early life are of immense value. His cradle was humble, for it was the coal-scuttle in the vestry; but this was no disgrace to him, but rather shows his worth in being able to rise from such a humble origin to sleep as he does now among bales of sermons and other excellent works. And if he sleeps among them he does no worse than many of his superiors, who, as is well known and generally lamented, sleep under sermons everywhere.

Then his mother was a well-conducted cat. As I have said, she attended chapel—in fact, I believe she lived there, and was there night and day. Who fed her I do not know, or whether she was ever fed at all. We all know that a “church mouse” has a hard time of it, for if we want to describe a very poor person we say, “He is as poor as a church mouse.” This was the case when candles were used, and there were odds and ends of this kind to be had; how poor they must be now when gas is nearly everywhere used I cannot tell. I fear, however, the poor creature was starved out, for she left her kittens, and was never heard of more.

But the last advantage he had was his excellent training. Mr. Webber trained him, and the advantages of that training are seen to this day. I shall show how this was done afterwards, but at present it is not necessary.

Now will my young friends pardon me if something of what I have said should make them smile? I have a higher purpose than to make them smile; I have a higher purpose than merely to write about cats. I want to lead them to think about the very things which, if they were no advantage to our cat, were and are substantially an advantage to them. Our cat is not a rational being, and therefore

knows really no difference between early advantages or the reverse; but I am writing for rational children who do know, or ought to know, the advantages or otherwise of early associations. Let us for the present forget the lower animal and think about the higher. Let us dismiss what may be humorous in reference to the lower, and think about what is serious in reference to the higher creature.

It has pleased God to make human beings of a much higher order than any mere animal; he has given them higher powers and a much more serious destiny. There is no harm in a child playing with a kitten or a pet of any kind, but, on the contrary, much good, for it is always good to have something to love and be kind to. It brings out the kindlier feelings of the heart, and trains us to avoid selfishness and cruelty; but in every such case the thought should come home to the mind of the child how much superior it is to that pet, whatever it may be. The child has a mind, an immortal soul. It can repay the culture and education it receives, while a mere animal cannot. The child can take its place among intelligent beings. It is born for some use—the highest use for which any creature can be designed—the service of God on earth, and the enjoyment of eternal felicity. While we fondle our pets of the lower animals, let us never forget that, however we may like them and admire them, there is something more expected of us than they are capable of.

Our parents expect something higher of us than we can expect of our pets. They take a great deal of care of us, put themselves to large expenses for our education and settlement in life, and we ought to love, honour, and comfort them in return. Many children are a torment to their parents, and bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Many more, if they do nothing vicious, are yet so careless, so wanting in the qualities which people must have who aim to push their way in the world, that their parents have constant anxiety about them, and have to bear them up all their lives. It should not be so; we have all powers and opportunities which ought to be improved to the best advantage.

Look also at what is done for us in our Sunday-schools, and by our ministers. What a debt of gratitude children owe to all these good agencies, which constantly seek to put and keep us in the right way!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

WE commence this series of articles, with portraits, with the late Mr. John Ramsden, of Halifax. His memoir was published in our large Magazine in April, 1872, to which account of this excellent man we must refer such readers as may wish for fuller details than we have room for. It is not our intention, as a rule, to notice those who are removed from us, but the living, acting men and women to whom we owe so much in the important work of our Sunday-schools. But Mr. Ramsden has died so recently, and his claims to honourable mention

are so unquestionable, that we begin our series with his name at its head, although he is no longer among us.

Mr. Ramsden was born at Boothtown, near Halifax, on the 11th April, 1796. His parents, as the above-mentioned memoir tells us, and to which we are indebted for the information we now give, were working people in poor circumstances, and he was the youngest child of the family. In infancy he was weakly, and an accident with which he met while quite a child threatened to make him a cripple for life. He had, like many other devoted men and women who have risen to positions of usefulness in the Church, a pious and sensible mother. He says of her—"From her I received my first impressions of love to God and a fear to offend Him; her hand first led me to the sanctuary of the Lord—that Salem delightful to my memory and dear to my heart. Her example corresponded with her precepts, and was well worthy of imitation. She ruled her family by love, but whenever necessary she assumed the just authority of a parent. She had the wonderful art of keeping her children together in the bonds of affection and mutual help. And, oh! may it never be erased from my memory, how she used to collect us together at the close of the day, and especially the Sabbath day, to read, to sing, and to pray. When I think of these things, my heart is too full for utterance, and I am compelled to lay down my pen to give vent to the feelings of my soul; and though I am now above fifty-eight years of age, and she has been many years laid silent in the grave, yet I could weep like a little child in recollection of her. I bless my God that ever I possessed such a treasure."

That a boy with such influences around him should have struggled through the disadvantages of a limited education and a very humble social position is not to be wondered at. Such influences are the influences that make men strong to battle with the trials of life, and impart to them, through the grace of God, the qualities which make them respected, and win for them the confidence of the general public. His mental stamina also was good, though never showy, and in the use of his good sense and the opportunities he had he became a man of general information and excellent business capacity. He had his share of trials, but he was patient and cheerful amidst them all. He was shrewd, as Yorkshire men generally are, had much of the dry humour for which his county is famous; but a solid piety, a generous heart, untiring industry, and sterling principle were his most prominent qualities. He filled every office that a layman could fill in the Church, and he filled them well. His books and accounts as a steward and secretary were models of neatness and accuracy. He was a preachers' friend: he stood by them if assailed whether from within the Church or out of it. (Poor souls, they often needed a friend in those days!) He was a true helper at all times. The time he devoted to the service of the Church was worth thousands of pounds if appraised by any commercial standard. And it was given without grudging. His constant smile and his ready wit would put the gloomiest soul into good humour in a moment. Children all liked

him, and spoke of him as "the preacher who looked like heaven." In a time of commercial disaster he was obliged to call his creditors together. Almost without hearing his explanations, and certainly without looking into his accounts they accepted a composition of twelve shillings in the pound; but, to his great honour be it spoken, he lived to pay off his whole liabilities at twenty shillings in the pound, and the last payment of £50 which he paid on this account was to a Mr. Thompson, of Luddendenfoot, who signed the receipt and handed back the money with many expressions of esteem for the brave man, who by pinching economies, hard work, and constant buoyancy of soul had achieved such a result.

But it was in the Sunday-school at Hanover Street Chapel, Halifax, that his works were most abundant. From the first Sabbath on which that school was opened in 1836, to the last in 1867, he was engaged in that school, and for twenty-seven of those years he was superintendent, and on his retirement through advancing years and infirmities, the teachers presented him with a handsome testimonial, in appreciation of his long and valuable services.

Towards the end he arranged everything, as to his funeral and other matters, with the equanimity which had marked his temper and conduct through life. "If anyone speaks of me," said he, "when I am gone, let them say he died happy," and then wept with joy at the prospect of an opening immortality. In death he lay with an expression of peaceful triumph on his features which was beautiful to see. He died on the 14th of December, 1871, aged seventy-five years. It is well, thou brave soul, thou art gone to that land where many lambs whom thou didst gather into the fold have welcomed thee, and where many more yet to *come* shall own thee as the human instrumentality which first brought them to walk in the path to heaven!

Our next portrait will be that of Mr. Shrubsall, the superintendent of our Brunswick Sunday-school, Great Dover Street, London, which will appear in the April JUVENILE. And we desire to say, respecting the future portraits, that they will be got up in a better style than the one now presented. Mr. Ramsden's portrait is done by a new process, which is cheap; but while it renders the features correctly, it looks coarse. It was an experiment; but we shall have to resort to wood-engraving for the future. We shall give a portrait every two months, and the third one will be due in June, when we hope to give one of our lady workers. We believe the idea of giving these portraits, with a short pen portrait accompanying, will be acceptable to our friends, and that it will add to the attractions of the magazine and its usefulness among our Sunday-school friends.



UP THE RHINE, &c. ;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. IV.*

THE Rhine, the Rhine, old Father Rhine! Up the Rhine, along whose majestic banks the weary feet of many a Roman troop have trod, where has been many a bloody struggle with the testy warman—the German—and some of whose soil has been often sodden with the blood of slaughtered men. The Rhine, the Rhine, over whom orators have harangued, and soldiers fought and wept from Cæsar to Napoleon, and poets sung. The Rhine, into whose rolling waters were cast the sacred ashes of the faithful witness for Jesus, John Huss. The Rhine—up the Rhine! Tickets for Königswinter! Leaving Cologne, away we steam, thinking, “Now for the scenery.” But restrain your raptures awhile, for below Bonn there is little or nothing worthy of note: so nothing we note. Still some time before we reach it we see the Siebengeburge, or Seven Sisters, standing boldly up against the sky, with all the pride of beautiful young ladies; whilst the Drachenfels in particular, crested with a dilapidated old castle, looks quite imposing in the distance. Of this same Byron sings:—

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine.”

But one thing at a time.

Bonn! Do you stay here? Should much like, for here are many things we have a desire to see—the great composer Beethoven’s house, the large library, the university and its fresco paintings. But as one is limited in time and cash, the safest policy is to resist temptation and land at Königswinter.

The Drachenfels. As we approach, the view of the Seven Sisters becomes grander and grander; but as soon as we are safe on *terra firma* we are met with the inevitable question, “Want a guide, sir?” to which we promptly reply “No!” So buckling on our baggage we cross the town street, over the railway crossing, turn to the right by the crucifix at the foot of the hill, and then straight before you—climb, climb, forty minutes’ continuous climbing. Through the vine-fields; up the path the donkeys go; past the halfway house, which, by the way, is a kind of “curiosity shop”; by the children with ingeniously wrought oakleaf chaplets near the stone cross; up, shouting “Excelsior”; under the trees, by the enormous rock, at the foot of the beetling crags; higher, higher still, double the corner, pass the inn, mount, mount, and out of breath—what? Sit down and wipe away the perspiration from your brow. What? Open your eyes, ears, mouth, and heart, and feast upon the beauties of the Lord in the land of the living. When rested seat yourself on the rock, back to the old wall and face to the Rhine. Now look—what is it like? Itself, and

* Through an inadvertence in No. II. the pipes in the Haarlem organ were stated at 8000, whereas 5000 is the figure.

nothing else. Superb, fine, beautiful, magnificent; there, I've exhausted my present stock of adjectives, and utterly fail to describe either to myself or you the grandeur of the scene. Right away, like a great sleeping silvery serpent, the Rhine stretches towards Cologne, whilst the sun's rays gaily dance on the tiny wavelets to the music of the waters. To the left this "river of rivers" winds off towards Coblenz, whither we are bound. Down below there, a little to the left, divided by the stream, two little islands beautiful to see. One is semi-circular in form; the other, called Nonnenwerth, is an oblong, wedge-like looking thing, tapering off to a point, whilst at the thick end is a building that formerly served the purpose of a convent. Right before us, over the water, is the village of Mehlem, of which we have a tolerably good view; while a little beyond is the railway, along which the train is creeping like a half-frightened great black snail. Behind us is the quarry whence was got the stone called "Drachenfels stone," with which, it is said, is built Cologne Cathedral. A little farther back rise the other six sisters, jealous of the attention paid to this most forward one; whilst still farther away rise others, which, if not "own sisters," are certainly first cousins, so fine and beautifully clad withal are they. Now, all these seven sisters have different names and heights. The Drachenfels is upwards of 1050 feet high; but the highest is 1896 feet, and bears the name of Löwenberg. So you see there is a regular cluster of mountains, of which the Drachenfels is certainly the most interesting. The meaning of this last is "The Rock of the Dragon." Tradition says that long ages ago a dragon made his den in a cave at the bottom of the rock, and that men and women were offered to him as sacrifices. Two warriors once quarrelled about a prepossessing young lady who was a Christian. As both claimed her, and being unable to settle the dispute amicably, it was decided to offer her as a sacrifice to the dragon—a very cruel thing to do. But she carried in her hand a crucifix, which fact the crucifix at the bottom yonder is perhaps intended to set forth. However, no sooner did the beast see the emblem than, like a good dragon as he was, he rushed right into the Rhine, and has never been heard of from that day to this. Now, of this story you can believe just as little as you please, for I doubt not it is about as authentic as that of the Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, who by a few words is reported to have driven all the serpents, &c., into the sea. While, then, there is no penalty attached to disbelief, this is indisputable, that the place is called the Dragon's Rock. There are other legends floating about, but we make no attempt to catch them for you.

Opposite the isle of Nonnenwerth, a little from the river's brink, stands the old romantic Castle of Rolandseck. From this point it looks wells, being a very prominent object in the magnificent landscape, which being extended in such an extraordinary manner, enchants the spectator. The landscape is literally superb. There is a touching tradition in connection with this old Castle of Rolandseck, a poetical rendering of which you may see in "The Tourist's Annual,

1868." We read it in view of the spot for the benefit and pleasure of the company. It is too long, however, to quote entire here; so we just give you four lines, so as to enable you to recognise it when to hand:—

"The day was done, the setting sun
Sank red beneath the gory field;
The battle had been lost and won,
The cross had made the crescent yield."

Hark! there's our National Anthem—"God save the Queen." That fellow sitting there with an accordion knows we are "Britishers;" so as the easiest and most polite way of getting at our pockets he stirs up our sentiment. Of course we immediately join, and at the conclusion applaud ourselves by shouting "Hooray!" We give the performer a trifle and say: "Old Josh, play Rule 'Britannia.'" "Na Inglesse," so strikes up the same as before.

As we were ascending the mountain a rather interesting incident occurred. The children by the stone cross so soon as they saw us darted out, and before we were well aware of it had thrown around our hats an ingeniously-made oak-leaf wreath. A capital way of obtaining an extra groschen, for *them*; for *us* a good joke, having been enthroned at the Hague to be crowned on the Drachenfels. But the honour is short-lived, as the wind carries mine away. Ah, well, my crown is not the only one a storm, or even a puff of wind has blown off. What's gone with Napoleon III.'s? What blew his off? After all the incident is not a bad reminder of the crowns awarded to the victors in the Grecian games to which St. Paul refers in his writings. But looking down the river, we descry in the distance the boat just leaving Bonn for Coblenz. To be left would be a misfortune, and upset our arrangements. So, mightily pleased with our stay on the Drachenfels, we descend leisurely, in time for the boat whose destination is Coblenz.

Under Rolandseck, past the island of Nonnenwerth, away we steam, charmed by the splendour of what we see. On the right (sitting with face to prow of the vessel) is Appolinaris Kirche, or Apostles' Church. It is very prettily situated on a rock, at the foot of which rolls the river. It is a splendid building, and its spires resemble the pinnacles of Cologne Cathedral. A little farther ahead we see Remagen, for on either side small towns seem constantly starting into view from their quiet resting-places. Onward we go, past the terraced vineries which rise to the top of the hillside, whilst here and there the soil is supported by a number of short walls. A little monotony, then Argenfels with its beautiful château. Now the country opens out a little, and we come upon Castle Rheineck, built upon a rock. Scenery somewhat wild, but attractive; while around the slopes are well studded with small trees. Now another castle with well-inclined people waving a handkerchief by way of salute; then a well-wooded, pretty little island. So away we go, beauty on either hand, the vines kindly creeping over the otherwise bare rocky hill, and the terraces rising tier above tier like the seats of an amphitheatre. But here is Andernach. You remember we spoke of

Andernach cement being used by the Dutch engineers as a weapon with which they fight the sea. This then is the place from which it comes. Indeed, Andernach supplies many parts of the world with its peculiar manufacture. Another thing, too, for which the place is famous is its millstones, the truth of which report is attested by dumb yet truthful witnesses on the side as we pass. The town was established by the Romans, and the gate you see there is reckoned over a thousand years old. And geologists tell of a large sheet of water near here called the "Laacher See," which they suppose to be the crater of an extinct volcano. But the packet does not stay here, and evening is coming on apace. What a glorious sunset! It is exquisitely fine, lighting up the sky with golden glory. A pretty deep yellow hue shades the clouds far and near. And as we sit and gaze above and afar, far off into the distance rapt with the scene, more and more magnificent still does it become, as the shades deepen and darken, leaving far away in the west a pathway of light that goes up to the very gates of heaven, as if for "ministering spirits" to ascend and descend when "sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation."

But here is Neuwied, an open manufacturing town of over 7000 population. This of course is a break in the scenery, and by no means a very pleasant one. The town communicates with the opposite shore by means of a flying bridge. Leaving Neuwied we soon come upon Neuendorf. Down the river we have met a number of large timber rafts bound for Holland, there to be cut up to order for England, &c. This then is the place where those large rafts are made up. Upon them are built temporary wooden houses for the men in charge, who number about twenty or thirty, more or less; and by means of long rudders they steer down the stream. Just there, then, on the right, at the confluence of the rivers Moselle and Rhine, is the place where they take the smaller rafts which come down the two rivers, and make them up into larger ones, and then start them for their destination. Whilst thinking of possible collisions between packets and afts we are aroused by the cry of "COBLENTZ!" And as the hour is late, catching up our knapsack, we soon find ourselves duly provided for in the "Hotel du Geant."

Sunday, June 23rd, 1872. How shall we spend it? As best we can, and go to church, for here are no Nonconformist places of worship. No bad thing if there were, to break in upon the monotony of Roman mummeries and help to put them down. And apropos of this, *that* is a work which the Nonconformists will have to help to do among the High-Churchists and three-parts Papists of the Church of England at home. At 11.30 a.m. an English Church service is held in the Palace, whither we make our way leisurely through the town; but as this is our first experience of a Continental Sabbath we are much shocked to find the shops open, people sitting with goods for sale in the market, and the streets literally thronged with holiday-makers. So, saddened by what we see, we seek the Lord's house, where assemble some 200 Englishmen and Americans remem-

bering "the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The preacher of the day took for his text 1 John iv., 16 : "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him:" from which he preached a sermon some fifteen minutes long. He told us what different notions the ancient sages held of God, and how much truer and nobler is the Scriptural representation of God—Love; and by way of application, remarked what a dreadful thing it was that the children of this God of love should so belie Him in their lives by their rivalries, cruel jealousies, and unbrotherly bickerings. Yes, biting and devouring one another, &c., instead of dwelling in love; and other things of like kind, the import of which we could easily see. Service over, we stroll as far as Fort Alexander, which crowns a hill which overlooks the Rhine. On our way we pass a small chapel containing a shrine of the Virgin Mary, before which good Papists come and tell their beads; and so wending our way to the top of the hill, we ask ourselves the question: "Is that much worse than the heathen who prays to a god his own hands have made?" Passing through the barracks, we sit down to rest and muse by the roadside, where we obtain a glorious view of a very pretty and large landscape, in which Ehrenbreitstein, Stolzenfels Castle, and the villages of Paffendorf and Horchheim are prominent objects. This is certainly the second-best view we have had, landscape-wise. Leaving Fort Alexander, we return by a narrow path, from which we catch a glimpse of the valley of the Moselle and adjacent country. Linger awhile in a cemetery, with its unsurpassed *immortelles*, crucifixes, &c., then through a corn-field, where a man is busy at work, and so back to town and our hotel, to dine and wait till the evening, when we go to

The Church of St. Castor. Disappointed at finding no service, we briefly scan the interior, and peep into the shrine—probably of St. Castor—at the sight of whose old bones we feel rather queer. Enter one of the many confessionals, draw the curtains, and propose to play priest to my companions "free gratis." But they protest they are no worse than would-be priest; and so might many another say of other *so-called* priests. So thinking, we retire. This church is said to date as far back as 836 A.D., and boasts of being the place where the grandsons of Charlemagne, the founder of the German Empire met and divided the empire over which he once reigned into Italy, Germany, and France. Leaving the church, we are confronted by a very singular monument, which at the same time serves the purpose of a fountain. It has on it an inscription commemorating the defeat of the French in the celebrated Russian Campaign in 1812, under Napoleon I. Very few certainly celebrate their own failure: and if ever there was a failure *that* was one. You have read of it? 400,000 men set out, less than 25,000 returned. Oh, the retreat from Moscow was a most fearful affair. Yes, we

"Could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood," &c.

But this is neither the time nor place. However during the campaign,

of French, Russians, &c., some six or seven hundred thousands perished. The very elements fought against the invader, reminding us of the word: "Who can stand before his cold?" Psalm cxlvii., 17. Yes, His cold. The Emperor of Russia acknowledged that God had fought for him by striking a medal with these words as a legend: "NOT TO US, NOT TO ME, BUT TO THY NAME." The meaning of the inscription on the monument, which is in French, is this: That it commemorates the campaign against the Russians in 1812, and refers to the entrance of the French into Moscow. Below is one of later date and rather sarcastic in spirit, the meaning of which is that the Russian commander of Coblentz saw and approved of the above on the 1st of January, 1814. And as we pass on, the uppermost thought is: "Let not the mighty man glory in his might."

As we have no opportunity of going to religious service, we take a gentle walk up the left bank of the Moselle for half a mile, when turning into the road we cross, under the escort of a Prussian soldier, the skirts of the plateau where some 32,000 French soldiers were kept in captivity during the late Franco-German war. Winding round to the right and crossing the road that runs from Coblentz to Andernach, we visit a place of somewhat melancholy interest—the cemetery of the French captives. It lies at the foot of a little hill crested with Fort Franc. A number of plain stone pillars rise about a yard from the ground, on which are chiselled the names of those whose remains lie below. A few moments here, and we pass to the farther end, where stands in solemn silence the mausoleum of the celebrated Republican general, Marceau, of French Revolution fame. It is of pyramidal shape, and has a heavy and gloomy look. The inscription was not legible, owing to the darkness which now came down upon us. So we go through a rifle range intended for Prussian practice, and a small coppice, towards the town. In this last, however, we see a multitude of tiny lights bobbing about here and there like naughty spirits in "wandering mazes lost." They are fireflies, of which Mrs. Hemans sings in her hymn of the better land:—

"Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"

We secure one or two by a little effort, and intend to promote them to the honour of a place in a small cabinet of curiosities at home; which, however, we don't do, for somehow, dead or alive, they contrive to escape. Anyhow, we are glad for the flies' sake, though sorry for our own at the mournful issue of our pains. So uncertain, you see, are our possessions, great or small, valuable or insignificant.

The feathered tribes have sung their evening hymns and gone to rest, and we sit down awhile by the way to muse. You will understand when we tell you we have felt within to-day a *want* of something to make it like "Sunday at home." We have missed the familiar face in the family pew, the joyous song of Zion, and joint petition and "the word of exhortation" which our souls love; and

we join with the Psalmist in saying more heartily than ever: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple;" "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts," &c.

The shades of evening have closed in. It is now dark, or rather that intermingling of darkness and light common at this season of the year; and here we sit on a wall near "the meeting of the waters." We are enjoying the tranquillity of the hour, with our feet dangling from the head-stones beneath which glides the calm river Moselle in peace. A small boat strikes out from the side, and without motion either of oar or rudder sweetly floats whither she will. Our hearts are somewhat sad and lonely. And so in the silence of this peaceful, warm, summer Sunday evening we sit and ponder, feeling strangers in a strange land. What our ponderings were this pen may not write. But we are suddenly aroused by the singing of two pleasant voices, sweetly harmonious. The touching melody is wonderfully in accord with the feelings of our hearts. On looking back, it seemed like the response of kindred, sympathetic spirits; and the music of that little ditty awakened in my soul an answer the echo of which I hear within me still. And a pleasant emotion at the remembrance of that night inflates my breast while I write this, so far off. We listened with eagerness, and tried to catch the strains of that evening hymn—for sure we were, though not understanding the strange words used, that hymn it was—which seemed to bring us nearer to the Great God who is everywhere. The boat glided gently into the Rhine. Whither the occupants were bound we knew not; but for some time after we could see them distinctly, the sounds came floating along the softening surface of the waters, ravishing our ears, till the notes died gradually away and ceased. But we felt soothed, happier, and nearer to God through that grateful German song. And as we recall the circumstances, we feel that after all, perhaps, it was a fitting finish to so unusual a Sabbath-day.

E. H.

Editor's Table.

Elland, December 14th, 1872.

REV. SIR,—In Psalm civ. 15, it reads, "And wine that maketh glad the heart of man." And in Proverbs xx. 1, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Will you kindly inform me whether or not there were two kinds of wine, or how I may reconcile the two passages?—Yours, H. STANFIELD.

ANSWER.—Does our friend read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR? If so, he will find an explanation on page 156 of the volume for 1871.

Young Men's Bible Class, Mount Gilead, December 16th, 1872.

REV. SIR,—Will you please be kind enough to favour us with an explanation of chap. iv. of St. Luke's Gospel, v. 8, through your valuable JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as early as possible!—Yours truly, Y. M. B. C., M. G.

ANSWER.—Our Lord's temptation as recorded in this chapter had several features, and one mentioned in the 6th, 7th and 8th verses was that he would give way to pride, presumption, and the love of power, and show this by worshipping the tempter. "If thou wilt worship me, all shall be thine." And then, in the words of the 8th verse, Jesus said, "Get thee behind me Satan"—that is, "Go away from me"—"for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shall thou serve." The whole passage is very plain, and it is hardly possible to make it plainer.

Batley, *December 27th*, 1872.

REV. SIR,—I read in Mark ix., 44, 46, 48, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" second part of the 49th verse reads thus, "for every one shall be salted with fire;" third part of the 50th verse reads thus, "Have salt in yourselves." Sir, your opinion (through your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR) on the above subjects will greatly oblige.

J. W.

ANSWER.—Our opinion is that their worm dieth not—that is, that the punishment of the wicked will be endless. Secondly, that every one shall be salted with fire—that is, with trials or persecutions, for even the righteous shall scarcely be saved; and further, that salt is good if it has not lost its saltiness, and that we should have this salt in us, being the sanctified effect of our trials, so that in humility and deadness to the world we may show that God has not yet tried us in vain. We know no other meaning that can be attached to these words, at least in a Protestant sense.

Memoirs.

ELIZABETH SANDERS.

ELIZABETH SANDERS was born in Willenhall, near Wolverhampton, January 18th, 1860, and was a scholar in the Methodist New Connexion Sunday-school there from the time she could just walk until the time of her death, which took place August 21st, 1872. She was the subject of a complication of diseases which she bore with great Christian fortitude. For many weeks before her death she was deeply sensible that her dissolution was drawing near; but no doubts tormented her, her confidence in the Saviour was great, and when visited by the friends of the school she had not much to say, but she was sure she was going to Jesus;

and when in moments of deepest suffering no murmur escaped her lips, but would say, "Mother, loose me, and let me go to Jesus." She was a great lover of the Sunday-school, and never absented herself when it was possible for her to be there, even during her illness, when she could but just walk by supporting herself by the wall. She took great delight in the singing; it was often the theme of her conversation at home. She was one of those lovely plants which never obtrudes itself upon others; she almost passed unnoticed like a beautiful flower in some lonely dell. Just before her decease she said, "Mother, I am going to Jesus," and enjoined on her to

meet her in heaven. I would say in conclusion, in this very short memoir of the above, that Sunday-school teachers would not grow weary if they could but realise the great blessedness of being instrumental in leading such little ones to the Saviour. J. W., Secy.

MARGARET FAWCETT.

MARGARET FAWCETT, youngest and beloved daughter of William and Jane Turner, of North Shields, was born on the 17th of November, 1852. When little more than two years of age she was taken by her two elder sisters to the Blagdon Quay Mission School, and at the following anniversary stood upon one of the female teacher's knee and recited that pretty little hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." As the winter drew on her parents thought the school too far from their home for their little one, and as they attended the Methodist New Connexion Salem Chapel, they thought it right to send their children to the school connected therewith; and accordingly during the year 1855 they changed their school, and at the following anniversary dear Meggie was found among those that were chosen to recite. Every succeeding year she was found at her post, and trying more earnestly to work for the glory of her dear Saviour, whom she loved even from her infancy. When about fourteen years of age her parents thought it prudent to remove from the New Connexion to the Primitive Chapel, and dear Meggie at once entered the school as a senior scholar, being at that time quite ready for the first Bible-class, where she remained for some time, when she was removed with some more of her class-mates into the select class taught by Mrs. Smith. From that time the school became dearer and dearer to her. She loved her teacher with all the

ardour of her affectionate heart, and nothing pained her more than the sight of any child in the school treating any of the teachers with disrespect. She loved the school and all connected therewith. On the 8th of May, 1871, she went to reside with Mr. H. Atkinson, draper, &c., as housemaid, and she remained there, beloved by all in the house, up to the 15th of July, 1872, when, feeling herself unable to attend to her duties, she sent for her beloved mother, whom she requested to take her home, which she did without the least hesitation; and after reaching home her dear parents wished her to have the doctor, but she declined, saying, "Oh, no, if I had a few days' rest, I hope I'll soon be better." So things went on until the 15th, when her second sister, who had been seriously alarmed during the night from the fact of her being quite delirious all the time from her retiring to bed, and having informed her parents of her intention, went for the doctor, who upon calling declared it to be slow fever. Day after day when he called he gave no promising hopes of a speedy recovery; but her friends still hoped that in a few weeks at most their loved one would be able to take her accustomed place among them. But, alas! their hopes were blighted, for on the morning of the 30th of July she peacefully resigned her soul into the hands of her Redeemer and King—taken away in the bloom of life, cut down like a flower in full bloom. On the Friday previous to her death she asked her second sister to sit close to her, which she did, and she then said, "I thought I was at the Sunday-school." Her sister replied, "No, Meggie, you are in bed," and she said, "Yes, I know, but it's nearest my heart, for many a run it has given me." On the Sunday following, seeing her dear

father preparing for chapel, she said, "It's Sunday, dar, isn't it?" He having replied in the affirmative, she said, "I would get up, but I can't go to school, so it's no use;" thus showing the heart was willing, though the flesh was weak. It being Salem School anniversary, she felt anxious to know how the children sang, and seemed to think the time so long before he came back for her to hear. When at last he came, and her eldest sister took the hymns and read the first line of each to her, she said, "They are very nice; some I know, and some I don't." She took a great interest in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and during her illness having desired her sister to read to her, she read the children's portion and the memoir in the July number, and she said, "It's very nice, thank you, Polly, what I heard, but I didn't hear it all." Being asked if she would like it read over, she said, "No, thank you, that'll do for this time." The night before her departure a dear friend of the family came in to see her and prayed, and she repeated the words after her as well as her failing strength would allow her, and during the night she asked her sister to put out the light, saying, "I can't bear such a bright light." It was moved farther from her, and then asked if that would do. She said, "No, put it out; you have the gas burning so bright." Being told there was no gas in the house, she said, "Yes, there is—it is lit where my ma is standing." Her dear mother then said, "Do you know where your ma is? Can you see her, Meggie?" when she replied, "Yes, she is standing beside the fire, and the light is so bright; cover my eyes," thus showing that our darling could see other lights than we could see, as after the light was put out the room was almost dark. She lingered on from

about seven o'clock, sleeping until about eight o'clock. Her eldest sister having tried to give her a little medicine about that time, but she was not able to take it, she again fell asleep to wake no more until she woke in heaven. Just before nine o'clock a heavenly smile lit up her face, and she peacefully departed to be with Christ, which is far better. She was passionately fond of music, and having a fine alto voice her greatest delight was to get her two sisters and her friends together to sing the beautiful hymns to be found in the "American Songster," or an anthem in which each could take their part. When going about her daily duties the house was made to ring with her voice, singing either snatches of the "Creation" or "Messiah," or some of her favourite hymns, among which were "The beautiful land on high;" "Mothers of Salem;" "Children, will you go with us?" "The gospel ship;" "I lay my sins on Jesus;" "On the banks beyond the river;" "There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone;" "Shall we know each other there?" and her first piece when quite a child. She could sing and repeat most of the pretty hymns in the "North of England Hymn Book," and up to her death she had not forgotten them. She was beloved by all who knew her, and died deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, aged nineteen years and eight months, and was interred in Preston Cemetery on the 1st of August (and was followed to the grave by many sorrowing friends, six of her companions officiating as pall-bearers, four young men walking before the hearse, and the Good Templars, of which order she was a member, and Sunday scholars, as many as could be expected considering it was an inconvenient time of the

week, followed) to sleep till the last trumpet shall sound. Oh! may we meet her in heaven—her beautiful home she so often sung of while with us on earth!

How sad our loss; how great her gain;
Gone from a world of grief and pain,
To be with her Saviour and her King,
From fear or harm of earthly thing.

M. C. T.

ALICE SHORROCK,

HALIFAX NORTH.

OUR young friend was born in Upper Canada on the 10th of February, 1858. Her parents were natives of Blackburn, England. From childhood Alice had gone to school. Her nature was open and affectionate. In 1864 she was brought to England, and lived for a while at King Cross, near Halifax. One Sunday morning she was taking a walk with her brother, and heard the voices of children singing Christian hymns in our school at King Cross. They stopped, listened, and were invited in by Mr. Warnhouse. They went in and became scholars there.

When the family removed Alice joined our Salem school. There she found many friends and spent many happy days. There she found the pearl of great price. Young though she was, she used to speak in our band meetings and love-feasts. The clearness, the humility, the evident sincerity of her piety, rendered her witness for Christ very acceptable.

In May, 1872, she met with an accident. This was followed by a serious illness. Her sufferings were

very great, but they were borne with beautiful meekness and submission.

On the 28th of June she said very calmly: "Mother, I think I am going home, and *you must* come to me. Jesus loves you, and bids you come to Him for rest." Again, "There is Jesus with my crown in His hand, and lots of angels. Don't fret; if God takes me it may be the means of saving my father's soul; you know I have often prayed for him." "Mother, I shall never be able to pay you for all your kindness to me, but when I get to heaven I will watch for your coming."

One day the writer went to see her, and she was very happy, though very ill. After a solemn pause she said: "Oh! Mr. Gratton, I have so longed to tell you something; I am so happy." I said I was very glad to hear it, and repeated the words:—

"My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort divine," &c.

She said: "It was just when you were repeating those words in Salem vestry, near to where I was kneeling, that I found peace; and since then I have been so happy, and I am so happy *now*."

While away seeking the improvement of her health, she wrote to two of her schoolmates a very beautiful letter. On September 8th, 1872, her sufferings for ever ceased. To the last she clung to Jesus, and could say "What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine!" Can you say that?

E. GRATTON.



OUR CHILDREN'S PORTION.

A GOOD LOAN.

I AM going to tell you a story about three little children whom I met not long ago. They showed me their little wooden savings banks, which their sick father had made for them; for he was too poor to buy tin ones, such as you sometimes see in shop-windows, and as some of you, perhaps, have. Each of the children had some pennies, which they had saved, instead of spending for candies. I asked them what they were going to do with their money. They replied that they did not know just then, but would find some use for it.

Some time after this I again visited the home of these children, and, picking up one of the little savings banks, found it empty. Inquiring what had become of the money, the children replied, "We have lent it to One who is ever so rich!"

"What! rich, and borrowing pennies?" we exclaimed. They then told me this story:—

"One day a missionary of the Gospel came to the town. He was poor, and was on his way to a

neighbourhood in which the people were noted for their wickedness. He was going to preach to them. While riding along, his horse lost a shoe, and he had no money left to pay a smith for putting it on. The horse was getting lame from travelling without the shoe, and so we emptied our savings banks, and gave him the money. And doesn't the Bible say that if we give to the poor we lend to the Lord? So you see we have put it out at interest; and we have no doubt that we shall be repaid—not, perhaps, in money, but in blessings. Besides, by helping the missionary on his way we have helped to spread God's Word."

Don't you think, children, that we might learn a lesson from the action of these little children? Some of us are not so poor as they, and yet do we do as much? They, like the widow, gave *all*; we give only a small part of what we have. Let us pray that the Lord will give us liberal hearts, so that we may not refuse to give liberally, according as He has blessed us with the means, for the spreading of His Word.

Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

It was evening, the sun sank slowly
Far into the golden west,
As a mother stood weeping by the side
Of her child who was going to rest.

And still the little one whispered,
As her strength sank sure and slow,
"Do not weep for me, dearest mother,
I am very sorry to go.

"But you know you have often told me
That the angels hover near
The ones they have loved and left on
earth,
Whom here they held most dear.

"And as rain on a parched country,
Or as falls the morning dew,
So my spirit shall hover near you,
And try and comfort you.

"Now I feel the angels near me,
They are waiting to bear me home,

To that beautiful land of spirits,

Where my Saviour bids me come.

"And there you will join me, mother,

When God calls you away!
From sorrow and strife, and all 'worldly
care

To one eternal day.

"So God shall enable you, mother,
To say His will be done;
But before the throne I soon shall be,
And my praise to Him have begun."

As the sun went down in his glory,
The little one passed away
From this earth, with its joys and sorrows,
To the glorious light of day.

And oft as that mother approaches
Her Father's throne in prayer,
She thinks of the one now in glory,
Who is with her Saviour there.

W. W.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

(To illustrate "The Children of the Bible," No. II.)

WE beg to call attention to a resolution of the Book Committee which is published on the cover of both our magazines this month, respecting the circulation of our Connexional periodicals. As regards the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, if things go on as they have done for the last twelve years, it will come to be a question in a few years whether it is worth while to continue its publication at all. We have a reasonably good circulation considering the intense competition with which such periodicals have to contend in these times, but it ought to be much greater, and would be if due exertions were made by our friends. We have in our Sunday-schools in England and Ireland 67,274 scholars, and the number of the JUVENILE printed last month was 14,500 copies, being rather in excess of the demand. Now, can any one believe that if due exertions were made we could not circulate more than say 14,000 copies among 67,274 scholars? This statement shows that not quite one in every five scholars take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. In 1860, when we had a circulation of 20,000 copies, we had only 60,745 scholars in our schools, and consequently that nearly one scholar in every three took the JUVENILE. Yet no one alleges, or has ever alleged, that the JUVENILE has deteriorated in intrinsic value, or that it is worth less to-day or any time since 1860 than it was at that date. The difference arises from the fact that less exertion is made to circulate it; that preference is given in some cases to outside publications by Sunday-school managers; and that showy cuts and light reading have captivated many minds to the disregard of what is really informing and useful. We cannot contend against such odds, or control the influences which operate against us, but the position of the business is such that the question will have to be taken up by our Church authorities in a much more earnest spirit than has been manifested of late years, or the consequences will tell in a financial aspect and in other ways which will not be very advantageous. Our schools are supported by the money of the Connexion; the services necessary to be held, and the collections necessary to be made for this end, are the work of our own ministers. The buildings in which our schools are conducted are erected and maintained for the most part by our own friends; and is it fair or just that in any case these institutions should be made the fulcrum to lift outside publications into notice and circulation when our own are either banished entirely, or are sustained with such feebleness that they drag on an existence in some schools which is but a living death? Let no one misapply these remarks. We know and gratefully acknowledge the sympathy and help we receive from the great majority of our friends in Sunday-schools, and if the rest would imitate these worthy examples there would be no need of complaint, but we might all rejoice together in the success of our efforts.

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER III.

THE DINNER-TIME.

THERE were about thirty of the scholars at Copsley School who lived at such a distance that they preferred to bring their dinners with them instead of having the walk to and from home.

There was considerable variety in the provisions brought by the different boys. Slices of bread and butter, bread and cheese, ham and beef sandwiches, and small pork-pies were the usual viands produced at dinner-time. Others brought slices of ham or bacon, which they cooked in a very primitive fashion over the classroom fire.

In most cases the lads were careful to have as little weight to carry as possible. Some even brought no victuals at all, but begged twopence instead, with which they bought a penny roll and a penny-worth of treacle, the two making a meal whose delicacy only a schoolboy can appreciate.

Some of the boys, however, were in the habit of bringing rather more pretentious dinners. There were three brothers in particular—Alfred, Thomas, and James Edgeworth, hearty, hungry, growing lads—who generally brought a large plateful of cold meat and a fruit pie for division among them. It was a standing joke among their school-fellows that the rest of the boys could eat two dinners while Alf, Tom, and Jem Edgeworth were quarrelling over theirs. They were irritable, cross-grained lads, as one might have guessed, judging from their red hair and surly faces. Alfred was the tallest boy in the school, though not so strong as Gus Brookes, and could easily have settled any dispute with his younger brothers by sheer strength; but although he would have preferred to do so he knew that if he did he should get severely punished when he went home at night.

As soon as morning school was over there was a rush to the little closet set apart for the dinner baskets. In the summer the lads seized their respective dinners and ate them in the coolest place they could find; but in the winter all the boys by common consent wished to get near the fire, and as they preferred an open fireplace to a closed stove they generally sat in the class-room.

It was here that Edward Lindsay first became intimate with his

new companions. On the first day of his arrival he had been subjected to a great deal of cross-examination, through which he had passed creditably, and now on his second day at Copsley School he felt a little more at ease.

He and John and William Parsons had got into the class-room early, and had secured comfortable seats, when the three Edgeworth boys came in with what Bob Johnson called their "market-basket."

Alf looked round, and finding all the best seats occupied, he turned rudely on the new scholar and said—

"I say, Lindsay, come out of that seat, will you? It is mine."

"I'm sure it isn't," said John Parsons. "You know very well that the places belong to those who first get them. Don't you stir, Ted," he said, turning to the timid lad, who had already got up.

"Oh, I don't mind at all," said Edward Lindsay. "I would rather he sat there if he wishes to." And with that he moved away to the other side of the room, to the perfect astonishment of his new schoolfellows.

"I should be ashamed to take advantage of a fresh chap in that way," said George Benson, as he knelt on the fender and toasted his bread and cheese.

"Catch anybody who knows him moving for him," put in Gus Brookes as a taunt.

"No one asked you to speak," growled out Alf, who was a trifle ashamed of what he had done.

He now opened the large dinner-basket and began to divide the provisions with his two brothers. There was some cavilling about the sharing of the meat, but when he began to carve the apple pie the clamour was quite astonishing.

"I say, Alf, I haven't got so much as you," protested Tom, while Jem complained that he had not enough apple for his piece of paste.

"I shall tell your mother—so I shall," said Jem, "you always keep the best piece for yourself."

"He *should* tell his mother then!" said Sam Townley, with mock sympathy, as he lay on a bench with his feet stuck Yankee fashion against the mantelpiece, this being a favourite posture with him after dinner.

"I say, Parsons," said Gus Brookes to John, "have you learned the rule for dividing a circle into three equal parts? I've hardly got to that yet. If you can do it I wish you would fetch your instruments and divide that pie for those chaps. I don't like my dinner-time disturbed in this way."

The lads generally managed to despatch their dinners by a quarter or half-past twelve, and so they had fully an hour-and-a-half left for sport. This time was variously spent. In the summer cricket attracted many of the lads; others preferred to take a walk in the wood, and loiter about on the velvety grass, while one of their number read aloud some romance or adventure; and still others hied away to the canal for fishing or bathing. In colder weather there were lots

of warm games—tick, rounder, circular swings, leap-frog, football, and, grandest of all, "hare and hounds," in which game the lads often ran for two or three miles. In winter the boys flocked to the nearest ponds for skating or sliding; or, if the weather was damp, they assembled in the school and class-rooms, where they huddled round the fire and listened to tales or conundrums. Sam Townley was responsible for most of the stories given at such times. He had an omnivorous appetite for every variety of romance or fairy tale. He subscribed to several periodicals for the young which teemed with tales

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery."

But on this Tuesday afternoon the lads seemed unable to settle down to any game. The frost, which had held out bravely through the holidays, had begun to give way early on the Monday night, and on Tuesday the boys found the roads muddy instead of hard, and the ice on the pools unsafe. Perhaps the dampness of the weather damped their spirits. At any rate they grieved over the departure of their old friend Jack Frost.

And so skating and sliding were out of the question, and the playground was so muddy from the thaw that it was decidedly unpleasant even to walk about, without incurring the additional discomforts of splashing and possible stumbles which would attend a game. So the lads lounged about the schoolroom, talked over their holidays, and laid plans for future enjoyment, until the master's whistle again summoned them to their studies.

CHAPTER IV.

A SNOW-FIGHT.

ON the next Friday morning Gus Brookes awoke just as the old-fashioned kitchen clock was striking six, and sat up in bed debating with himself whether he should get up or not. For the last few days the weather had been so bad that he had had no sport when he had risen early.

"It seems very cold," he said, as he rubbed his eyes and tried to look through the window; but somehow the panes were so dim that he could scarcely see through them.

"It is very queer," thought Gus, as he got out of bed. "It surely can't be a frost after such a long thaw. It is though," he almost shouted, as he reached the window; "and snow, too! Hurrah! A white world!"

There was no question now about lying in bed. He was soon washed and dressed, and he then hurried downstairs, where the servant was lighting the fire and preparing breakfast. Of course he

did not hesitate what to do. It was a deep snow, and he knew his mother would want the snow cleared away from the back-yard, and a way made to the coal-shed and fowl-pen. By the time breakfast was ready, Gus was all in a glow, his face as ruddy as health and exercise could make it, and when his father and mother thanked him for what he done he felt as happy as could be. As soon as breakfast was over he hastened to school to celebrate with his schoolfellows the return of their old friend Jack Frost.

On arriving at school he and a few other big lads held a meeting together, and congratulated each other on the advent of such a glorious fall of snow, and proceeding at once to make the most of the circumstance, the meeting resolved itself into a council for war. They agreed that as soon as they could despatch their dinners they would divide into two parties, one on each side of the lower end of the playground, and have a jolly snow-fight.

It was only about a quarter past twelve, therefore, when Gus Brookes and Alf Edgeworth, having arranged the preliminaries, called their schoolmates to join in the contest.

In all games in which two sides were wanted Gus Brookes and Alf Edgeworth were invariably the captains of the opposing forces. They were the biggest boys in the school, and were considered tolerably well matched, since what advantage Gus lost in stature was balanced by his superior strength. In a snow-fight, however, Edgeworth was no mean antagonist. He was left-handed, and as is often the case with such lads, he could throw with marvellous precision and with tremendous force.

Snowballing is a very healthful, exhilarating sport, but it would be well if lads only indulged in it under certain proper conditions. Of course only those should be snowballed who are able and willing to enjoy the fun. It is both cowardly and wicked to throw snowballs, as some boys do, at old folks, girls, and children—people who cannot retaliate. Then again snowballing ought to be practised so as not to be dangerous to property; there should be no windows near, or the chances are they will be broken. Lastly, boys ought not to make their snowballs too hard. If their object is to bruise other boys' faces till they are twice as big as they ought to be, they need not wait for snows: stones and brickbats will do it much more effectively. But if they throw snowballs for sport they need only be squeezed just hard enough to keep the snow together when thrown; there is no necessity for them to be made as hard as pebbles.

Now Gus Brookes very wisely insisted on these conditions. The fight was to take place in the lower part of the playground, right away from any windows; no one was to be hit but those boys who voluntarily offered to join the game; and no snowballs were to be made hard enough to hurt anyone seriously.

Away the lads trooped to the appointed spot, and, having borrowed spades from the school-house, they cleared a space about six yards wide between the contending parties, throwing up the snow on each

side like entrenchments. One by one the different captains chose the boys for their respective sides. A few of the town boys had hurried in after a hasty dinner, so that there were nearly a score on each side. Ten minutes were allowed for making snowballs, and the lads, closely buttoned up to the chin and warmly gloved, began to press the snow into shape.

As Gus Brookes looked round on his party, he saw he had got rather the worst of it. Edgeworth had got two or three of the best throwers and some of the hardiest of the boys. He saw at once it was a case of skill and management against sheer force. He accordingly deputed four of the boys to do nothing else but guard, and from time to time replenish the stock of frosty ammunition; and choosing two or three of the best boys, he explained his plans. He hoped to drive the opponents back, and if possible secure their snowballs. Of course, if he could push them right out of their snow ramparts his party would gain the victory.

As soon as the ten minutes' truce was over Alfred Edgeworth began to send his snowballs fierce and fast into the opposite camp, stopping one boy's ear, completely covering the eyes of another, and almost filling the mouth of a third who happened to be laughing loudly at the moment. When he saw a few of them fall back from the front to get their faces clear of the snow, he rushed forward with an armful of snowballs at the head of his party, conscious of his superior force and confident of an easy victory.

But Gus had expected this attack and had prepared for it. He had only replied occasionally to the heavy firing of the enemy, reserving his strength and snowballs until they could be more effectively employed. So when he saw his opponents rushing on him he shouted to his comrades, "Now for it, lads!" and Sam Townley, who had just been reading an account of the battle of Waterloo, used Wellington's words on that occasion, and as he hurled a big snowball full in Charlie Davis's face he shouted grandiloquently, "Up, guards, and at them!"

Perfectly surprised at the reception they met with, Edgeworth's party were soon glad to retreat, and when once they started to run they found it hard to stop, until Brookes and his fellows had followed them right into their own quarter, and were using the snowballs in its attack which had been prepared for its defence. However, they soon rallied, and though Gus did not give up all he had gained by his stratagem, he had to retire some distance.

The battle raged for about half-an-hour, sometimes one side getting a small advantage, and then the other; but it was easy for anyone to see that slowly but surely Edgeworth's party were being driven back by Gus Brookes.

As he lost the game Alfred began to lose his temper. He once or twice cried out that the other side were not playing fair, while at the same time he was altogether disregarding one of the conditions agreed upon. Several times Gus Brookes saw one or another of his lads retire

with tears in their eyes, after getting one of Edgeworth's hard swift balls on the face, and he himself had abundant opportunity of testing how dreadfully hard they were, since he received, as a rule, about every fourth hit himself. As he was gaining, however, he thought he would not raise a quibble which would make the victory questionable, so at it he went and drove the enemy further across the playground.

We have intimated that Alfred Edgeworth was a coward, and so he proved himself in this battle. He was very angry at being beaten by a weaker force, and was sending snowballs as hard as he could make them at his opponents, when one of the same sort hit him straight in the eye, and he heard Sam Townley's taunting voice shouting, "There, Alf, see how you like one of your own sort."

Now, although he had thrown scores of balls quite as hard as the one that hit him, it caused him such exquisite pain that he almost howled. He said nothing, however, but at once decided on the cowardly trick of throwing stones in the snowballs. He wrapped them up very carefully with snow, and hitting Sam Townley on the chest with one, he made him pant for breath. Ball after ball was thrown with stones inside, but Alf was so closely pressed by his opponents that he could not take a correct aim. At length his party were pushed right away from their ramparts, when, just as Gus Brookes was about to shout "Victory!" there was a sudden cry of pain, and John Parsons fell backwards on a heap of snow, which was speedily crimsoned with blood from a wound on the side of his head.

Of course the fight was at once stopped, and John was carried almost fainting into the schoolhouse, where his wound was bathed and dressed.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

II.—BABY MOSES.

EX. II.



DID you ever see a baby? Well, I suppose I need scarcely ask the question. Of course you have. The last I took particular notice of was in our chapel, night before last. After being very attentive for a little time, it seemed to think it was quite as able to interest the congregation as the preacher, so it tried, and succeeded too, for a while. Not staying, then, to explain the matter, I will take it for granted that my reader has seen a baby, and knows what a baby is. Well, one day, in the home of a poor slave, there was such rejoicing because a baby was born. It was such a beauty! All babies are, do you say? Yes, but there are different sorts of beauties, and this was a beauty of the

most beautiful kind. He was "exceeding fair." So his mother fondly clasped him to her bosom, his father gave him a kiss of welcome, his brother Aaron looked at him as boys do look at babies, with the thought, perhaps, of what a fine playmate he would be, and his sister Miriam clapped her hands and would have run off at once to tell all the little girls in the neighbourhood of the birth of her baby brother, but the natural joy of the household was hushed and destroyed at once by the remembrance of a greater grief.

It was a lovely child, but still only the child of slaves, and of slaves who had received the dire command to put all their male children to death as soon as they were born. The Pharaoh who had shown such favour to Joseph and his brethren had passed away. He was succeeded by another Pharaoh, who neither cherished Joseph's memory nor respected the people to whom he belonged. "Why should they have the best part of the land?" he asked. "They are growing a very numerous people: they will be uniting to hurt us by-and-by." So he made slaves of them, and engaged them in different parts of the land in the hardest labours. Even then they increased in numbers so rapidly that he feared the people still more because he had used them so ill, and doubtless thought it still more likely that, if they had a chance, they would join with his enemies in upsetting his kingdom. To prevent their increase, therefore, he made the cruel order that all boys should, when born, be drowned. None but an utter tyrant could have thought of such a thing. This is always the way cruel, tyrannical men act. They oppress, and then live in fear of the people they injure. They know that their own time of suffering must come before long, and they try by more cruel deeds still to put off the day of their retribution. That awful death in the Red Sea was a just punishment for this wicked man.

As those parents looked upon their darling child, the most sacred feelings of their hearts rose up in rebellion against Pharaoh's unjust decree. No doubt, they said, "Our child is born to live, not at once to die; and live it shall if we can preserve its life!" We are not told how the child was hidden during the first three months. There is nothing said about their schemings and their watchings—nothing of their tremblings when the tread of Pharaoh's taskmasters was heard near the door. All this, however, we can well imagine. At length there comes a day when the secret can no longer be kept. The child's parents wonder what next they can do. There have been many prayers offered in that poor home; and now the distracted father and mother ask once again, "Lord show us what we can do next!" Only one more plan is thought of. If this fail, then they must submit to lose their boy. Someone is sent to gather an armful of bulrushes. When these are found the mother's active fingers knit and twist and bind them into a good-sized basket, which is to answer the purpose of a little boat. What a singular sort of ship! Yes, indeed, it was. Yet this is not the only mention we have of boats made in a similar way; for before planks of wood came into use the papyrus

reed seems to have been the usual material of which the Egyptian boats were constructed. Very light and flimsy boats they must have been, and not to be compared with the boats and ships of stronger build we have now-a-days.

This boat of reeds being made, and duly daubed with pitch to make it water tight, fitted also with every appliance to make its little occupant comfortable, the infant Moses is put therein. He was too young to understand what they were doing with him, or would not he have kicked and screamed with a righteous baby indignation? Would he not have raised his baby protest against so strange a thing? As it was he did not know but that it was his own cradle they placed him in, made extra soft and warm. A time is chosen, perhaps very early in the morning, when no one is likely to be about, and Moses is carried forth in his water-cradle and brought to the river side. But he must not be launched forth upon the current of the river, or in a few moments he will be borne away—away far beyond the reach or help of any. They find a place where the water is but shallow, where the reeds grow thick and are widely spread. This is the place. Now put the tiny ship with its precious burden in; he will float safely here, and every reed will be an arm to stop him from sailing away. Miriam, if ever you were a faithful sister, you must be faithful now! Great things depend upon that brother of thine! In the counsels of the God of Israel it is prepared that that helpless babe shall become a mighty deliverer. Thy groaning, down-trodden people are deeply interested in him. For he shall plead the cause in Pharaoh's court, he shall make Egypt to wail and cry with bitter anguish because of them. Out of dire bondage he shall lead them through sea, and desert, and enemies' land, until he bring them to the promised Canaan. He shall give them law and government. A horde of broken-spirited slaves he shall exalt into a mighty people. Watch, Miriam! with utmost care, watch! Forsake not the hiding-place for a single moment; thou wilt be wanted by-and-by.

See! A company of ladies come! There is one whose walk is very stately, and whose dress is very beautiful; that is the king's daughter. Round about are her maids of honour, and slaves of dusky countenance carrying umbrellas of a curious pattern to shade their mistress from the burning sun. Miriam knows who these ladies are, for she has been expecting their coming for some time. Her heart beats high with both hope and fear as they pass the place where she is hiding, and she puts questions to herself she cannot answer. "Will they see Moses? If they do, how will they treat him? Will they tear him from his little ark and themselves execute the king's commands? or will they have pity, and spare him alive?" So the ladies pass along. They suddenly stop. One says to another, "Hark! What is that I hear?" As they listen the piteous cry of helpless infancy comes up from the river's brink. Astonished, and wondering from whom the cry may come, they begin to search. They have not far to search, for down there among the nodding reeds they quickly

spy the little boat. Soon the maid steps into the water, and in another moment she brings ship and cargo to the feet of her mistress. When the cover is removed they behold that lovely child, its every look and cry sending the most touching appeal to the royal lady's heart. "And when she had opened it, she beheld the child: and, behold, the babe wept, and she had compassion on him and said, this is one of the Hebrews' children."

An ancient historian says the name of this princess was Thermuthis, and that she first called several Egyptian nurses, but that little Moses turned his head away from them all and would not receive the refreshment they offered. It was at this moment his sister ventured to draw nigh. "Please ma'am do you want a nurse for the baby? Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women that she may nurse the child for thee?" And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go." So away goes Miriam, never pausing till she finds her mother, who doubtless was not far away. "Mother, baby is safe! The princess has found it and wants you to nurse it." And soon that precious little one is nestled in its mother's bosom again.

Wonderful in its beginning, the life of Moses maintained its extraordinary character to the end; and the education which thus by the providence of God he was led to secure, being the best that all Egypt could supply, served in no small degree to fit him for the work of his life.

J. C. S.

UP THE RHINE, &c. ;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. V.

WE are told by those who ought to know that men measure time by the succession of their ideas. Well, be it so; then we have an explanation of the fact that it seems *so* long since leaving home though scarcely a week has elapsed. We have seen so many sights, heard so many sounds, travelled so many miles, and been the subjects of so many new ideas and feelings more than what is ordinarily the case in the same amount of time, that we seem to have lived a little age almost in a week. Well, never mind, all the better; we'll store away our newly-gathered thoughts in some vacant "pigeon-hole" of memory for future use; while as the safest plan for us travellers of the "younger sort" we stick to the chronometer and almanac; the brisk succession of ideas notwithstanding. Here we are then still at Coblenz; and the almanac says it is June 24th, 1872, Monday; the chronometer says it is 8.30 a.m.; and the barometer it is to be a fine day. We feel somewhat refreshed after the comparative quiet and rest of the preceding day, though the thoughts are a little disturbed by the reflection that *so many* days have passed,

even by the almanac, since we last saw the loved ones at home. But any depressing thoughts of that nature are soon dissipated when we enter upon the pleasurable toil of this bright and beautiful morning. Preparatory to our departure we propose once more to walk leisurely round the town and make sundry purchases. In the heart of the town stands the College of the Society of Jesus—or the Jesuits. It is not a handsome building by any means, but I am just wondering who will have it now, as Prince Bismarck has expelled the Jesuits from Germany. Anyhow there it stands. As you pass through the yard from the back, near the entrance is a recess in which stands a large crucifix; but these things and shrines to the Virgin Mary are put up in every available place. On the whole we are favourably impressed with Coblenz. It is not a bad centre from which to ramify—that is, for those who have plenty of time and money and nothing else to do. The city itself is the capital of that part of Germany known as Rhenish Prussia, and has a population of some 25,000, excluding the military. The Romans called it *Confluentia*, because it was situate at the confluence of the rivers. A trade is carried on here in a variety of articles made of tin, as candlesticks, snuff-boxes, &c. There is also a snuff manufactory. I hope, however, that neither snuff nor snuff-boxes find any patrons among the readers of these papers. Snuff-taking is a bad habit, lads; don't form it. You will very likely have heard that Coblenz is famous as a fortress. We have referred to Fort Francis and Fort Alexander, but the fort of

EHRENBREITSTEIN

quite eclipses the others. What the fortress of Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean Sea, Ehrenbreitstein is to the River Rhine. And as we mark well the bulwarks, we cannot but think, "woe to the luckless foe that ventures within range of its grisly guns." But let us cross and go see; for the fort stands on the right bank of the Rhine, opposite the mouth of the Moselle, and commands the ascent of that river for a considerable distance. By means then of a bridge of boats, by which Coblenz communicates with the other shore, we reach Thal Ehrenbreitstein. As we approach the fortress, we are much impressed with its magnitude and formidableness. But we must mount, which we will do like young soldiers; so paying our fees and getting our tickets, we march. By this time two friends, whom we met at Amsterdam and left there, had come up intent on the same purpose as ourselves. It is rather singular the way in which you keep meeting with Englishmen, and often the same people. You lose them, say 150 miles away, and they are almost sure to "turn up" again at some attractive spot, or on some interesting occasion. We shook hands in right good style, for we had none of the "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," feeling about us. Somehow you seem to cling in a more brotherly fashion to your compatriots in a strange land than you do at home. So having exchanged the usual courtesies,

we trudged on up the hill—a regular constitutional—laughing; talking, and joking, ready for any fun that offered, as if we had been “very brothers” all our life. And thus, full of life and glee, we gained the top, a little bit like over-driven sheep gasping for breath, for it is a long pull. The sentry at the top allows us to pass on, delivering up the last of our two tickets, and the soldier at the top, fresh, and physically equal to his work, is for marching us hither and thither forthwith, almost exhausted as we are. So we call out, “*Halt, man!*” Here then we are on the fortress Ehrenbreitstein, “the broad stone of honour.” It is over 550 feet above the level of the sea, and 370 above the Rhine, that rolls silently below. The strength of the garrison just now, so says the subaltern that shows us over, is 5000. From all sides but one—the north—the place seems inaccessible; and surely no enemy approaching even in that direction would stand the slightest chance of success. Row above row of bastions frown upon the visitor, not merely in defiance, but as if in pity for the crazy brain that dare presume on conquest. It would seem to say, “Poor simple souls, go home; don’t provoke me.” We can scarcely imagine the place taken by a genuine assault. With a determined foe overhead peppering the adventurous ones with something harder than “wooden nutmegs,”—which by the way, as gentle reminders of the fact that “thee isn’t wanted here,” would be disagreeable enough—we cannot see how it is possible to climb the walls. In a time of peace even, and simply as an experiment, to scale Ehrenbreitstein would be a feat great enough to make the reputation of ten ordinary men, while it would require the climbing science, instruments, tact, and indomitable courage of a member of the Alpine club, and very likely more. And should he escape with a broken neck, well, why he must think himself well off. Yet I believe the fort has twice been taken, once by stratagem and once by famine, and only in one of these ways can we fancy it taken at all. To obviate the necessity of the garrison surrendering for want of water, a well nearly 600 feet deep has been bored through the rock, so as to obtain the water from the Rhine. At first it was intended to sink to about half its present depth, but after three years’ toil that was found insufficient, and hence the well was sunk to its present depth. Once, by order of the authorities, the fortress has been blown up and destroyed. The rock on which it stands has played various parts in the past. On it the Romans are said to have built a castle, on the ruins of which some suppose the fort to stand. We just said that it had once been destroyed, but within the present century the place has been re-fortified and re-christened and now rejoices under the name of Fort William. All this fort-building has been done at a vast expense of time and money, which, as one thinks, might have been more profitably employed in promoting peace and goodwill among men. Ehrenbreitstein alone is said to have cost 5,000,000 dollars. When will nations learn war no more? Plainly the millennium is not yet at hand. Having

gathered these items of information, we stand at ease a little, and take a survey of our surroundings. "Fine prospect! magnificent view!" we find ourselves exclaiming, as if so overcome with the grandeur of the scene we can exclaim nothing else. And as we stand, warmed by the sun and cooled by the breeze, we gaze and gaze again, and again, at the landscape that stretches away in the distance, literally enchanted. Certainly this is full compensation for the time, trouble, and expense of the ascent. At the back are a number of climbing vines just getting into grape, affectionately wrapping themselves around the poles set up for their support, and putting forth their tiny tendrils like little living things as they are, feeling for help onwards towards maturity. Indeed, the verdant valley, down which on the wings of the wind come the songs of the birds and the whispers of the trees, the bright shining sun, clear atmosphere, and refreshing zephyr, with the superb view of the whole country, and its historic associations are so potent in their influence upon us that we would gladly linger a little longer. But the largeness of our programme forbids further encroachment upon the tenth hour; so we surrender the fortress we have so pleasantly held—or rather which has held us—temporarily, and beat a hasty retreat. It is, however, to no purpose; our trespass has grown too high, and is now about to fall with unexpected consequence on our not over-chronological heads in the shape of being left in the lurch by the packet which we had presumed to call "ours." So wags the world; every pleasure must be paid for in some way; so *our* account is the being thrown in the execution of our plan. Well, never mind; we screw up our courage and "stand like the brave." While waiting for the next, one or two funny incidents occurred which need find no place here; the time however was at length up, so making ready for our departure, exceedingly pleased with our stay at Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, we were soon *en route* for

MAINTZ.

A short sail brings us within view of the Stolzenfels, only a few miles distant from Coblenz, and so within easy distance to the pedestrian who wishes the luxury of a quiet ramble over the hill and along the road that skirts the river. The chateau, or castle, stands on a bold, projecting rock, and rises like a fairy mansion on the side of a beautifully-wooded hill. It is certainly a most elegant building, and reflects credit upon the taste of the King of Prussia, who some time ago restored and improved it. It is now used as a summer retreat. Here it is where our Queen, Victoria, stayed when visiting the King of Prussia in 1845. At the foot of the castle lies a little village, named Capellan, through which runs the road, as also the railway, which last has a station here. Opposite there, you see the mouth of the river Lahn, the valley of which, by all accounts, is very lovely; but in this case, as in others, we must be content with the hearing of the ear. Here, however, is Ober-

lahnstein ; so we begin at once to rummage amongst our mental notes for any remarks upon it. The result is, that here a certain emperor, by name Wenceslaus, was deposed some hundreds of years ago. If you are particular as to date, say in 1400 A.D. Yes, and there stands the building that gave shelter to the Elector who pronounced the deposition. It is not large, but there it is, half hiding itself among the trees, as if ashamed for the part it played in the affair. And yet we do not see why it should, for history speaks of him as a raving madman. And so the Bohemians, of whom he was the king as well as Emperor of Germany at the same time, got hold of him and put him in close quarters, or, to call things by their proper names, in prison. Somehow he contrived to escape—for madmen are sometimes rather ingenious—and revenged himself for the indignity put upon him. He was, however, arrested again, and this time compelled to descend from the imperial throne. Wenceslaus, the sceptreless, disrowned emperor, died about twenty years after his fall. Here is Königstuhl. And if we are to judge from appearances we should think it a rather poor place to have been the seat of a king, as the name implies. And yet it was here where were held the deliberations the result of which was the deposition of the emperor, as above stated. Now for another castle, called, it is said, after the evangelist St. Mark—hence Marksburg. And of all the castles built on the banks of the Rhine during the dark and middle ages, St. Mark's is the only one that has escaped demolition. It seems a strong place and has a formidable look, standing as it does on that high precipitous rock, whose otherwise bare sides are covered with fruitful-looking vines. As we look the feeling grows upon us that it would be "no joke" to dislodge a few determined men from *that* place in the feudal times. Even now it is said to be garrisoned by some twenty men. But this is accounted for by the fact that it is sometimes used as a prison, which accounts for the further fact of its torture chamber and accompanying instruments, which in all probability will be similar to those which we saw at the Hague. Steaming round the farther side of a piece of masonry which divides the river into two, we shortly come to

BOPPARD.

As we approach we are struck with the appearance of a nice-looking white house, with a very conspicuous sign-board, on which is painted in large letters "Muhlbad." It is an hydropathic establishment, and is very pleasantly situated. A long row of fine trees nicely in foliage runs along the side of the landing stage, and helps to give a stranger the impression that Boppard is a quiet little place. It boasts a population, however, of over 3000, and carries on a trade in several articles. It claims to have been built by Drusus, and points to its old walls as evidence of its Roman origin. The scenery of the neighbourhood promises to be splendid, while the vines which adorn with their youthful beauty the opposite hills will add much to the interest of this health-promoting resort.

Steaming past some attractive scenes a distance away from the last-mentioned place, we see two gloomy-looking castles on our left. They have a sad, melancholy air about them. Still they look interesting, as if they had a tale to tell. One moment they are not unlike two great giants with heaving breasts of pity and affection; at another, like two fierce knights flinging defiance at each other, burning with revenge, and eager only to sheathe their swords in each other's side. And so our varying fancy differently draws these gloomy-looking castles on the brow of the hill as we view them from different points; while memory, busy with the past, summons to the front their history. Their names are Liebenstein and Sternfels. They are called "The Brothers." Their story is perhaps worth repeating in brief. An old knight with two sons had committed to his guardianship a young orphan named Edith. Both the brothers were ardently attached to her, but concealed their passion. When she came of age the old knight desired Edith to make her choice. But the elder brother, believing the younger preferred, decided to withdraw; and so it was arranged that at some future time she should be the wife of the younger brother. In the meantime the intended bridegroom, inspired by St Bernard, joined the Crusaders, to the great regret of his father. The old man died, and the elder being heir took possession of the castle and gave shelter and protection to Edith. In about two years after the younger brother returned, bringing with him a beautiful Greek wife. His betrothed in despair wished to become a man, while the elder brother was so enraged that he defied the younger to mortal combat. Edith, however, prevented the calamity by taking the veil, leaving the two brothers to be the last of their race and to mourn over their own sad fate.* And so those solitary-looking castles are regarded as memorials of the events. Behind the hill on which stand the castles is the village of Bornhofen, where, till the year 1813, was a Capuchin abbey. But here is St. Goar and also the fort or castle of Rheinfels. In days gone by this last was occupied by a certain Count—Katzenellenbogen—who was a splendid representative of the Rhine robbers. He used to levy toll indiscriminately on all who came within reach, whether by land or water. The thing, however, became intolerable, so the neighbouring towns confederated and besieged and battered down his fortress. Success crowning their efforts here, the confederates then bore down upon and served others the same. The castle of Rheinfels has seen various vicissitudes. In 1692 the French besieged it with 15,000 men; they were, however, obliged to retire. But in 1797 the place surrendered to them and was destroyed. We had intended to speak of the Lorelie Rock in this present paper, but as we do not wish to weary you, we reserve our description of this far-famed rock and echo till we meet again. E. H.

* Exhibition to Halenza's Rhine Panorama.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

ARTICLE II.—CHEMISTRY.

LAST month we said a little about oxygen; we have now to notice another gas, the name of which is hydrogen. It is lighter than oxygen, indeed it is the lightest substance known; it is also transparent and colourless, and, when pure, has neither taste nor smell. The chemist has five or six methods of preparing it, but when a little is required for experiments he frequently uses three substances—zinc, vitriol, and water. He puts a few small pieces of zinc into a bottle having two necks, one of the necks with a long, straight glass tube through the cork to pour the vitriol and water through, the other with a bent tube to convey the gas into a receiver. In using vitriol we have to be very careful not to drop any on our clothes, else it will burn them and turn them red; nor must we measure it with a metal spoon, or it will injure the spoon, and if it touches our fingers it will burn them. Great care is required in the use of vitriol, for it spoils tables, chairs, tablecloths, carpets, and floors if it touches them; but it does no harm to plates, cups or glasses, only we must carefully wash them after use.

In preparing hydrogen the chemist uses five times more water than vitriol, and he pours them on the zinc through the long glass tube which passes through the cork and reaches down to the bottom of the bottle. As soon as they get together there a fight commences, the vitriol attacks the zinc, and in doing so throws off hydrogen; many little bubbles are seen in the water; the bottom of the bottle becomes quite warm with the heat of the battle, and the hydrogen rises to the top, where it passes through the other cork by the bent tube. This tube conveys the hydrogen into a glass vessel full of water, but turned bottom upwards and standing in a bowl which also contains water.

Can we try any experiments with hydrogen? Yes, only we must be careful not to injure ourselves; and whenever we take the stopper out of a bottle containing hydrogen we must be sure to hold the bottle with the mouth downwards, or the extreme lightness of the gas will cause it to escape. A short time ago a friend of mine was trying experiments with this gas when an explosion took place, and his face was much cut with fragments of the shattered glass. Chemists run many a risk of this kind, and I would therefore recommend no youth to use or make gases excepting under the eye of a master.

If a lighted taper be pushed up into an inverted bottle of hydrogen the flame will at once be extinguished; but the gas itself will burn at the rim of the bottle, where it comes in contact with the atmosphere, and the flame will be of a pale blue colour, not giving off much light, but producing very much heat. This experiment proves two important distinctions between the gas we noticed last month and the one under consideration now. Oxygen will not burn, hydrogen will;

oxygen feeds a fire, but hydrogen extinguishes it. These two gases are the elements of which water consists. Many years ago water itself was supposed to be an element, and so was common air, but it is now well known that water is a compound and air is a mixture of gases. If we were to convey hydrogen into a bottle till it was just within one-third of being full, and then to fill it up with oxygen and apply a light there would be an explosion, the force of which would break the bottle if the glass was thin; the two gases would unite together and form a small quantity of water. When we burn hydrogen out of a pipe, as we burn the coal gas in our rooms, and just hold a glass tumbler over the flame the inside of the tumbler becomes covered with moisture, because the burning hydrogen combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere to form water.

Sometimes water is said to be hard because it requires so much soap to be used before a lather can be obtained; when the hand is immersed it feels hard, the fingers cannot be rubbed together so easily and smoothly as in rain water. This hardness does not result from any difference in the composition of the water, but is frequently owing to the presence of chalk; when it is so it can be removed by boiling. In many districts where hard water is used the kettles become quite coated inside with a brittle, chalky substance, of a greyish colour. In the town of Hull, where our approaching Conference is to be held, spring water is used. The springs are about four miles distant from the town, and there are extensive chalk beds in the district, so that a person accustomed to wash himself in soft water can readily feel the difference when his hands are immersed in the water at Hull.

Perhaps you will remember that in writing about oxygen I said it formed part of the air we breathe. I wish now to say a little about another gas which the air contains: its name is nitrogen. Four parts out of five in our atmosphere consist of this gas. A person who wishes to get a little can easily do so by mixing small iron filings and sulphur with water, then placing over it a jar or wide-mouthed bottle and allowing it to remain there for twenty-four hours. The mixture slowly absorbs the oxygen from the air which the jar contains, so leaving nothing in the jar but the nitrogen. This gas will neither burn nor feed a fire. You could not even light a fire in a room full of nitrogen, and you could no more breathe in it than you could breathe in water. Of what use, then, is it in the air? Its use is to dilute the oxygen, and thus soften down its violent action. When your tea is too strong you have some water or milk poured in to dilute it, so God has mixed nitrogen with oxygen in the air, because without it the oxygen would be too strong.

If you were to put a bird into a large bottle full of oxygen you would see it flap its wings and jump up quickly for a very short time, then it would fall dead at the bottom; the oxygen would be too strong for it, and would cause it to live out its life too fast. But for the nitrogen in the air our fires would burn so rapidly that it would be one person's full work to put coals on, so that both the wisdom

and the goodness of God are manifested in the arrangement of the air we breathe.

Yet this nitrogen, which is so quiet in itself, forms part of some very active compounds. When it is combined with a certain amount of oxygen, what is sometimes called "laughing gas" is produced; its proper name is nitrous oxide, and perhaps when you go to the dentist's surgery to have a tooth drawn he will let you breathe a little of it to prevent you feeling the pain. Nitrogen is contained also in nitric acid; this is one of the strongest liquids known, it stains the nails and fingers and eats into nearly all the metals; calico printers use it for dissolving tin. Many strong poisons contain nitrogen, and a large quantity of it is contained in gunpowder. We have now considered three of the principal gases—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. They are all transparent, without colour, without smell. The first will not *burn* but will feed a fire; the second *will* burn, but will not *feed* a fire; the third neither burns nor helps anything else to burn. The first and second combine to form water; the first and last are mixed together in the air that we breathe.

Editor's Table.

CIRCULATION OF THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

WHILE on a visit to London a short time ago I called to see my old friend Mr. Webber. Our worthy Book Steward did not recognise me, although in years gone by we were somewhat intimately associated. Probably he found me a little the worse for wear, as in those days I grew much more wool on the top of my head and less on my chin. I had, however, no sooner announced myself as superintendent of the Sabbath-school at So-and-so than I was greeted with a true Methodist grip and beset with kind inquiries concerning my own welfare and also that of my esteemed pastor and his family. It was just in the thick of "magazine-time," and I knew that Book-room moments were precious, so I prepared myself for a *short* interview. My old friend, however, would not have it so. He was loth to let me go, and even when I was going he begged I would wait a moment longer, as he wished to ask me a question, which was, "Do you ever see our Small Magazine?" The idea of such a question! thought I; that *any* sane man—much less Mr. Webber—could suppose there breathed a Sabbath-school superintendent in the Connexion "with soul so dead" as not to both see, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR every month! Well, to make matters short, I answered quickly in the affirmative. "Then," rejoined the old gentleman, "I want you to see my cat." Your cat! thought I; what connection can

there be between the Small Magazine and your cat? This is Methodist "*new*" Connexion indeed! While I was thus soliloquising the cat was called, and in a moment was parading the counter as if proud of being admired. "Now," said Mr. Webber, "if you look into the February number of the INSTRUCTOR you will see a portrait of my cat in his infancy, and you will read a portion of his history, which will be continued in future numbers, and I want you, when you get back to your Circuit, to tell your Sunday scholars that you have indeed seen the very cat." At length I understood my friend's tactics. He means business, I concluded. He has not been Steward of the Book-room for so many years for nothing. I took the hint. The first Sunday after my return home I informed my scholars that I had seen a real live Lord Mayor cat, and read to them Chapter I. of his history. I then asked for a show of hands in reply to three questions: 1st, How many of you would like to read the remainder of the history of this wonderful cat? All hands. 2nd, How many of you are at present subscribers to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR? Very few hands. 3rd, How many of you will begin to subscribe at once, on condition that I present you with the January number? Several hands. I mean to keep them up to it, and hope that an increase in the circulation will be the result. My object in penning these remarks is to induce some of my fellow-superintendents to "go and do likewise."

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

Gateshead, *October 17th*, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Please to give us your opinion, through the medium of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as to whether the men in the antediluvian world had the same amount of evidence to substantiate their faith as we have in this present dispensation.—I am, yours truly, G. H.

ANSWER.—By no means. We have the teachings, life, miracles, and example of our blessed Lord to strengthen our faith, to say nothing of the teachings of the Apostles in the New Testament.

Coceley, *January 27th*, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give me your explanation of the following query, found in Genesis, iii., 14, where it is said unto the serpent upon thy belly shalt thou go? Now, Sir, when did a serpent go otherwise? An answer will oblige through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR a reader.—Yours truly, G. DOWNS.

ANSWER.—The passage does not say that the serpent ever went otherwise than on its belly. The words are simply a recognition of the fact that it did so go, and that this fact should be a mark of its degradation in all time to come.

Windy Nook, *January*, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I would like to call your attention and that of your readers to a certain query about pantomimes that appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of January's issue, not for the purpose of giving my opinion

respecting such, further than I consider when professing Christians go to witness them they do what they ought not to do. But lest the honesty and purity of my fellow-Christians in Windy Nook should thus be called in question, as the language of your interrogator seems to imply, I now state that I believe that there is not one Methodist in the village but what would abhor the very idea of being found in a theatre to participate in its frivolities. But with special reference to the members of the Methodist New Connexion, with the greatest assurance I most solemnly protest that not one of our number ever attend a pantomime; not one but would exclaim against it as being contrary to the way the Blessed Saviour points us out to walk therein. Hoping the foregoing may tend to remove any false impression that may have been made by words of the querist in question, and wishing that he may take the advice suggested by your answer and make better use of his time,—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

G. W. H.,

A member of the Methodist New Connexion.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We are glad to receive and to insert the foregoing letter, for, judging from the statement of our former correspondent from "Windy Nook," we were led to fear that the Christian people there were a windy set. But we now know the truth, and are glad to publish it.

Quarry Bank, *January 21st, 1873.*

SIR.—The two following verses seem to imply a time of Christ's coming before the day of judgment: "And I saw thrones and they sat upon them and judgment was given unto them," &c. An explanation through our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR would greatly oblige—Yours truly,

J. T. GRIFFITHS.

ANSWER.—It may be so, but we certainly do not see it. The mention of "the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and the word of God," &c. To these the thrones were given, and they sat upon them, and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years, but there is not a word about "a time of Christ's coming before the day of judgment." All that it says is that these "souls lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years," before the general resurrection. The passage does not contain a word about the second coming of Christ.

Dewsbury, *January, 12th, 1873.*

DEAR SIR,—We read, Acts, xvi., latter part of the 22nd verse, "And the magistrates rent off their clothes and commanded to beat them." In reading this some of us thought the magistrates rent off their own clothes and others Paul and Silas's clothes. We desire you to settle the point with us through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and oblige—Yours truly,

G. H. G.

ANSWER.—Commentators differ on this question. Erasmus and others believe the duumviri, the magistrates, rent their own clothes from indignation, so greatly were they shocked at the teaching of Paul and Silas. Others think that the magistrates, by their lictors, rent the clothes of Paul and Silas. It is an open question, and the one interpretation is about as reasonable as the other.

Denaby Maine Colliery, Nov. 27, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I read in the 1st book of Corinthians, xv., 29 : “Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all, why are they then baptised for the dead ?” Will you kindly tell the meaning of the passage.

W. WARDLE.

ANSWER.—Very early in the history of the Church errors and superstitions began to be introduced. It cannot be denied that at this early period the practice had come into use, to some extent, of living Christians being baptised for or in the place of their dead relations who had died in heathenism, and consequently without baptism. A benevolent feeling doubtless prompted them to this act, thinking as they did that some benefit might be conferred upon the dead by their being baptised, as it were, by proxy. The doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead are but another fruit of the same error. Now Paul said, in effect, if the dead be not raised why then do some persons become baptised for or in the place of the dead ? He does not say he approved of the practice, or that it was right and consistent with the teachings of Christ, but he notices the fact and he presses it into the argument : “You baptise for or in the place of the dead ; therefore even in this practice, however useless it may be, you teach the resurrection.” This is, in effect, the purport of his teaching in this passage, about which it would fill many pages of this magazine if we were to extract what Dr. Clarke and other commentators have written. We have given what we consider the plain meaning of the passage, but probably we have not satisfied everyone.

A BOY'S FIRST BOOTS.

THE boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots one is trampled on by comrades and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust schoolfellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn to them, they cry, “Who are you looking at ?” or, what is worse than any possible insult, have somebody chuck us under the chin, and call us “bub.”

Before the crisis of boots the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a constant state of humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in a boy's history—no handkerchief. This is the very unpopular period of snuffles.


But at last the period of boots dawns upon a boy. Look out how you call him “bub.” He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side-pocket as if it were recently arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say, “Clear the track for my boots !” We have seen imposing men, but none half so much impressed us as the shoemaker who with wavy hand delivered into our possession our first pedal adornments.

As he put the awl through the leather, and then inserted the bristles and drew them through it, and then bending over the lapstone, grasped the threads with a jerk that made the shop shake, we said to ourself, "Here is gracefulness for you and power."

It was a Sabbath-day when we broke them in. Oh, the rapture of that moment when we lay hold of the straps at one end, and with our big brother pushing at the other, the boot went on! We fear that we got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpit admonition about worldliness and pride struck the toe of our boots and fell back. We trampled under our feet all good counsel. We have to repent that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, we put too much stress upon leather.

Though our purchase was so tight in the instep that as soon as we got to the woods we went limping on our way, what boots it? We felt that in such a case it was noble to suffer. For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing from them; but the original pair which I tell of spake out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with leather. I was pure eloquence of calf-skin.

THE SOILED COMPOSITION.

" MOTHER! just see what a mischief the baby has done. He has clutched my new composition with his sticky little fingers and ruined it. I can never take in such a soiled paper as that. Miss Harman will never accept it. What shall I do?" and Alice looked just ready to cry.

"I am very sorry, dear," said mother, "and I hope my little girl will not forget again to put such things out of baby's reach. He does not know the mischief he has done, the darling, so we must be very patient with him until he is old enough to understand. The only thing you can do now is to copy your composition over. There will be plenty of time before you go to bed; and if not you may take a few minutes over your bedtime."

"But just see, mother, there are three pages of it. What a treat it will be; and besides, I want to read this story out. Helen will want her book pretty soon."

"Pleasure is a great deal sweeter when it follows duty. You will enjoy your book far more when your composition is all in readiness. The shadow of it will come between you and the page very often, if you neglect it. I must tell you what Audubon, the great naturalist, did when he was preparing his great work on birds. He had copied from life a great number of birds, and had spent years in making up the collection. They were left for safe keeping at the house of a friend; and when he came to get them they were found to be wholly destroyed by rats. He did not sit down in dismay, and consider his

life-work all ruined. He started forth into the forests again with new vigour and determination, and in three years' time had the world-famed collection all completed. Now, can you not take a lesson from this great man, and bear your little trouble bravely, and mend matters promptly?"

"Yes, mother, I am sure I can," said Alice, cheerfully, as she took down her pretty portfolio and seated herself for her task.

It was copied neatly, and in half the time she had supposed it would take. If she had lost the evening in fretting, she would have awakened next morning with very different feelings. Never fret over accidents that may be repaired, but set about immediately mending what can be mended.—*Presbyterian*.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

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PUDSEY, BRADFORD CIRCUIT.—The annual juvenile missionary meeting was held in the schoolroom, on Sunday, October 6th, 1872. Our respected brother, Mr. S. Lees, presided, and the schoolroom was quite full. The secretary read a brief report of the year, and appropriate addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. A. Collinson, and Mr. J. Boyes. A number of interesting dialogues, &c., were recited by the scholars. The amount raised by the collectors is £5 15s. 1d more than last year, which is very good, considering the special effort we are making at present for our new chapel, which will soon be completed. The following sums were raised by our young people:—

	£	s.	d.
Mary Gaunt	2	11	0
Emma Cromack	2	1	3
Esther Lees	2	1	0
John Clifton	1	16	4½
S. H. Kaistrick... ..	1	10	0
Mary Hinchliffe	1	8	0
S. A. Webster	0	11	6
Rebecca Naylor	0	11	6
G. W. Greaves... ..	0	9	6
Ada Ackroyd	0	8	3
S. A. Shoesmith	0	7	6
M. E. Clifton	0	4	4½
Simeon Rawcliffe	0	4	0
Albert Webster	0	2	9½
Mary Farnley	0	2	6
Arthur Webster	0	2	6
Elizabeth Boyes	0	2	3
Small Sums	0	18	2½
Public Collections	1	10	4½

£17 2 10½

Prizes according to merit were distributed at the close of the meeting. We earnestly pray that the Lord may bless and crown our efforts with abundant success.—W. KAISTRICK, Sec.

BETHESDA SUNDAY SCHOOL, PENDLETON, NEAR MANCHESTER.—**DEAR SIR,**—At the last committee meeting of the Band of Hope in connection with the above school a resolution was passed to the effect that the secretary prepare a brief account of the society and forward it to the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for insertion in that magazine. In accordance with that resolution I beg to hand you a short account of our Band of Hope. If you will kindly give it a place in your paper it will be esteemed a favour by the committee. At a teachers' meeting held September 2nd, 1871, it was resolved that the Band of Hope in connection with the school, which had almost died out, should be re-organised. Our resident minister, the Rev. D. Briarley, was elected president, and a committee was formed from the teachers, who recommenced the Band of Hope by holding a tea meeting, which was numerously attended. After the tea the meeting was addressed by the president and several members of the committee. From that time we have held meetings in the schoolroom the second Monday of each month. We have had a pic-nic party to the farm of Mr. Hodgekinson, Swinton, which we enjoyed very much, and on Monday, September 8th, 1872, we held our first annual meeting. Three hundred persons sat down to tea. After tea the chair was taken by the Rev. D. Briarley, and the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Kempster and Jones, of the United Kingdom Alliance, who spoke very ably on the evils resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks. Recitations by members and glees by the choir also added greatly to the pleasantness of the meeting, and the secretary's report cheered us who have the working part to manage very greatly. We have distributed a large number of papers, all our monthly meetings have been well attended, and we have enrolled on the books the names of 218 members, which satisfactory statement leads us to thank God and take courage, and to begin the labours of next year with thankfulness and diligence, praying that the blessing of God may rest upon us.—I remain yours truly, JOHN EAILAM WILKINSON,
January 13th, 1873.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.—**METHODIST NEW CONNEXION, STALY BRIDGE CIRCUIT.**—"In accordance with a resolution of the October Quarterly Meeting, a conference of the Sunday-school teachers of Circuit will be held on Saturday evening, February 9th, 1873, in the Chapel-street School-room, Stalybridge. Tea at half-past four. After tea the Rev. Joseph Hughes will read a paper entitled 'Some Practical Suggestions for the Purpose of Securing Increased Sunday School Efficiency.' It is earnestly hoped that every teacher will make an effort to be present at this important meeting, and so help to make it the means of furthering the work of God among us.—T. J. HAMERTON, *Superintendent Minister.*" In compliance with the above circular, copies of which, for distribution, were sent to all the schools, about 120 teachers, representing every school in the Circuit, assembled in the Chapel-street School, Stalybridge, the oldest Sunday-school in the town. After tea Mr. Hamerton commenced the business of the evening by saying how glad he was to meet so many teachers on such an occasion. They had come together for a practical purpose, and he earnestly hoped good would come out of the assembly. He then called upon the Rev. J. Hughes to read the paper announced in the circular, which comprised the following points:—1. Another Sunday-school Conference. This was afterwards

adopted with some enthusiasm, and Mr. Wm. Parker was appointed to read a paper at it. 2. The vigorous prosecution of the monthly prayer meeting in the schools where it is adopted, and its immediate adoption in all schools of the Circuit. Teachers were urged to cultivate a praying spirit, and to endeavour by short simple prayers and sweet singing to render the monthly prayer meeting interesting and successful. 3. The conversion of unconverted teachers and scholars, by means of special visitations to be made by the minister and superintendent of the school on each Sunday afternoon for the purpose of pressing home upon the consciences of teachers and scholars the immediate necessity of giving themselves to Christ. The unconverted teachers present were urged to consider their position as teachers of the way of salvation to others. 4. It was also suggested, to secure the same end, that two or three earnest brethren might hold a prayer meeting in one class-room or another on Sunday afternoons, special prayer for God's blessing on their efforts to be made at the ordinary prayer meeting. 5. A special sermon occasionally, addressed to the young, urging them to repentance and to the love of Christ, would also be a valuable means to the same end. 6. So would children's services, to be held either on a Sunday afternoon occasionally, or on a week evening regularly. These services have proved very valuable and successful in London, and if conducted with simplicity and directness throughout, would tell for good immensely. 7. To secure the services of our converted and intelligent members for the Sunday-school, it was suggested that the minister and superintendent should visit such to persuade them to come to the help of the Lord in the Sabbath-school, prayer meantime being made that God would dispose their hearts to "work while it is day." There is an impression abroad that this work may be done by anybody, and that it chiefly belongs to the comparatively young of average intelligence, whether converted or not. But if any work in this world, next to the pulpit, demands and is worthy of the highest sanctified talent and learning and experience, it is Sunday-school work. The excuses some professed Christians make for avoiding this work are pitiful: "No time;" "A family;" "A business;" "Want rest on a Sunday;" &c., which all mean, "I don't care for Sunday-school work, and don't want to be a teacher." Shame! 8. A teachers' preparation-class or Bible-class should be at once established, to secure more efficient preparation for the Sunday's duties, and something ought to be done to constrain the teachers to attend, as making the attendance at such a class a condition of promotion either to a higher class or to some office in connection with the school. It was thought by some in the Conference that regular attendance at such a class is hardly practicable in country districts; but attendance is practicable as a rule. 9. Details of school management were avoided, except to speak approvingly of single superintendencies, and every Sunday teacher's—two points endorsed by the Conference. 10. Mr. Hughes strongly urged the teachers to discourage all things inconsistent with the spirituality of their work, such as entertainments (very common and very popular in this district) in which sentimental songs, comic, coarse, low, or indecent dialogues, or rather theatricals, are given. 11. Also to prepare themselves for their Sunday work by avoiding Saturday afternoon and evenings dissipation of various kinds, often continued up to midnight, sometimes beyond it. These various points, with a few others which afterwards turned up, were well discussed, and in a very good spirit. It was earnestly requested

by the Conference that Mr. Hughes should write out all his suggestions and send them to the various teachers' meetings for consideration. This is being done, and we trust that practical action will at once be taken. If so, the Conference will prove a blessing indeed. The meeting was one of the most spiritually profitable that it has ever been our privilege to attend. A representative of every school in the Circuit was called upon to speak at the close of the long, able, and thoroughly practical paper read by Mr. Hughes. The general feeling manifested by every speaker was that our schools are too secular, and that our want to-day in the Sunday-schools is more spirituality. The Conference has, we believe, already done good. We have heard several teachers speak of it as a glorious meeting. We know that the next Conference, to be held at Hollingworth in August, is being looked forward to already with considerable interest. We all feel that we keep too far away from each other. We are selfish—we are cold—we die. There is not enough of sympathy between school and school. Like the half-dead coals in the fire-grate we want to be drawn together. By getting closer to each other we shall diffuse warmth; there will be more life and energy. Increasingly do our sympathies go out towards our Sabbath-schools. Oh for a revival among the young! We are praying for this; we are waiting for it. We believe it will come. T. J. HAMERTON.

February 15th, 1873.

LEEDS FIRST CIRCUIT, ZION BANK.—On Sunday, January 5th, 1873, we held our annual juvenile missionary meeting in connection with our school in the above place of worship. The attendance was very fair. The meeting was presided over by our esteemed friend Mr. J. A. McGill, one of our Ventnor Street friends. The report was presented by Mr. Joseph Walker, after which a series of suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Butler, J. Bradford, W. Malthouse, and W. Sunderland. The collection and the amount realised by this effort are in excess of last year. We hope still to go on improving. H. W. HEMSWORTH.

OUR CHILDREN'S PORTION.

IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour! It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great

blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie; there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think *that heart is very hard* that is not thankful for so many blessings!"

Poetry.

—o—

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMONS.

THE supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the woodfire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandmamma's hair was golden-brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that was scarcely sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and care-worn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Has never gone away;

And her needles catch the fire's bright light
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking-toe.

And the waiting children love it too,
For they know the stocking-song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night;
Only a sermon, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

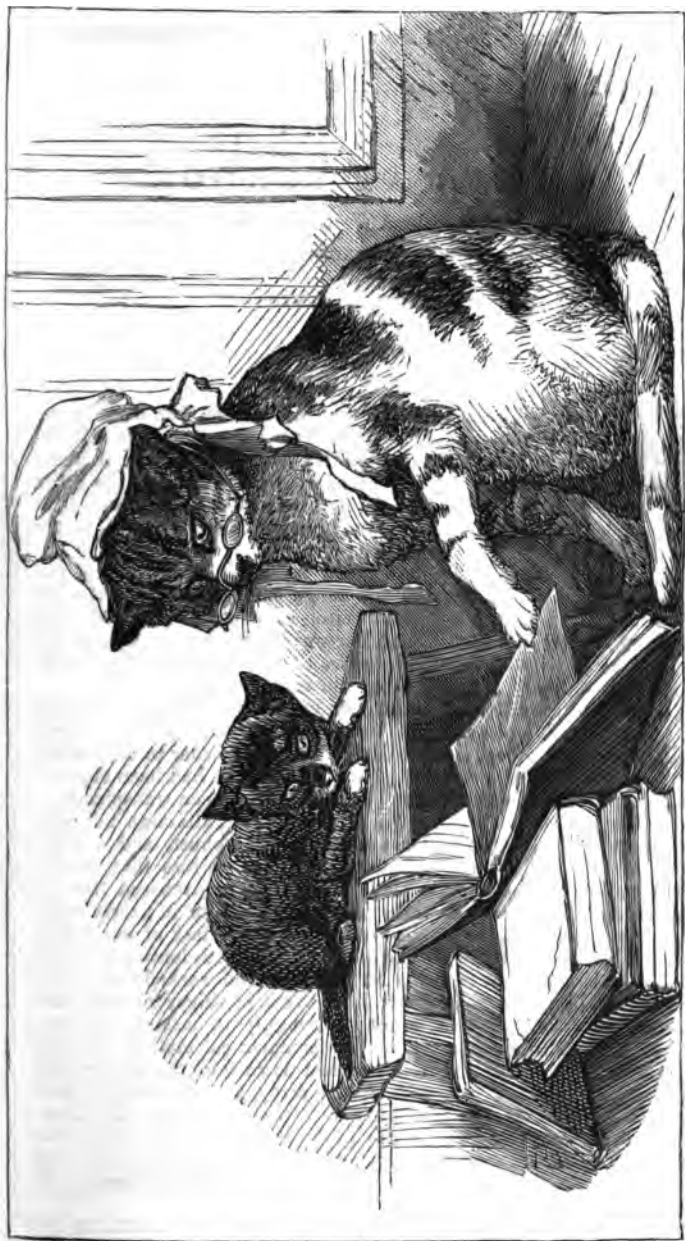
"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay coloured and some are white,
And some are ashen gray;

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we court and yet would shun,
"When our heavenly Father breaks the thread
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good night!
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.



OUR CAT AT SCHOOL.—See page 101.

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

T was with great difficulty that Mrs. Jones, who lived in the school-house, could keep the lads out of the little sitting-room where John Parsons lay on the sofa before a warm fire. Every now and then, when she went into the other room, or when she was engaged in bathing the wounded boy's forehead, some boys would creep in notwithstanding her orders to the contrary.

Outside the schoolhouse yard stood Alfred Edgeworth, pale and excited. He had not the courage to go in and speak to the lad whom he had ill-used, but as each visitor came out he pounced upon him, and eagerly inquired if John Parsons knew who had thrown the stone. As all answered in the negative he began to feel a little more at his ease, although his conscience still troubled him.

In the little crowd of boys who, not having the courage to disobey Mrs. Jones, vainly pleaded with her for permission to see the sufferer was the new schoolboy, Edward Lindsay; and in order to understand the story, it will be necessary to inquire how he had been engaged while the events recorded in the last chapter had been transpiring.

He had taken no part in the snow-fight, for, although not what would be called delicate, he was not at all robust, and a slight exertion was sufficient to exhaust him. But besides that, he had other reasons for declining to play. It will be remembered that his fellow-pupils were most of them in advance of him in nearly every branch of study, and as he had set himself the task of overtaking them, it was necessary for him to devote some of his leisure to study. Now on this particular morning Mr. Stanton had worked out at full length on a black-board a rather difficult sum in vulgar fractions, and Edward Lindsay had determined thoroughly to master, and permanently to fix in his memory, all the complex calculations involved in this sum. So after dinner he walked down into the playground, saw the two opposing parties in battle array, and then walked back into the schoolroom, seated himself at a desk in front of the black-board, and was soon deep in the problem before him. Time after time he worked the sum, first copying from the board, and then doing it, as lads say, "out of his own head," and comparing results. At

last he jumped up, cleaned his slate, and walked out, conscious of having mastered all the processes of a difficult sum, and feeling quite as proud of that victory as the winner of the snow-fight would be of his.

On coming into the playground the Babel of cries which proceeded from the lower end told him that the battle was still raging high, and drawn by the influence which a great struggle of any kind always exerts over strong-spirited lads, he ran towards the scene of the conflict and looked on—the only boy in the playground not actually engaged in the fight. Alfred Edgeworth had for some time been throwing occasional snowballs loaded with stones, and it was not long before Edward Lindsay perceived his treachery. Now if any of the boys on Edgeworth's side had seen him throwing stones, and thereby breaking one of the rules of the game, it is very likely they would have stopped him; for the majority of English boys have a strong dislike to downright meanness, and besides, Alfred was no favourite with any of them; but so exciting was the engagement, that if Edgeworth had pulled off his own head and thrown it, his companions would probably not have noticed the fact until they had found his headless trunk lying in their way.

Edward Lindsay's first impulse was to report what he saw to the opposite party, for although he had not heard the laws of the game rehearsed, he felt instinctively that stones were not allowed to pass for snow. But then there crept in a bit of shyness. He was a new boy, and hardly liked to interfere, and before he had time to overcome his backwardness he saw, to his dismay, his friend John struck down with one of the dangerous missiles. Before he could get near John was carried into the house, and now Edward stood impatiently waiting for an opportunity to see his friend.

"It's no use you lads a waitin'," said Mrs. Jones, for about the twentieth time; "the poor boy wants quiet an' rest, an' if I let a score o' you noisy chaps in a chatterin' an' a talkin', there's no knowin' as he mightn't be took with brain fever or summat worse."

"Please, Mrs. Jones," said Edward, beseechingly, "do let me see him. I won't put him about, I promise you; but I want to speak to him very particularly."

The matron was about to repeat her refusal, but John having recognised his friend's voice, asked her as an especial favour to let him in.

"Which o' you boys is named Ted Lindsay?" asked she, and as Edward stepped forward she continued, "If you will promise not to excite him you can come in for a minute or two, but nobody else, so you others may as well walk off as not."

And so to the great mortification of his schoolfellows, Edward tripped eagerly up the steps, and was soon seated beside his friend.

"How are you, John?" said he; "are you much hurt?"

"Not much," said John, "but my head aches, and I feel sick and almost like fainting."

Edward then detailed what he knew of the cause of his hurt, and asked John if he should tell the schoolmaster of it.

John Parsons was not much surprised to hear who had thrown the stone; he had had some suspicions of Alfred Edgeworth, and his first idea was to revenge himself by getting him into trouble. But after a while a better feeling came over him, and with all a schoolboy's aversion to telling tales, he decided to let matters take their own course. He felt sufficiently recompensed in the fact that his side had won.

"Then you won't let me tell the master about it?" asked Edward.

"Certainly not, Ted. I don't think I shall tell anyone myself, and you must not on any account, for it would only get you into trouble with Alf; and besides, the other lads wouldn't trust you after, if you began to carry tales to the master. Mr. Stanton is almost sure to find out who it is without asking questions. Of course, if he asks, you will tell him, but I do not want you to tell unless he does. I'll be bound Alf feels ashamed and miserable enough as it is—but, hark! there is the school whistle, you must be off. I daresay I shall go home before you come out, for the master said I was to go with Will as soon as my head was well enough. You must come up after tea and see me. Good-bye! Now mind and don't tell what you know without you are asked."

With that Edward Lindsay ran off and took his place in the marching line, which had already formed, and as he did so he noticed Alfred Edgeworth watching him with a scowl on his face.

CHAPTER VI.

R E T R I B U T I O N .

As the lads entered the schoolroom for afternoon studies, a single glance at the stern brow of their schoolmaster sufficed to tell them that he was aware of the little tragedy which had so abruptly terminated the snow-fight. After the opening services had been gone through, instead of directing the classes to file off to the various classrooms as usual, he called for silence, and at once alluded to the affair which was uppermost in each mind. He first dwelt on the meanness and cowardliness evinced by the act of throwing stones in snowballs.

"I am ashamed," said he, "to think that after all I have said, after all the lessons I have taught, there should be found in this school a boy so deceitful, so cowardly, and so ungentlemanly as to throw stones under pretence of throwing harmless snowballs. Had it been in the street, among rough uncultivated boys, however much I might have felt shocked, I should scarcely have been surprised. But here within my own school-grounds, among boys whom by precept, and I hope also by example, I have trained to be upright, honest, and straightforward, I am both astonished and indignant to find there is one boy at least who has profited so little by my teaching as to be capable of the wretched meanness the effects of which you are all aware of.

Whoever the boy is, he is doubly guilty; for not only has he done what he knew to be altogether wrong, but he has done it after having pledged his word not to do it.

"I am determined to find out who was the offender, and, as you all know, I generally succeed when I set myself the task. I feel certain of discovering who it is, but I will give the boy a chance of confession. I have already resolved what punishment such a lad deserves, but if that lad should now be thoroughly ashamed of what he has done, and if he will openly confess that it was he who did it, I will only inflict half of the penalty. I do not wish anyone to tell tales. I would rather the guilty boy should voluntarily own his fault. I will give him three minutes, and if the boy will come into the middle of the room and confess his misdoing, I shall gladly remit half the punishment."

A dead silence followed. The boys looked round the room to see if anyone left his place, but no one moved. Those who had been engaged in the snow-fight felt concerned, for they had never seen the master so angry before. Alfred Edgeworth sat trembling in his place, and the colour came and went as one second after another was ticked out by the clock, now distinctly heard amid the unbroken stillness. Once or twice he felt inclined to step forward and own himself the wrong-doer. He would willingly have escaped half the penalty by so doing, but he argued that no one had seen him, and so, by keeping his seat, he might escape the whole of the punishment.

Slowly the clock ticked away the seconds, and the three minutes, which had appeared like half-an-hour, were gone, and then with quivering lip and flashing eye the master stepped down from his desk.

"It seems," said he, "that the boy is a greater coward than I thought him. We must try some other way of finding him out. The snowball containing the stone which wounded John Parsons must have been thrown by someone on the opposite side. All the boys who belonged to the other party will leave their seats and stand in the centre of the room."

With reluctant and timid steps the boys formed a line, wondering if the master were going to punish them all to make sure of the right one. Alfred Edgeworth, instead of going to the head of the line as he would have done under ordinary circumstances, took his station somewhere about the middle of it.

"I shall now," said Mr. Stanten, "ask every one of these boys if he has thrown a stone this afternoon, and by that I doubt not I shall find out the criminal, for I hope no boy in my school will tell me a barefaced lie."

And then in a stern and determined tone he asked each boy if he had thrown a stone that dinner-time.

"No, sir!" answered each one, until he came to Alfred Edgeworth, who was so excited he could scarcely control his voice.

"Speak up, Edgeworth," said the master; "did you throw a stone this afternoon?"

"No, sir!" he gasped out, and on the master passed, right down the line, and everybody had denied the charge.

"Go to your places," said the master, as he went to his desk. "My boys," said he, "I can scarcely tell you how grieved I am at what has occurred this afternoon. I have known all along who threw the stone—I only wanted to give that boy an opportunity of confession. I could not have thought there was such a coward among you; but there is, sitting in this room, a boy who after promising to play fairly has broken his word and used unlawful means to win the game; he has refused to confess it; and when pointedly asked has denied the fact. Alfred Edgeworth, stand out—you are the boy."

Advancing towards the trembling culprit with his new cane in his hand, Mr. Stanton told the boys that he purposed giving Alfred ten strokes with the cane on each hand for throwing the stones, and the same number for denying the charge, and he should forbid him to enter the playground for a month from that day.

"Perhaps some of you," said he, "may think I am going to punish this boy in anger, but although I am angry now, as I have just cause to be, I fully determined what punishment to inflict as soon as I heard the facts of the case. All those boys who think Alfred Edgeworth deserves his punishment, put up their right hands."

It was no servile agreement with their master's verdict that prompted the boys, with but few exceptions, to lift up their hands. They felt indignant at what Edgeworth had done, and detested the cowardice which would, if possible, have slipped the blame on another.

And so writhing and groaning under each stroke, Alfred received the just reward of his doings, and little sympathy was felt for him by any, excepting his two brothers, and they could not but see that he deserved chastisement. Alone, in a corner of the room, sat Alfred all the rest of the schooltime, sobbing and crying and rubbing his hands, which burned and ached with the infliction they had so recently undergone.

William Parsons had been fetched out in the midst of the lessons to go home with his brother, and so when school broke up about four o'clock, Edward Lindsay found that for the first time he must go home without a companion.

He did not much relish his walk, especially as, after leaving the main street of Copsley, his road lay for some distance alongside the canal, and then branched off by a little-frequented lane to Rudham. However, Edward knew he must get home however unpleasant the road may be, and so leaving his schoolfellows, who were still standing in little groups discussing the events of the day, he hurried off at a brisk pace.

But to return to Alfred Edgeworth. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the distress of mind produced by his beating, he set

his thoughts to discover how the master had found him out; and as he remembered Edward Lindsay's prolonged visit to John Parsons in the schoolhouse, his remark to Mrs. Jones that he had something particular to say, and the fact that he had been the solitary spectator of the latter part of the snow-fight, it appeared perfectly certain to him that it was through the new boy that the master had heard of his proceedings; and the more he became convinced of this, so much the more did he long for revenge.

Now the fact was, the master had learned all he knew from Mr. Thomson, one of the assistant masters, who, living at a distance, always had his dinner in one of the upstairs class-rooms overlooking the playground, from the window of which he had watched the fight and its termination.

But Edgeworth, smarting with disgrace and his recent thrashing, forgot all about the assistant master, and every minute became more confirmed in his opinion, and more resolved to punish Ted Lindsay for having got him into such trouble.

Hence it was that almost as soon as Edward had entered the lane which led to Rudham, he felt a rude hand on his collar, and found himself face to face with Alfred Edgeworth scowling with rage.

"I'll teach you to tell tales, young fellow," said he, shaking the timid lad by his coat-collar.

"I didn't tell," pleaded Edward. "I saw you throw the stones, but the master didn't get to know through me."

"Don't tell me such lies—how else could he know?" said the wrathful Edgeworth, as he dealt his prisoner a heavy blow on his face which made the tears start from his eyes.

Edward Lindsay would doubtless have received further and heavier punishment had there not just then appeared another actor on the scene, who proved to be none other than Gus Brookes. After lingering some time in the school-yard he had determined to run over and see how John Parsons was before he went home to tea.

"Hallo! what's up?" said he. "Alf Edgeworth! and who is this youngster crying? Why it's Ted Lindsay. Come, none of this, Alf; if you want to fight anyone, fight one at least something like your own size—me, for instance—not a little chap like that."

"I'll teach him not to tell tales again," said Alfred, sulkily.

"It wasn't him who told of you," said Gus; "it was Mr. Thomson, who saw you from his window—everybody knows that; and even if Ted had told of you, it would have served you right for being such a coward."

"Who calls me coward?" asked Alf, defiantly.

"I do," said Gus, putting himself in firm position.

"Then take that," said Edgeworth, as he launched out wildly with his clenched fist. But Gus managed to evade the blow, and as he could not longer act merely on the defensive, he dealt him one in response, which, not being so skilfully parried, came with such force as to lay him on his back in the hedgerow.

When Alf had gathered himself up again, Gus several times challenged him to another trial of skill; but either the master's caning, the blow he had just received, or possibly the two combined, had driven all the valour out of him; for although he continued to brag and boast as usual, he discreetly kept out of reach of his opponent's brawny arms, and Gus at last left him to his boasting, and proceeded to Rudham with Ted Lindsay.

Fighting, as most people are now beginning to see, is a cruel and degrading sport, and as a means of settling disputes, quite useless, since "might not right" generally carries the day. Yet, however much the readers of this story may object to fighting in general, I think there are few who would regret the chastisement this cowardly braggart received from one who, whatever personal feeling he may have had in the matter, was chiefly concerned as the champion of a timid and almost helpless schoolfellow.

UP THE RHINE, &c.;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. VI.



HE close of our *last* paper left us at Rheinfels Castle, or the ruins thereof, which were knocked down at a sale for £100; the commencement of *this* present one finds us approaching the far-famed Lorelei, a huge rock that projects a considerable distance, and of which you have probably either heard or read. Some tourists have thought they discerned in this peculiar rock of fantastic features a likeness to the great Napoleon I. We fear "the wish is father to the thought." Still, we excite our imagination, giving it all possible stretch; so that bidding our fancy play we expect every moment to see the great warrior present his well-known shape, as if in obedience to some wizard's wand. But he is very backward in coming forward. You call, and try to coax the great one to favour you, but there is no answer. And so we think of the traveller who first floated the rumour as some fancifully mighty but still imaginative Glendower, who—

"Could call spirits from the vasty deep,"

and say with Hotspur—

"Why, so can I, or any other man;

But will they come when you do call for them?"

And so feeling a little disappointed—not much, however, for we have no particular wish for the return of his Dictatorship—we turn away, sorry that when we called there was no voice, and that the great one was "not at home." But here the rock is, nevertheless; a proud,

haughty-looking thing, as if like a giant of ancient days he defied any to pass without first paying the toll of due attention and proper amount of obeisance. Even the iron horse on his own iron road on the opposite side is fain to obey, and as if in acknowledgment of the Lorelei's claim to greatness and majesty, as he approaches, like a great wriggling snail, suddenly seems to dive down his head. And so, burrowing beneath the rocks, he winds himself through to the other side, and goes snorting, and puffing, and whistling away, as if eager to be gone from so imposing a presence. As we, too, draw near, quite a little commotion seizes the passengers aboard, ourselves included. And all with upturned faces pay their tribute of attention to the vastness of this vast creature that seems almost to overawe us. The thing to which we can most conveniently liken it at present is the Great Orme's Head on the north coast of Wales. But methought it bolder and more romantic, and withal weather-worn as if becoming grey, as is meet and very becoming in one who has stood sentry at that pass on the Rhine for so long a time. Another thing, too, in which the Lorelei resembles the Great Orme's Head is its echo, but with a considerable difference in favour of the former in the number of repeats. Andrew Tooke tells us in his "Pantheon" that Echo was originally a nymph; but that even during her life she so far lost her voice as to be able to repeat only the last words of the sentences she heard. The fact is, she fell in love with the beautiful Narcissus, but the youth would have nought to do with her. So stricken with grief she went rambling in the woods. Very likely she caught cold, and so pined away in sorrow, till nothing was left but her voice. This, I suppose, then, will explain why when you call out on the borders of a wood, &c., Echo answers you. But see, I am wandering from the echo of the Lorelei. Well, then, we were partly expecting the firing of a gun, or the blowing of a bugle, to prove the reported echo of the Lorelei, and so were waiting and watching and listening accordingly. But nothing we can say will give you an adequate idea of the noise and cannon-like booming which for several seconds almost stunned as well as startled us when it did come. Now, if Echo be a young lady, and *that* her voice, we have no hesitancy in writing her down "not over polite or refined." If you can fancy six or seven claps of the loudest thunder which you ever heard, one clap upon the heels of another in such fashion as to be almost simultaneous, and the whole succession to be over in about two seconds and a half or three seconds, together with the dull and dismal rumblings, not very unlike the growlings of a surly bear with a sore head, accompanied, moreover, by the strange sensation which such a succession of reports will certainly produce—if you can fancy this, we say, then you have as near an idea of the echo of the Lorelei Rock as we can give you—that is, of course, as it appeared to us. We are free, however, to confess to a little disappointment. Report had raised our expectations too high in this instance. Somewhere, if we mistake not, we have seen the repeats stated at fifteen in

number. If so, he who can count them ought certainly to make his fortune anywhere for music, because of his fine and delicate ear. We, however, have no such pretensions, for the echoes to us were indistinct, and if some five or six can be counted, we opine it is about as much as accords with truth.

Superstition has associated with the Lorelei some strange story to the effect that a beautiful young lady or nymph, by name "Undine," hereabouts lulls and lures the fisherman to his death, somewhat after the manner of the Sirens of ancient mythology. The legend has been thrown into the shape of a popular poem, the last stanza of which is as follows:—

"The fisherman gazeth on high,
A wondrous awe filleth his soul;
The maiden entranceth his eye,
He recks not the rocks nor the shoal.
The waves around murmuring throng,
And draw him down into the deep;
The Lorelei's magical song,
Hath lulled him for ever to sleep."

Beyond the Lorelei the scenery becomes what we think it no exaggeration to say majestically fine. But did you observe that rock with its head just peeping above the water, around which the river was lashing itself as if angry at being interrupted by so insignificant a thing? Insignificant, indeed! Not so sure about that, for it is significant enough to have wrecked one of the Rhine steamers, we are told, in 1854. Moreover, it is only one of seven, called the "Seven Sisters." Tradition tells that they were seven beautiful young countesses of the Castle of Schöneberg, but that for their naughty tricks and bad behaviour towards several counts the god of the river metamorphosed them into the seven rocks. And believe it or not—for we cannot stay to tell you now the whole story—there are the rocks, upon which the man at the wheel has to keep his eye, or—you can guess the rest.

Now we come to Oberwessel, above the town of which you see the ruins of the Castle of Schöneberg, the reported residence of the young ladies we just mentioned. It was here—if you can receive it—that the Jews crucified in ages past a certain Christian youth named Werner. After perpetrating the deed they cast the body into the river. But instead of floating down to the sea as anybody else would naturally have done, dead as it was, it took a fancy to swim up against the stream. So away it went like a champion swimmer deserving to win a medal, and was ultimately taken out of the water at a place to which we are now coming—

BACHARACH.

See, here it is. And that little old red sandstone Gothic chapel or church in ruins there, is the one said to have been erected to the ghost of the lad, whom the Romanists have thought worthy of canonisation on account of his marvellous feat. We say "Hear, hear!"

for very likely he deserves it as much as any of the others, and more. The chapel here in memory of the deed is about 444 years old. As to the exploit, if we thought there was no danger of being misunderstood, we should quote, with a different application from its true, "All things are possible to them that believe." But to father the murder upon the Jews! There have been *so many* lies fabricated against that despised people, that we are inclined to class this among the number; whilst as to the "swimming hard against the stream," it is hard enough to a man that has life in him, whatever it may be to one dead. So we dismiss the bit of "authentic history" as false, because requiring a greater grasp of faith than is at present at command. Anyhow the place stands well, and has a pretty background, while the effect of the whole is certainly heightened by the ruins of old Stahleck Castle, which stands frowning as if it said, "Don't forget that I am here." We cannot stay, nevertheless, so look out for

LORCH

on the opposite side. Guide-book writers say that the Lorch Valley, down which winds the Wisp, emptying itself into the Rhine, is famed for its "legends of sprites, dwarfs, and giants." Now, we are neither sprites, dwarfs, nor giants, yet somehow we have such a strange predilection for them, as would lead us, did opportunity afford, to put them all into one of those queer-looking boxes yclept confessionals, and play priest to them, so as to get from them the secret of their being—if being they ever had. But after all, perhaps they would have none of our companionship, as being a little too matter-of-fact, so that the old proverb can scarcely be appropriately used against us, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Have you observed how numerous the castles are hereabout? They were the strongholds of the dark and middle ages, and were often the haunts and homes of those who, in many instances, may be fitly called Rhine robbers, for they levied tolls on their neighbours, and all else from whom they were able to extort money. Yes, the castles are now becoming more numerous, being built on either side. We pass the Castle of Rheinstein, which seems exceptionally good in its architecture, and well suited for the subject of a painting. Now the vine terraces steal towards us again, almost unawares, charming us by their presence. You remember Æsop's fable of the fox and grapes? Anyhow we do, and like Mr. Renard, feel like saying "Sour!" First, sour because not ripe, and therefore sour with their own natural sourness; and secondly, sour with a Renard sourness because too far off to reach. Being Englishmen of the stay-at-home sort, and seldom seeing a grape-producing vine, except in a bishop's garden or private gentleman's conservatory, or right away down in the south or far west, as Cornwall, we are apt to become a little covetous. But we resist the temptation, and fortify our minds by quoting the command, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, . . . nor *anything* that is thy neighbour's." E. H.

MY GRANDFATHER'S TALE.



BEECH HOUSE was situated in one of the loveliest spots in Dorsetshire, and it was there I lived along with my mother, father, and grandfather. Grandfather was my particular favourite. Perhaps you might think it wrong of me to prefer him to my parents, but when I tell you that he used to take me on his knee and tell me all kinds of strange stories, you will see at once why I grew to like him the best.

But I want to tell you one tale which my grandfather told me, partly because it made a deep impression on my mind, and it will also show you how he became converted to God. When a young man he lived a drunken, reckless kind of life. He took no pleasure in anything except in going to the beerhouse, and in mixing with the worst of company. The minister of the village tried to draw him out of this network of sin—no use; my grandfather had begun to like his drink, and he would have it at any price. And in moments of soberness he would repent of all this; how he would hang down his head with shame and humiliation as he passed his friends!

However, he found he could not go on at this speed much longer. His strength began to waste; his whole frame showed signs of decay. Suddenly a complete change came over him. He was no longer seen reeling along the streets intoxicated; his noisy, swearing manner had entirely disappeared. But how had all this come about, and in such a short time too? I will tell you, my young friends, and you will then see that God must surely have worked this transformation in my grandfather.

One night he was going home drunk as usual. As he passed along the street a poor woman and her little boy were singing that beautiful hymn:—

“There is a better world, they say—
 Oh, so bright!
 Where sin and death are done away—
 Oh, so bright!
 Yea, music fills the balmy air,
 And angels bright and pure are there,
 And harps of gold and mansions fair—
 Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!”

This simple melody sank deep into his heart. Was there hope for him? he thought. Were his sins so dark, his passion for drink so strong, his notions of religion so depraved, as not to admit of a change? Whilst these thoughts were flitting through his mind his arm was gently touched by someone. It was Mr. Selkirk, the town missionary.

“What are you thinking of, Alfred?” asked he, gazing intently at him.

“I was just listening to that hymn, sir. Is it true what they say about a better world?”

“Very true indeed, my dear friend. A world where peace and

happiness will prevail for evermore, and where you and I will go to if we are faithful here."

"But what must I do to be faithful?" cried my grandfather, trembling from head to foot, as he bethought him of the wasteful life he was leading.

"You must ask God to forgive the sinful life you have led; to supply you with strength to resist Satan's temptations in the future; to implant within you higher and nobler thoughts, which shall have for their object the salvation of your fellow-creatures. Will you come with me now, Alfred?" continued Mr. Selkirk; "I am going to a missionary meeting in the Temperance Hall. You will hear men speak who have worked for God in different parts of the world: how, by His help, they have brought poor, miserable sinners to live in His eternal light for evermore."

Without further pressing my grandfather went to the meeting. The earnest tones of the speakers, the glowing accounts they gave of souls saved, stirred up his very nature, and he cried aloud to God to have mercy on his depraved heart.

That night my grandfather knelt down by his bedside to pray. It was the first time he had done so for some years. The words came slow at first, but gradually he grew earnest, and when he rose from his knees he felt a saved man.

Thus you see, my young friends, how my grandfather was brought out of darkness into the light and favour of our Saviour. And I hope it will teach you this lesson—never to despise those hymns which you sing in the Sunday-school, for whilst you are singing them God is listening, and can tell whether you are in earnest or not. The instruction which you receive is very valuable, and if rightly used will prove a great blessing to you in after life.

S. FERRER.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

MR. J. R. SHRUBSALL.

MANY old scholars of Brunswick School, Great Dover Street, will be glad to see in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR the portrait of their old Superintendent, J. R. Shrubsall. He is indeed worthy of this mark of esteem on the ground of the long and faithful service which he has given to the school. The teachers have shown their respect for him and appreciation of his worth by electing him to the important office of Superintendent for twenty-five years in succession. He has also for many years held the office of Class Leader, and has had one of the best classes in the Church. It is just to say that our brother is active in life, cheerful and happy in spirit, a favourite with the scholars, beloved by the teachers and by the members of his class. Though

engaged in business day after day, and cannot return home to his family till late at night, and though he might plead his need of rest and quiet on the Sunday, he is punctually found at his post at half-past nine o'clock, at two in the afternoon, and in the evening service



MR. J. R. SHRUBSALL,

SUPERINTENDENT OF BRUNSWICK SUNDAY-SCHOOL, GREAT
DOVER STREET, LONDON.

is engaged in conducting persons to their pews. We congratulate our brother on the health he enjoys, and pray most sincerely that he may be long spared to render still further service to the children of the Sabbath-school and to the members of the Church.

THE NOTABLE HISTORY OF OUR CAT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

HIS EDUCATION.

"But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew.
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
'Talked of the honours of my future days."

It would be necessary in due order and propriety to demonstrate that cats could talk, before we could with certainty affirm that the foregoing lines from *Henry Kirke White* had any reference to our cat. We leave this deep question to wiser heads than ours, simply observing that *Æsop* has made all sorts of animals talk to each other, and that many poets and philosophers have done the same. In the Book of Judges we have "Jotham's Parable," in which even trees and brambles converse with each other. Balaam's dumb ass spake on one occasion, and whoever has had much to do with the world will readily admit that he has been compelled to listen to much talk, which, if the utterers thereof were not asses, they were not far removed from the intellectual scale of that much-enduring tribe. As to birds they have always been credited with the gift of speech, and there can be no doubt that they have the means of expressing to each other their mutual wishes, and perhaps ideas. Then why not also cats? A dog has a thousand ways of telling you what it wants, and of expressing its pleasure and gratitude when favours are received. A cat can mew and hiss, can lick your hand, rub itself against your clothes, and otherwise make known its feelings of pain or pleasure as the case may be.

Now we believe in universal education. All living creatures ought to be educated. As the poet says:—

"All creatures should be taught to know,
What's in their scope of knowledge;
We all are only so and so,
Until we've been at college."

The benefits which man enjoys from education are inestimable, and we are quite sure that every creature, according to its capacity, is the better of education. So, evidently, thought the mother of our cat; that is to say, if we may believe our artist, who has shown us the old lady, with her cap on, her spectacles on her nose, and herself turning over the leaves of books, as a learned lady and most thoughtful person ought to do. And as to our cat himself, you see him there

perched on the stool, pricking up his ears, turning his head on one side, which is generally considered an indication of wisdom, and drinking in with fond delight the instructions which he is receiving. Any one who sees him would at once say that cat will be chief wrangler. That cat will take his place among honourable cats. That cat will come to somewhat. We shall hear of that cat in the future; his history will be written, and generations yet unborn will be made aware of his wonderful qualities. All which has happened, or is likely to happen in the future; and all from his excellent birth, education, and good conduct!

But what did he learn? What did the old lady with the spectacles on her nose teach him? We were not present at the lectures and therefore cannot say for certain what she taught. We can only report what has been suggested and inferred by those who know better than we do. If what has been so hinted be correct, the old lady must have been a most sensible old lady, and her teaching deserves to be commended.

"I am going, my son, to discharge a duty which is most binding upon me, and that is, I am going to commence your education. I am not going to spend my time in demoralising your higher nature by teaching you how to catch mice, to steal nice bits of meat which have been put away in the pantry, to lap the cream off the milk which has been put aside for use at teatime, to catch hold of the young lady's bonnet and veil which she has thoughtlessly left on the sofa beside you, and wrapping yourself in it like a young tiger in a net tear it to pieces. I am not going to teach you these things, which only low and ill-educated cats are guilty of, but to teach you something higher and better. There is sufficient of the cat in your nature to lead me to fear that you will learn these things soon enough without my teaching, and I shall pass them by as unworthy of attention.

"Here is the work of *Plinius Secundus*; it is entitled '*Historia Naturalis*'; but as I fear you are not sufficiently advanced in the Latin tongue to profit by it, I have substituted '*Goldsmith's Natural History*' for it as a text-book. It is not a work written up to the science of the age, but its style is charming, as the style of the author was in everything he wrote, and if afterwards you should wish to perfect yourself in the study of natural history, I shall be prepared to direct you to more elaborate works.

"You belong, my son, to that noble family of beasts called the carnivora, or flesh-devourers, of which the lion, the king of beasts, is the head. The tiger is your half-brother, and several other animals which considerably frighten mankind when they meet with them are your blood relations. Malicious tongues will tell you of the cruelty of your kind, but at all events cats are domesticated, and do little harm and much good where they live. You have some advantages which it is well to consider when you are asking yourself whether it were better to be a cat or something else.

"First. You will never want but one suit of clothes. The

feathered tribes moult every year and thus change their dress; the reptiles change their skin—at least, some of them do; and as to human beings, their tailors' and milliners' bills are among the greatest plagues of their existence. I have seen a lady cry about a bonnet, and it is reported that if a fashion can last a month it is as long as female taste will allow it. Hence they spend much of their money in buying fine clothes. At church, it is said, they notice any new feature of dress that happens to be present, and think more of that than of the prayers and sermon, and talk about it all the way home. And as to the men—that is, the more fashionable part of them—there is a new bulletin comes out every month representing the newest fashions, and there go about ten guineas every time they have to adapt themselves to the new cut. Then there are the items of boots and shoes and hats, all needed to finish up the outfit of these lords of creation.

"But for you, my son, what does it matter how much wool, or silk, or leather, is selling at? It never affects you. Your coat is always the same—always smooth, soft, and glossy. Your shoes never want mending. Your hat never wears out. You never need shaving, or to have your hair cut. You never have the toothache or need the service of a dentist, all which advantages, oh! my son, are much to be noted and thankful for.

"Then what an unspeakable advantage it is to be able to dispense with cookery! Boiled and roasted are nothing to you. You can digest the raw material, and you can do it without expensive dinner-sets and an elaborate display of costly appliances for eating.

"But mostly do I rejoice at your social condition. What old lady knitting in her arm-chair or dozing after dinner seems complete without her pet cat on the hassock, with paws turned primly inwards, purring at her side? What scene of infant glee is perfect without the playful kitten, caressed by everyone, and almost torn to pieces out of pure kindness? What nimbleness is like a kitten's, bounding away after the ball of worsted thrown in a thousand directions to invite its gambols? or what picture of repose is equal to that where we see a sleeping kitten lying on the lap of a sleeping child? Eloquence might soar to her highest flights in depicting scenes like these, for they tell of social happiness and domestic joy.

"If the utility of occupations be taken into account the cat in this relation must be highly respected. Think of being overrun by rats and mice! A hole gnawed through every shelf in the pantry! A train of subterranean passages, like so many parallels in a siege approach, made through every wall and every foundation of the house! All which would happen if it were not for the cats. Some resort to traps to catch the vermin, but to say nothing of the cowardly nature of this stratagem, it soon becomes ineffectual. A burnt child dreads the fire, and a trap by some means or other soon becomes unpopular among all those whom it is intended to ensnare. Nor is poison to be commended; for it may poison someone for whom it was not intended,

and as every creature as far as it can goes home to die, so the poisoned rat or mouse retreats to its hiding-place when poisoned, that it may end its days in its home. What the consequences are to health of such a state of things every member of the sanitary commission knows, and therefore the occupation of the cat becomes a public benefit—a blessing to every habitation.

“Need I say more, my son, to show your high destiny and respectable character? Yes, there is even a greater honour in store than any I have mentioned. Human beings pride themselves in being the most intelligent creatures upon the earth. But do not cats surpass them? I am proud to say that not one of all our race, from the creation until now, was ever known to be drunk; not one was ever brought up before the magistrates for being found intoxicated. Yet among the human family in England 102 millions of pounds are annually spent on intoxicating drinks, and thousands upon thousands are annually fined or imprisoned, or both, because they indulge in a vice which a cat would scorn to practise. In this, my son, and in other evil practices, you cannot imitate mankind. Your very instincts, to say nothing of any other considerations, would rebel against such practices.”

So, as is reported, did the worthy mother of our cat discourse to him in his schooldays. Such words of wisdom could not but elevate and improve. No wonder that he is a big, bright, intelligent, and even literary cat, when such instructions were given to him in early life. He is but five years old, yet he has the gravity and the bearing of a philosopher, and what he will come to be in the future, provided he continue his studies and practise the admirable feline virtues for which he is already distinguished, it is not easy to say. May he long live to do honour to his kind, and exemplify the benefits of his excellent training.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

ARTICLE III.—CHEMISTRY.

WHAT a useful thing salt is! It preserves our meat, it makes our bread wholesome, and our cooks make good use of it when preparing food for our tables. Potters use it also in glazing stoneware. Of course you know where it comes from—that we obtain it from the beds of rock-salt in Cheshire, Durham, and Ireland. Sea-water contains about four ounces in every gallon. The rock-salt is not pure enough for use, so it is customary to make a deep hole in it and run water down. The water is pumped up after the salt has become mixed with it, and placed in large iron pans. In a short time the water dries out of the pan, leaving the clean moist salt to be scooped out, pressed into moulds, and dried. In some places there are brine-springs, or springs of water running through salt beds, so the men have no trouble in digging holes for it there.

What does salt consist of? Is it an element? No; it consists of two elements—a metal called sodium, and a gas called chlorine. I wish you to know something about this gas. Its name is pronounced as though written clo-reen. There are two or three ways of preparing it: I obtained some a few weeks ago by mixing salt with the oxide of manganese, and then adding vitriol. The mixture soon began to boil, and the chlorine was speedily liberated. It is a greenish gas, and most irritating to the air-passages, even when breathed in small quantities: smelling-salts are sometimes very strong, but I remember getting a whiff of chlorine gas about two years ago which made my nose bleed for six hours after. It is often used to disinfect rooms in times of fever, and its power to destroy offensive smells is great; but its chief use is in bleaching. When combined with lime, it forms what is called bleaching-powder, or chloride of lime, which is extensively used for bleaching cotton goods. Chlorine seems to have a strong liking for hydrogen, and if a bottle containing the two gases is allowed to stand in the direct light of the sun, they unite, with a loud report, forming a strong acid. A piece of blotting-paper soaked in turpentine and then placed in a jar of chlorine bursts into flame. It is said that chlorine will combine with any elementary body.

Some years ago, when I was a boy, a riddle was put to me by a schoolmate, but it was so difficult that I was obliged to give it up. The riddle was this:—

“A shoemaker makes shoes without any leather,
With all the four elements put together—
Fire, water, earth, air;
Every customer has two pair.”

When I gave it up, my companion said it was a blacksmith, who made shoes for horses. I afterwards found that this riddle was a very old one, and a very queer one, too. You see it calls fire, water, earth, and air elements. Many years ago they were supposed to be the only elements, and it was believed that everything else was made of them, but no one believes this now. We have already stated that air and water are made of gases; and we know that earth consists of many things, while fire is no substance whatever, but simply rapid chemical action, giving off light and heat. The fire we generally see is only the effect produced by the burning of coal. The heat penetrates the coal, causing it to give off gas. The gas then burns and makes more heat, and so we have what we term a fire.

Coal consists mainly of carbon, which is another element I wish you to know something about. The elements previously mentioned are gases, but carbon is a solid, though a very light one. Charcoal, soot, coke, and lamp-black are all varieties of carbon; and perhaps you will be surprised to learn that diamonds consist of carbon also. If any young chemist can discover the way to transform charcoal into diamonds, he may make his fortune by a more speedy method than usual. There is carbon in nearly every substance that we eat;

meat, bread, potatoes, puddings, fruit, and sugar, all contain it, and their solid parts consist almost entirely of it. A few minutes ago I poured a teaspoonful of vitriol over two or three small pieces of lump-sugar; very shortly the crystals were destroyed, the vitriol sucked up all the water in the sugar, leaving nothing but the carbon; and now that which was sugar is nothing but charcoal, just as black in colour, and just as light in weight, as a piece of half-burnt wood.

Of course you are aware that the gas burnt in our rooms is obtained from coals. The manner in which coal-gas is made may be seen at any gas-works, if you can prevail on some friend to take you through and describe it. Or if you would like to make it for yourself on a small scale, you may try; for there is no danger attending the experiment if you just take care not to burn your fingers. At the gas-works they heat the coal in large iron retorts, which are closed up to keep out the air. After being made, the gas is passed through certain processes to purify it, and then conveyed through iron pipes to our streets, houses, and shops. If you wish to make a little for yourself, you need go to no expense in getting iron retorts or piping; you can use the same means that I used when a boy, in order to amuse myself, and please my little brothers and sisters. Get an old tobacco pipe, and put into the head a piece of coal large enough to nearly fill it; then cover the top of the head with a stiff paste, made of whitening mixed with a little water. Cover it well, so that no air can get in, and when it is ready put it between the bars of the grate into the fire. Gradually the heat will get to the coal, and a little smoke will be seen issuing from the end of the pipe-shank. In about half a minute this smoke will burn if a light be applied to it, and you will have the satisfaction of burning a little gas of your own making.

Did you never wonder what became of coal when you had burnt it in the fire? Suppose that we take a newspaper, some firewood, and a few pieces of coal to make a fire with. Before putting them into the grate, we weigh them all to see how heavy they are, then we arrange them for burning and apply a light. Presently we have a good blazing fire, which afterwards settles down into a red, glowing mass of burning cinders. If any of the cinders fall out, we put them in again, and keep the fire well together till there is nothing left but ashes. These ashes do not take up one quarter of the room which was occupied by the coals and firewood; and when we weigh them we find they are not half so heavy. Where have the other parts gone to? What has become of the carbon? Is it lost? Has the fire destroyed it? No; it is carbon still, only in another form. No fire that ever burned has destroyed a single element; it changes the conditions of elements, and such changes are continually taking place; but every atom continues to exist after the fire as really as it existed before. While coal is burning, part of its carbon is carried away in the form of smoke and settles in the form of soot, another part is combining with oxygen to form a gas; this gas is carried up

the chimney by the "draught," and then conveyed by the winds into the country, where it is absorbed by plants and trees.

Much of the carbon which we take into our bodies in the form of food passes through a similar process. It is first made into blood, then into flesh, and after being so used for a length of time, it is again taken up by the blood and conveyed to the lungs. The lungs allow it to pass out with our breath, and it mixes with the air just like the carbon burnt in the fire. Perhaps you remember reading that when Jesus had fed the five thousand men with five barley loaves and two small fishes, He commanded His disciples to gather up the fragments so that nothing should be lost. So care is always taken that nothing shall be lost by the changes constantly taking place in the air around us. Plants give off oxygen into the air and absorb carbon from it; animals give off carbon and extract oxygen. In this way the balance is kept up, and all things are working out the purposes of God.

Editor's Table.

—O—

Bethesda Sunday School, Kidderminster,

February 10th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to be so kind as to leave a space in your next month's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the programme of our last Band of Hope entertainment? We have had a great many sign the pledge, and we find it a great encouragement to our Sunday-school; and hope our Sunday-school Teachers and Superintendents will take encouragement and start it all through the Connexion. The chair was taken by W. Adams, Esq., President of the Temperance Society. The programme was as follows:—

OPENING HYMN "All hail the power of Jesu's Name."

PRAYER. CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

HYMN "Little Children Praise the Saviour." Choir.

RECITATION Charles Beams, Walter Cooke.

PART SONG "Sledge Ride." Choir.

READING Mr. J. Parry.

RECITATION Miss E. Bolter.

PART SONG "Music Everywhere." Choir.

RECITATION "The Child's Prayer." Miss A. Sherwood.

READING Mr. E. Barrett.

PART SONG "Over the Snow." Choir.

READINGS Miss M. A. Bolter and Mrs. Sherwood.

PART SONG "Foot Traveller." Choir.

Will you please to give us your opinion about Bands of Hope being connected with Sabbath-schools?

ANSWER.—It altogether depends upon the way in which these

meetings are conducted whether they are advantageous to the souls of the children or otherwise. If the young people would pray a great deal more than they do we believe it would be better for them.

Seaton Delaval, *February 18th, 1873.*

REV. SIR,—Will you please to give an explanation through your JUVENILE as to whom we have to attribute "original sin," for it was decided at our Improvement Class—New Hartley—on the part of the serpent. Please explain whether we have to attach the blame to the serpent or our first parents.—Will you also give an explanation of 2nd Corinthians xii., 9? Are we to understand that it was the Saviour who replied? If so, in which way was the reply given? An answer will much oblige.—Yours,

JOHN POTTS.

ANSWER.—To the first question we say that the serpent was the first tempter, and so far the evil originated with the serpent. But our first parents yielded, and as they were moral and responsible beings they became accountable for the first sin. It originated with them.

As to the second question, Paul says: "I besought the Lord thrice," and it was the Lord who said "My grace is sufficient for thee." We never go beyond the written Word, or pretend to explain things we do not know. The Word says "the Lord" was besought, and "the Lord" said. That is enough for us, without going into the mysterious relations and operations of the Godhead. Neither do we pretend to know in what manner the Lord spake to Paul, any more than we pretend to know how "holy men" were inspired of old to write the written Word. All these things are beyond our depth, and we are content to take things as we find them in the Word of God.

February 25th, 1873.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly explain to us through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR the meaning of Shrove Tuesday? Why is holiday kept, and why is it a custom to make pancakes? Has it sprung from some form of religion?—Yours truly,

A SCHOLAR AND SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—The meaning of Shrove Tuesday—that is Shrive Tuesday—the day on which they were shrived or made their confession to the priest and were absolved, previous to Lent, which commenced soon after. It is a Popish holiday. As to the pancakes we have read all we can lay our hands on touching the subject, but we confess we can find no better reason for making them on that day than that they are very good when nicely made, and the people like them, as indeed we do ourself.

Manchester, *March 11th, 1873.*

DEAR SIR,—I shall be very much obliged to you if you would in your next issue of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR give me your opinion on Exodus xxxii., 1—6, as to what influenced Aaron so much as to make him forget the Almighty and obey the voice of the people in making them a graven image to worship during the absence of Moses in the mountain, and whether he was punished by God for his infidelity to Him. An answer will oblige.—Yours truly

H. F.

ANSWER.—It was a weak and foolish thing for Aaron to do, was

this making of the golden calf. He yielded to the clamour of the people, and perhaps also he really thought his brother had disappeared and would return no more; and under the influence of unbelief and an easy temper he gave way to this folly and sin. If our correspondent will read the whole chapter he will see the fearful punishment which came on the whole host because of this sin.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

WHITEHOUSE STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL, HUNSLET ROAD, LEEDS SECOND CIRCUIT.—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, February 2nd, 1873. Our esteemed friend, Mr. R. Hargreaves, of Hull (who laboured amongst us as Superintendent for many years), presided. The report was read by the secretary. Earnest and soul-stirring addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. S. Meldrum, and the Rev. J. Robinson. A number of scholars greatly added to the interest of the meeting by their usual supply of pleasing and appropriate recitations and dialogues, interspersed with singing, conducted by Mr William Whiteley. The attendance was good, and a very enjoyable season was spent, all returning to their homes with the pleasing satisfaction of having in some way contributed to the great cause of Missions. The teachers and scholars have been busy with their books and cards during the past year, and the following is the result:—

	£	s.	d.
Fred Ingamells	4	0	6
Select-Class Girls	2	4	6
First-Class Boys	2	4	6
Third-Class Boys	2	0	0
Second-Class Girls	1	8	0
S. J. Shaw	1	8	0
Fourth-Class Boys	1	4	0
Frank Meldrum	1	1	0
Second-Class Boys	1	0	0
Isabella Jennings	0	6	3
Wm. Keighley	0	4	0
J. W. Bennett	0	3	8
Fourth-Class Girls	0	2	7
C. E. Cox	0	2	0
Sundries	19	0	10½
Collection at Meeting	4	14	7½
	23	3	6

D. SIMPSON, Secretary.

SILVERDALE, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—With pleasure we again record our annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting, which was held on Sunday afternoon, February 23, 1873. The chairman (the

Rev. H. L. Thompson, Superintendent) briefly referred to the several mission-fields in which our ministers are so successfully labouring, and in closing he expressed a hope that the friends would encourage the scholars in their singing and reciting by a good clap of the hands, which the friends did not forget to do. A number of the scholars gave interesting recitations and dialogues, interspersed with singing, conducted by Mr. James Pickin. There was a very good attendance, and the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed. The report, as read by the secretary, is as follows:—

Collected by books and cards:

	£	s.	d.
Mary H. Statham	0	5	6
Eliza Edwards ...	0	6	4
Mary A. Taylor ...	0	7	0
Hannah Lawton ...	0	7	0
Sarah A. Edwards	0	4	8
Eunice Hamner ...	0	6	6
Nelly M. Smith ...	0	7	6
Agnes S. Statham	0	5	6
Agnes Davis	0	3	7
Lavina Lawton ...	0	2	1
Bertha Lawton ...	0	2	1
Elizabeth Pickard	0	5	0
E. Cook ...	0	5	0
J. Price ...	0	3	4
Arthur L. Carr	0	11	0
Samuel Statham ...	0	3	2
Alfred Taylor	0	7	0
Arthur J. Weaver	0	2	0
George Whittaker	0	3	0
John Heeks	0	2	0
David Lawrance ...	0	2	6
George Lawton	0	5	0
Caleb Pickin	0	3	9
James Morrall	0	4	2
Sums under 2s.	0	4	6
Collection at meeting	3	17	4½

£9 16 6½

An increase last year of £1 14s. 8½d. We purpose still to increase our efforts in this noble cause, and hope the next year will be one of greater success.—E. J. C., Sec.

. FELLING SHORE, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday evening, January 26th, we held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting. Mr. Edward Smith presided, and opened the meeting by singing and prayer, and a short speech on our mission generally. Alexander Dent, one of the Sabbath scholars, delivered a short speech on Ireland and our mission there. Miss M. J. Dixon then said a piece of poetry entitled, "We all can do something for Jesus." Miss S. Pratt made some remarks on our mission in Canada, and then read a short extract from the last missionary report. Miss M. A. Sedgewick repeated a piece of poetry entitled "Our Mission Field at Home," and then we had some very appropriate remarks on missionary efforts of young people by Mr. Joseph Hopper, of W'indy

Nook. Miss E. Sharp spoke on our Australian Mission, and Miss E. Todd on our mission in China, and read an extract from our missionary report. During the evening several melodies were sung. The collection at the close amounted to 18s.—THOMAS SMITH, Secretary.

MALIN BRIDGE, SHEFFIELD NORTH CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—We held our Juvenile Missionary Anniversary on Sunday, February 2nd, 1873. Our esteemed Superintendent, the Rev. T. Smith, preached morning and evening. In the afternoon we held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting. Mr. W. V. Greaves presided. Interesting addresses were given by Mr. J. W. Ward, Mr. F. Newbury, and Mr. H. H. Gregory. Also appropriate pieces and dialogues were recited by James Elliott, Joseph Baker, Robert H. Marshall, Herbert Howe, William Walter Harrison, H. Moore, Harriet Octavia Ward, Elizabeth Marshall, Henrietta Hawsworth, and Clara Ellen Coates. During the year Henrietta Hawsworth collected 14s., and Elizabeth Cranage 3s.. The attendance I am happy to say was good, and the collection in excess of last year amounted to £1 9s. 3½d. A very enjoyable evening was spent. May God own and bless our feeble efforts with greater success in the future is the prayer of yours truly—R. HARRISON.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath-school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sun-burned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years old got up and went to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her towards a brook, then seated her on a log, and, kneeling beside her, took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed her tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said, "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"Oh, one of the neighbours' children," replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out, and have such a care for her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MY SON."

A GENTLEMAN walking along one of the streets of Philadelphia was accosted by a boy who pleaded for a penny. The gentleman was at first inclined to send him away, but something in the boy's looks forbade that, so he asked—

"What do you want to do with a penny?"

"Buy bread, sir," was promptly answered.

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Boy, are you telling me the truth?" asked the gentleman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Indeed I am, sir."

"Have you a father?" questioned the gentleman, now thoroughly interested in the boy.

"No, sir; father is dead."

"Where is your mother?"

"She died last night. Come with me and I will show you where my mother is."

Taking the hand of the boy, the gentleman followed his guide down a narrow alley, and stopped before a miserable place which the boy called home. Pushing open a door, he pointed to his dead mother, and said—

"There is my mother, sir."

"Who was with your mother when she died?" asked the gentleman, deeply moved.

"Nobody but me, sir."

"Did your mother say anything before she died?"

"Yes, sir; she said, 'God will take care of you, my son.'"

Sooner than this dying mother had dared to hope God had honoured her faith by sending to her son one whose heart was touched with tenderest pity for his condition. The gentleman was a Christian, to whom God had entrusted much of this world's goods, and the little orphan was kindly cared for by him.

God in His Word is called the helper of the fatherless. He has said that none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate, and it is safe to trust in His promises.

TRUE REASON FOR BEING HONEST.

"HONESTY is the best policy," said Harry, aloud; "and I mean always to be honest."

"What does the 'best policy' mean?" asked his sister Ada, looking up from her work.

"Why this," replied the boy, "that if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end."

"I don't think," replied his sister, "that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people getting on better for a long time you would, perhaps, get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be 'best off,' and begin to be dishonest too."

"Ada is right," said her mamma, coming into the room. "Be honest because it is right, my son; that is the only safe reason. Try to please God whether any gain comes from it or not. You will sometimes not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little when you come to die whether you have been 'best off' in this world or not."

"I thank you, mamma," said Harry. "In future I will endeavour to do right because it is right and is pleasing to God, whether it seems to my advantage or not."

TO WHAT END IS OUR LIFE?

At the end of natural life we gather up the things we have accumulated in this world, they are added to our soul, and we carry them out of the world with us. Then no man will ever be sorry that in his youth he bowed his head to God in prayer; none will be sorry that he clasped his hands in the instant of his resolution, and swore he would reverence the dreams of his youth, and keep his conscience undefiled, and honour his God with a great life. This is sacramental and holy. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; but remember into what littleness men may make their lives taper off and vanish away. Remember, too, what an eternal joy a man may gather from a small field of life, and go home with the sheaves in his bosom to be welcomed by God's smile.

Of old the rock slumbered in the mountain, and Michael Angelo reached out his hand and took it, and gathered the stones from the field, and built them into that awful pile of St. Peter's, covering acres of ground and reaching its mighty dome towards heaven. So, brothers and sisters, out of common events and the passions God has put in your hearts you may paint on the walls of your life the fairest figures of angels and prophets, and from the common stones of your daily work build a temple which shall shelter from all harm, and bring down the inspirations of God.

PARKER.

OUR CHILDREN'S PORTION.

I THOUGHT EVERY ONE LOVED
THE BIBLE.

THERE was once a very clever and learned gentleman, but an infidel—that is, one who did not believe the Scriptures—and he was travelling among the mountains and

valleys of Wales. He came to a roadside cottage in a lonely, lovely spot, and as he was very tired and thirsty, stopped to ask for a drink of water. It was a little girl he spoke to, sitting at the cottage door with a book on her knee.

She instantly rose, and said, "Will you not have a cup of milk, sir? for you are hot, and the cold water would hurt you." He was very much pleased with her kindness, and thought he would like a little chat with her. So when she came out with the milk, he said, "I see you are getting your lessons there, my dear."

"No, sir," she answered; "I am only reading."

"Why, what book?"

"The Bible, sir."

"What," said he, half smiling to himself, as he gave her back the cup, "do you like that book, then?"

For a moment the little maiden did not answer for surprise; then lifting her bright eyes to his face, she said, "Why, sir, I thought that every body loved the Bible."

And the gentleman bade the child good-bye, and slowly rode along. I did not know what he was thinking of then; but years after, when he had become a true and humble Christian, he used to tell of that little Welsh girl, and say, "And I, too, now that I understand what the Bible is, am almost as ready to wonder at my question as she was; for every one who really knows it must surely love it too."

Poetry.

—o—

BEAUTIFUL HOPE.

O BEAUTIFUL Hope, like an angel of light
Thou cheerest my way in the gloomiest night;
Like stars through a cloud-rift thy heavenly ray
Invites to the realms of celestial day.

O beautiful Hope, sweetest cordial of life,
'Midst the din and the care, 'midst toil and strife,
Thou soothest my sorrow, thou dryest my tears,—
Sweet rainbow of promise, thou quellest my fears.

O beautiful Hope, precious anchor in storm,
Having firm hold of that in heaven's own calm;
Thou strength'nest my heart in its sorrow and pain
With visions of glory and life I shall gain.

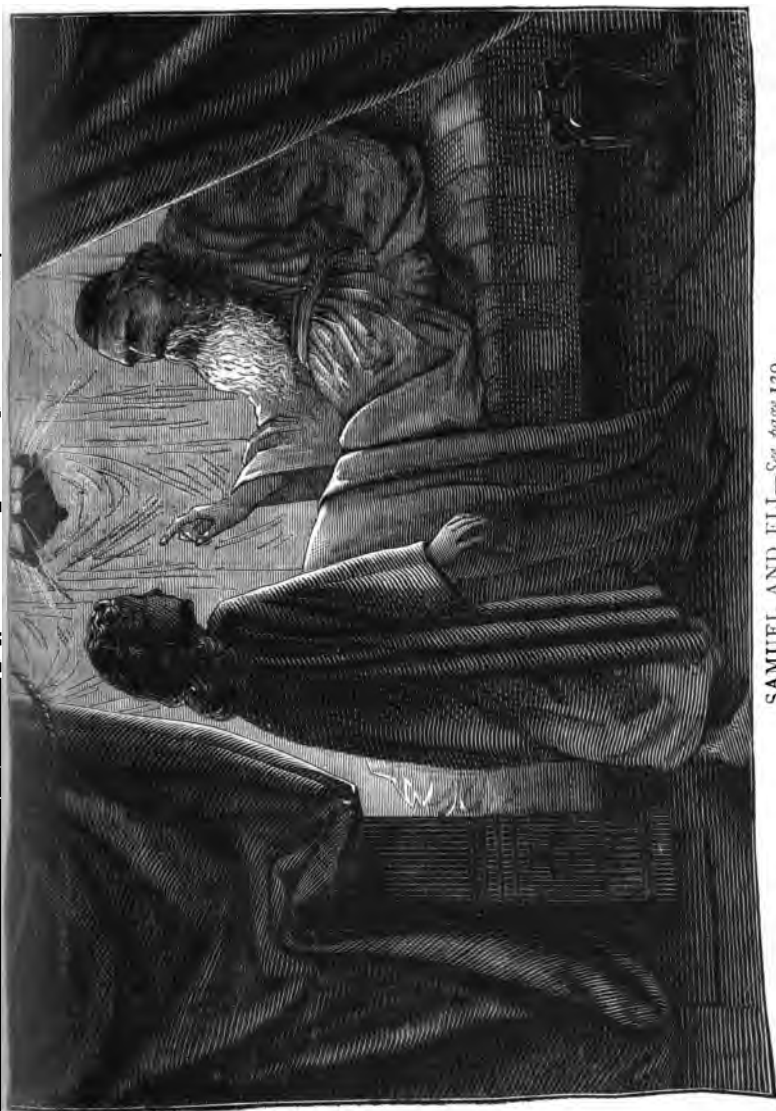
O beautiful Hope, what a treasure thou art!
What a stay to the soul, what a balm to the heart!
What medicine in sadness—preventive of woe,—
What wealth beyond all the world's glittering show!

O beautiful Hope, that looks up to the home
Where the scatter'd shall gather, and sorrow ne'er come;
Ever bright, ever beautiful, radiant friend,
Stay close to my side till life's journey shall end.

O God of all hope, great Dispenser of grace,
For this heavenly gift I offer Thee praise;
Still be the blessing of Hope ever given,
Till lost in the fulness and glory of heaven.

January, 1873.

R. C. T.



SAMUEL AND ELI—See Page 129.

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER VII.

SPRINGTIME.

WHATEVER opinion my readers may have of Alfred Edgeworth's conduct, I think there are very few but will admit that he had been sufficiently punished when we left him in the last chapter, boasting his valour in the lane leading to Budham. He had doubtless on many occasions escaped punishments he richly deserved, but he was destined this time to get rather more than was sufficient, for a fresh infliction was awaiting him at home. It was a lively expectation of this which made him saunter so slowly homewards, for his former beating had made him hungry, and if he had been influenced by his appetite alone, he would have run as fast as he could for his tea.

When he did get home he found his brothers had been there some time, and that the tale of his dishonour and disgrace had preceded him, and had procured for him anything but a cheerful welcome.

After tea his father gave Alfred a severe talking to, which did not hurt him much; a severe threatening, which hurt him considerably; and then followed something which hurt him worst of all.

Mr. Edgeworth was a baker, a honest, hard-working tradesman, who found his business quite as much as he could manage. He had often thought of keeping Alfred at home to help him, but his desire for his son's improvement had induced him hitherto to keep him at school, and he had hoped to be able to do so for at least six months longer. But now that his son had disgraced himself, he determined that he should begin at once to learn the business, for he thought, and rightly so too, that Alfred would not be likely to do himself much credit among his schoolfellows after what had passed.

To Alfred the sentence was as bitter as it was unexpected. He had anticipated the lecture and the beating, and wished them safely over, but it had not once flashed across his mind that his father might take him from school. He did not like the idea of work. It was not pleasant to think of spending most of one's time in the shop or the bakehouse, having no playtime and no playmates. And then he had set his mind on a prize at Midsummer, and that was gone.

But in vain did he plead; his father was firm, and so from Copley School and from these pages Alfred Edgeworth retires, in a manner

anything but graceful. When the market-basket appeared at school next day, it contained only two dinners, and consequently there was rather less than two-thirds of the usual quarrelling and disturbance.

Three months flew swiftly past. The innocent snow which had been made the means of provoking so much ill-feeling and revenge slowly wept itself away, leaving the roads and the playground almost as miry as Bunyan's Slough of Despond.

But by degrees the warm spring sun, together with the March winds, dried up the moisture, and the ground was once more firm under foot.

In Copsley Wood even greater changes were apparent. Warmed by the sun's rays Nature had awaked from its long winter's sleep. The sap which had been congealed in the roots of plants and in the trunks of trees, now circulated through each limb and twig and fibre, and everywhere green leaves were bursting forth as if pushed out by the abundance of energy within. Every branch was wreathed with leaves of brightest, freshest green, and where the dead leaves of last autumn lay rotting on the ground were to be seen the shoots of the blue-bell and the lily, the cowslip and the primrose, which would quickly hide the grave of last year's beauty with a covering of fresh and fragrant loveliness. In the shady nooks, among the underwood and brambles, was the violet, emblem of sweetest purity; and away where the little brook, rejoicing in its release from its icy bonds, danced gaily through the glen, the pretty buttercups saw themselves reflected in its clear water, and ever and anon they bathed their golden flowers in the stream. And up among the branches of the trees the twitter, chirp, and warble of the varied songsters of the grove made a confused yet pleasant hum of melody. For weeks past the birds had chosen their mates and built their nests, and now they poured forth from their throbbing throats such bursts of praise as only perfect innocence could offer.

While such surprising changes had been going on in the outer world, nothing of importance had happened among the scholars at Copsley School. The usual studies had been gone through, and the boys had either advanced or stood still just in proportion as they had taken pains or not.

By slow but sure progress Edward Lindsay had risen in his class, until he was now often the first boy, and never went lower than fourth or fifth. His perseverance and energy had attracted the notice of all, and although here and there his advancement had aroused envious feelings, by far the majority of the boys, together with the teachers, admired him and helped him as much as possible.

John Parsons was only away a week by reason of the wound received in the snow-fight, and he was now working away with the rest, and finding it no easy task to keep up with his friend Ted.

Every half-year—at Midsummer and at Christmas—it was a rule with Mr. Stanton to have a thorough examination of every scholar and on these occasions the first six in each class were moved a class

higher, while the first three received prizes of books or drawing materials. And so everyone was now working in preparation for the examination.

Gus Brookes wished there were no such things, or if examinations were indeed indispensable he wished they would give prizes for athletic development and for physical skill. In the playground he could carry all before him, but in school he found little delicate lads, whom he could pick up with one hand, getting before him. However, to do him justice, he tried his best, and though nature had perhaps paid a trifle more attention to his muscles than it had to his brain, why he might console himself with the reflection that there is plenty of honourable work in this world for muscle, and that a man not overloaded with brains escapes a great deal of the trouble, anxiety, and actual misery that sometimes falls to the lot of a man endowed with great mental power and activity.

In the playground the bright spring weather had almost the same effect on the boys that it had on the birds and buds. They knew not why or how it was, but they felt such exhilaration as no amount of play could exhaust. As Tom Hood says of the schoolboys of Lynn—

“ Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can.”

And so throughout the playground and through Copsley Wood were heard the merry laugh and joyous shout of the lads. For some of them had already begun to visit the wood in the dinner hour, and almost daily a fresh bunch of violets was gathered for the master's desk.

I said nothing of importance happened in the three months we have so lightly passed over. Of course Shrove Tuesday arrived in due season, and the lads, having a half-holiday granted them, did their best to honour the day by devouring a great deal more than was good for them of those most indigestible and unwholesome cakes which it is usual to make on that day.

The 1st of April came, too, and the lads played each other many a practical joke. Books were hidden out of the way, inkpots emptied, empty envelopes were addressed and given to different lads as if they contained news of importance, the smaller boys were sent on ridiculous errands to the tradespeople of the neighbourhood, and everyone was zealous in exhorting his neighbour to remedy some defect in the lacing of a shoe-string, or the tying of a necktie. But however unpleasant some of these jokes might be, they had to be borne as patiently as possible, since any signs of ruffled temper would be sure to provoke further annoyance.

CHAPTER VIII.

KEEPING A BIRTHDAY.

"Do you know whose birthday it is to-day, Charlie?" asked Mr. Stanton of Charlie Davis, as they walked up and down the playground about ten minutes before two o'clock on a beautiful sunshiny day in the middle of April.

Now Charlie Davis was generally supposed to be the best-informed lad in Copsley School on all questions relating to politics, or to the aristocracy of the realm. He was quite a constant reader of the newspaper, and had vainly tried to get up a debate among the scholars on the leading questions of the day. On getting a newspaper, his first glance fell on the proceedings of Parliament, he next perused the extract from the Court Circular, marriages or law-suits in high life next attracted his attention, and lastly he noticed smaller matters.

So Charles at once concluded that his teacher was sounding him to know if he were well-up in his knowledge of the birthdays of princes, peers, or principal commoners. So he tried to remember if he had seen any reference to any approaching anniversary of the kind. He knew it was not the Queen's because he remembered very well that she was born on the 24th of May. But try how he might, he could not remember the birth of any important personage happening on that day. And yet he did not like to confess such ignorance without the appearance of knowing something about it, so he began to guess—

"Is it Prince Albert's?" asked he,

"No," said Mr. Stanton; and added, as he smiled, "Try again."

"The Prince of Wales's," guessed Charlie.

"No!" said his master, "you are altogether too high—look lower down."

And accordingly Charlie did look lower down, but he only descended from princes to peers.

"Is it Earl Derby's?" he asked.

"No! Too high yet!"

A little longer pause followed, and Charlie tried to judge from his teacher's face if he had been anywhere near right in his guess, but all he could see was that Mr. Stanton was amused, for a smile was playing round his mouth. So he must needs guess again.

"It isn't Mr. Gladstone's—is it, sir?"

"No!"

"Well then I will give it up," said Charlie.

"I suppose I must tell you then," said the master. "It is not Prince Albert's, Lord Derby's, nor so far as I know the Prime Minister's; but to-day is the birthday of the prince, the lord, and the prime minister of Copsley School—do you know who that is?"

"Well to be sure," said Charlie, "I wonder I did not think of that. I ought to have guessed you first. I wish you many happy returns of the day, sir."

"Thank you Charlie," said the master, and putting his whistle to his mouth he called the scholars from their play to commence their afternoon studies.

When they had all taken their places, Mr. Stanton told them it was his birthday, and further said that as it was such a beautiful day and so pleasant outside, he thought there would be no harm done if he gave them an extra half-hour's play to remember the day by, so if they would work steadily for an hour he would give them half an hour in the playground.

True to his promise at three o'clock the lads were let out of school, and, incited by the example and exhortation of Gus Brooks, they gave their teacher "three times three" cheers which might have been heard half a mile away. A plentiful supply of nuts were showered among the boys, who scrambled after them as eagerly as if they were pearls, and after thirty minutes' jolly fun they re-entered school feeling as grateful as if their master had entertained them with a very sumptuous repast.

Thus ended the commemoration of the schoolmaster's birthday, so far as the school at large was concerned, but for the first class a greater treat was in store. Mr. Stanton, although unmarried, lived in a good-sized house near the school, and it was no very unusual thing for him to ask a few of the boys to spend the evening with him. He really loved his scholars, and indeed he had few objects in life which were not connected in some way or other with their welfare. He made himself one among them, entering into many of their sports, and showing them that he had their best interests at heart. On this occasion he had invited all the scholars in the first class, as also the four assistant masters, to drink tea with him and keep his birthday.

After school those boys who lived near enough hurried home for a wash, and for the purpose of putting on a clean collar, in which to do honour to their master's hospitality; but these who, like William Parsons, lived at a distance, had to make the best toilet they could with the assistance of an abundant supply of soap and water in the master's kitchen.

At five o'clock the guests had all arrived, and were seated round a long table in the master's sitting-room. Mr. Stanton sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Thomson at the foot, and nowhere in Copsley was there a happier man than Mr. Stanton, or a jollier party than that seated round his board. Tea was at once served, and cakes, sandwiches, bread and butter, and preserves vanished with a rapidity which can only be believed by those who have ever attempted to keep pace with the appetites of a dozen hungry school-boys. Merrily passed the meal. Any little reserve or awkwardness was quickly banished by the invincible good humour of the host. With little pleasantries and well-directed observations he succeeded in putting each one at his ease, and in drawing out each individual's peculiarities for the general good.

After tea fruit and nuts were brought in, and the lads diverted themselves according to their varied tastes. One of the junior masters played a game of draughts with Charlie Davis, Mr. Thomson and another preferring the more scientific game of chess. Some of the boys amused themselves with looking at volumes of engravings, while others were soon deeply interested in books from the well-filled shelves. Mr. Stanton created great amusement by bringing out a powerful galvanic apparatus, with which he operated upon those of the lads who were not otherwise engaged. Bob Johnson was especially interested in this machine. He seemed altogether unable to keep away from it, although the way in which it caused him to writhe and double himself up, and the curious shape in which it pulled his face, made him a most ludicrous object. At various intervals Mr. Stanton read selections from his favourite authors, sometimes exciting roars of laughter by an extract from some humorist, and at other times subduing them with passages of exquisite tenderness and pathos. And occasionally, too, Mr. Stanton sat down to his piano, and sang several hearty old English songs; and with the assistant masters he also rendered some favourite glees and part-songs.

In due time supper was served, and considering what a substantial tea the lads had had, it really was amazing how those boys, and the men too, did enjoy the cold beef and mutton provided; but, as Mr. Stanton jokingly said, "Galvanism is a rare thing for the appetite." When the meat was removed there came the dish of the evening—a steaming hot plum-pudding. Wine also was served round, in which to drink the master's health. When all had tasted the pudding and pronounced it excellent, of course there had to be some little speech-making.

Mr. Thomson rose, and in a very neat little speech referred to Mr. Stanton's superior abilities as a teacher, his great earnestness, and his marked success in his profession. He hoped he might be spared to spend many future years in the same noble cause, and he had great pleasure in proposing the toast of the evening, namely—"Many happy returns of the day to Mr. Stanton."

Most of the boys, following Mr. Thomson's example, took a sip at their glasses in honour of the toast, and Mr. Stanton was about to get up to acknowledge it, when he noticed that one of the masters was speaking rather earnestly to Charlie Davis, who was very red in the face. On asking what was the matter, Charlie said that he was a total abstainer, and although he wished Mr. Stanton many happy returns of the day, he must ask to be excused from drinking to the toast.

"Well, Charlie, I should be very sorry for any boy to drink against his wish, but this is only home-made cowslip wine. I should never think of setting foreign wines before young people."

"That is just what I have been telling him," said the assistant

master; "you would not offer him any harm. And, besides, teetotallers are allowed to drink home-made wines."

"Excuse me, sir," said Charlie, "but it isn't a question of being allowed, but of principle. I think those teetotallers who drink wines of any sort are only pretenders."


"Hear, hear, Charlie!" said Mr. Stanton; "I agree with you. I am proud to think that you are so firm in principle as not to forego it even to please your friends. Do not think anything more about it. I shall value your kind wishes just as much as if you drank to the toast."

Mr. Stanton thanked his guests for the sentiment his friend Mr. Thomson had given expression to, and spoke to the uniform courtesy he had always received from all his assistants, and the pleasure it gave him to find so many boys in his school who really tried to do him credit and to profit themselves. A few more healths followed, and at last the pleasant evening came to a close, and the boys went home well pleased with themselves and with their teacher.

UP THE RHINE, &c.;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. VII.

F the many singular stories and strange legends told in respect to places of historic interest on the Rhine, none perhaps is more strange than that told of the place to which we now come—

THE MÄUSETHURM.

A very funny and romantic incident is said to have taken place here; and though I have told you a few of the floating fancies of the Rhine, yet I imagine you will like to know this. Well then, in days of yore, there lived hereabout in his episcopal château a certain Bishop Hatto. During his reign a famine was in the land; and Hatto was applied to, for he had plenty to relieve his poor parishioners. He refused; but after a while thought better of it, and invited his flock to a "great supper" in the great hall of the palace. But the aim of the hard-hearted wretch was by cruel means to rid himself of "the vermin," as he not very classically called them; for their too close proximity and dependant state annoyed him. Well, the supper was made, and the assembled parishioners with glad hearts blessed the good man for his charity. But while iterating their blessings on the bishop's head, a strange crackling sound is heard. The building is all ablaze, and cruel old Hatto has done it all. Yes, and his heart was merry at the sight, and the prospect of getting rid of the people, once and for all. But while he was poking fun at the suffering ones "an army of mice and

of rats" suddenly came upon him. The great coward "turned tail," and fled to that queer-looking building at the top of the small island there in the Rhine. But the rats and mice were not to be so easily "done":—

"For the miniature foes all swam to assail
The fort where they'd chosen to dine.
Over turret and wall
And bastion and all
The whiskered belligerents swarm;
Through embrasure and door,
Squeaking merciless war,
Soon carry the tower by storm.
They began their strange feast
Off the horrified priest,
As he struggled in vain on the stones;
And when 'neath the west
The sun sank to rest,
The last was just picking his bones!"

Now, if it would not sound too bad, I'd say what I feel, "Serve him right." We, however, could tell you a very different story of a very different bishop—the good Cæsarius, of the sixth century—if there were time, but as there is not we must get on to

BINGEN,

where we stay for tea, and await the next boat bound for Maintz. Here we are, then, sitting outside the hotel, under the shade of the trees, which whisper their secrets overhead, enjoying our repast. We are pleased with the beauty and picturesqueness of the surrounding scenery, especially the outlook over towards Rudesheim, famous for its peculiar wine, and the gently sloping hills nearly opposite. We look out too for the monument erected to commemorate the successful accomplishment of a brave feat—the enlargement of the Bingerloch. But through some mischance we fail to identify it, and so must be content with the report of others: 1st. That it is there somewhere; 2nd. Built in honour of William III. of Prussia, who did the deed; 3rd. That it is constructed of fragments blown up from the bed of the river, or pieces of rock from the hole through which the vessels pass at Bingen. Altogether, we are favourably impressed with Bingen, and would like to stay awhile, did circumstances allow, to see the "Magic Cave," &c. But the packet is here; so away we rush, and are off in "no time."

A very beautiful sail takes us past a number of well-wooded, pretty little islands, so that the whole scene pleurably excites us as we sit down to survey the picture at declining day. The night is closing in rapidly, and a somewhat chilly feeling creeps through our frame. The vessel steams at a great rate, sending to either bank as the river narrows, with a roll, a sea-like wave. 'Tis getting dark and cold, and uncomfortable, but, opining that the day's journey is nearly done, we sit and muse, consoling ourselves as best we can for being

over due. At last the not unwelcome cry rings round the ship,

"MAINTZ!"

So we catch up our luggage, preparing to decamp, which we most certainly and quickly do when our turn comes, and make the best of our way to the "Hotel de Hollande." But we shall not easily forget our trip up the Rhine; it has been simply exquisite. Adequately to describe the beauty of the Rhine scenery—with its numerous historically-interesting and attractive spots; the ruins of the old dilapidated castles, with the clusters of romances and legends which inevitably mix themselves up with and form part of their story; the many small towns and villages reposing quietly in peace on either bank, and doing their little trade in their own quiet way in corn, wine, cement, or what not; towns and villages which, nestling sweetly among the trees or behind some sudden curve that hides the little church from view till, as you sail rapidly up in the *Express*, it rises before you like the production of some wizard of the North—adequately to describe these things, we say, requires an abler pen than ours. The ride is as much like a ride through fairyland as earth can give, only the fairies, taking umbrage at human encroachments, have "taken themselves off." Where? We would like to know. And with the legends and tales of dwarfs and sprites and ghosts, of robbers, &c., present to one's mind—to a superstitious person—a trip up the Rhine by *night* would be by no means a *holiday* "out." But to tell of all these things as they should be told—the magnificence, grandeur, incomparable beauty, and picturesqueness of the views, and the bold and romantic scenes—would soon use up the vocabularies of two ordinary men; and yet not more than half would be told. We understand that her Majesty, our Queen Victoria, once declared the Truro river, or the tidal river Fal, to be the Rhine of England. Well, we have been down and up "the Rhine of England," and without controversy it is a pretty and attractive ride. Its serpentine winds, beautifully-wooded banks, relieved here and there by the turrets of noble mansions, and opening out as it does into the very fine and peaceful harbour of Falmouth—these, perhaps, help to make its title to the Rhine of England. But the Rhine itself must be seen to be appreciated. An American in search of health who was aboard the steamer, in the course of a little "tall talk," remarked, "No doubt the Rhine was 'vury prutty,' but then, the Hudson—why—" You can imagine the other part of the sentence, for it was in keeping with the usual American swagger; though, for its vast extent of view and varied scenery, he allowed they had not its equal "over the ferry." The summary therefore is of old Father Rhine: "Take him all in all, we shall never see his like again."

Our refreshments being ready, we do ourselves and *them* ample justice, and then prepare for our exploring expedition—to use the phrase of the hour—or, in other words, walk out to see "whatever is to be seen." We soon find out how necessary it is to call off our wits from

wool-gathering and keep them at home, inasmuch as our happy-go-lucky rambling brought us face to face with a queer-looking place of queer smell, and, we suspected, of questionable reputation. So, meditating upon the wrong turn, we hastily beat a retreat, wind round certain houses, and find ourselves close to the theatre. Opposite, over the way, in an otherwise unoccupied space, stands a statue of Gutenberg, one of the claimants to the invention of printing. He was born here in Mainz in the year 1406; here, too, he died in 1468. But the monument can be better seen by daylight, and as it is now dark we pass down Schiller Square, in which stands another statue to Schiller himself, the German dramatist. A little lower down we come upon a number of Prussian officers who are enjoying themselves in their fashion, at the close of a hot day, under the shady trees of a tiny arboretum; pass by the barracks, wind round towards our hotel, where we find ourselves ready for and glad to get to bed. Climbing aloft up a number of stories, we reach our dormitories, and soon, like tired children with peaceful consciences, fall calmly into the easy arms of Morpheus. With the day, however, he restores us fresh and healthful to the land of realities, thankful for a good night's rest. For we begin to feel that this kind of "pleasure-taking"—up early and late, climbing and walking and noting, body and mind continuously on the "go"—is rather miscalled, being a little too much like work to be play. And yet it is so; people who come out health-hunting and sight-seeing somehow brace themselves up for as hard work away as at home or thereabout. Some of us setting out with a rather lengthy programme are determined, if within the limits of possibility, to do what we came to do and see what we came to see. But let us be discreet, and not knock ourselves up, returning worse than we came. However, enough of this; so let us be up and doing. So, early in the morning we stroll into the market-place, where the people are busy buying and selling and getting gain. We circulate among them, and as we watch their proceedings feel amused, as they also evidently do in watching us "foreigners." Here cherries and table vegetables are abundant, and another peculiar kind of fruit, not unlike a strawberry, but about the size of a very large pea. As newspaper correspondents say, its name did not "transpire." Having a lot of loose coin, however, but small in value, and wishing to be relieved of it, we invest in the new fruit, and get in exchange two handfuls. We taste, dislike, and drop it, saying "Bad, bad," and then move on. The appearance of the market-women is rather striking—for all the world at a little distance looking like a troop of hooded women returning from a cemetery. A white or light-coloured large handkerchief is thrown over the head, falling down back and front. A peculiar mode of fastening it in front gives it the appearance of a nondescript tippet attached to a hood, but at the same time clumsily put on and slovenly worn; while the hard features of the unfeminine wearers, sunburnt and dirt-begrimed, on a nearer approach certainly divest them of that attractiveness and neat appear-

ance which they seem to possess when looked at from a distance. Here if ever the words of Keats find fitting illustration :—

“ Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

But we spoke of the statue of Gutenberg, which we revisit. Just another word about him ere we part for a little while. Well, on each side of the block on which the statue stands, is a statement or representation of some stage of the art of printing in progress. The front announces who he is, &c. ; the back contains an inscription informing the curious that he kept not his wisdom to himself, but gave it to all peoples ; the sides bear, the one a figure engaged in the selection of type as if for composing, and the other a representation of printing in process. As to Gutenberg's claim to be the inventor of printing we have simply to refer you to what was said on a previous occasion, and let it pass ; rejoicing, however, that printing *was* ever invented, and that the time has passed away when any Jack Cade can say a man to be no Christian because “ thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.”

E. H.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

III.—THE BOY WHO WAS LENT TO THE LORD.

IN writing about a few of the children of the Bible we certainly must not omit Samuel. A considerable portion of the Old Testament records his life as a judge and a prophet of Israel.

For Samuel was both the last of the judges and the first of the prophets.

The times in which he was born were extraordinary. They were times of change.

The old rule of the judges was about to be superseded by the new rule of the kings. The nation was losing sight of the direct government of God, and was beginning to long for the show and splendour of an earthly monarchy.

The people were oppressed by frequent subjection to their old enemies the Philistines, whilst they were also degraded by their own wickedness—a wickedness, sad to say, which was as flagrant on the part of the priests as on that of those to whom they ministered.

Solemn vows had been entered into with Joshua, binding all in dutiful service to that God who had given them the good and beautiful Canaan ; but these vows were not observed by succeeding generations. Now and then, through some special appeal or crushing calamity, the people would rouse themselves from their sinfulness and cast away their idols, but these better purposes were as fitful as

winter sunshine, and as soon passed away. Yet among these degenerate people were a few who walked in their integrity and kept in mind the service of Jehovah. There never was a desert however wide and barren without here and there a spot of verdure; and though the wide outlook of this nation presented so much sterility, yet here and there might be found a little company whose lives were fruitful in deeds of piety and in devotion to the God of Israel. At Ramah was a family whose members must be numbered among the faithful of the Lord. A deep joy had fallen on their household, for to Hannah, the wife of Elkanah, who had long been childless, a precious babe was given. I do not know that the bells were rung on the day of this baby's birth, for it is a question whether there were any to ring. No doubt, however, there were great rejoicings in that home at Ramah.

Especially in the mother's heart there was a joy, which only those can understand who, having expressed in prayer the earnest longing of their heart to God, have had that longing satisfied. Never did child receive a more suitable name, expressive at once of God's goodness and the parents' thankfulness; for Samuel means, "asked of God." Samuel is born then at Ramah, and we leave him there for a little time, as the Bible history does, in his mother's tender care.

Three years have passed away when one day is seen approaching to the tabernacle at Shiloh a large number of separate companies of people who have upon them all the marks of long and weary travel. It is a yearly feast-day. And these have come from many parts of the land to offer sacrifices and present their gifts to the Lord. Among them may be recognised Elkanah and Hannah, and with them a little boy who has never been here before. They bring oxen with them, and asses laden with provisions, and with flour and wine for the priests.

When they have disposed of these they come to Eli to present a gift far more precious than any other laid that day on the altar of the Lord. Samuel, "the asked of God," they now give back to God. Hannah says: "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord, as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

How astonished the aged priest must have been! What could he do with a child of such tender years? How foolish, he would think, of these parents to leave little Samuel with him. Tempted he must have been to reject the gift, but led, no doubt, by Divine direction, he gave the boy a home in the sanctuary.

My readers must many a time have thought, as I have done, of that parting at the tabernacle door—of that last word and look, that tender kiss and fervent prayer. Not many parents could make a sacrifice like that.

How much, when returning home, they must have missed the simple prattle of their little one who, a few days before travelling that very way, had noticed with childish wonder every object on the

road. And when arrived at home what a different place it must have been without his daily gambols and thousand winsome ways.

But deep down in the heart of those parents was one precious thought of comfort which seemed to make up for all: their child was "lent to the Lord."

This was the secret of his good mother's contentment, and of his father's too.

It must be a hard sacrifice to parents to let a child go from their care to that of others, to see a lad go forth from his own to another home, perhaps in a distant town, away from their own eye, and out of reach of their own counsel; but how much less must their anxiety be if they know their boy has already given himself to the Lord. Then, as Samuel was left in the tabernacle, so they can leave him in the Good Father's hand, assured that if employed as a servant of God their child can never go astray.

So Samuel was left with Eli the priest—the child of tenderest years with the old man who had well-nigh filled his days. It was a singular companionship. How did Samuel spend his time? Of this we know but little. We may well suppose a considerable part was taken up in education. Samuel required to be taught, and certainly there could be no place where instruction of the highest order was so likely to be found. Shiloh in those days was what Jerusalem became in after days. It was the centre of the nation's life—the great place of national worship. There justice was administered; there the national records kept. There were the tabernacle, the ark, the high priest. Samuel must therefore have had at hand the best teachers, and must there have found ample opportunity for making himself acquainted with the past history, the present necessities, and the future prospects of his people. He had also some duties in the tabernacle. Not very important ones, perhaps, still such as he was capable of. We can picture him to our minds going about in his neat linen dress doing whatever he was bidden. "He opened the doors of the house of the Lord." A fit preparation this for the time when he should, in a higher sense, as the prophet of God, open the doors of the Divine counsel to His people, and clear the way for them to a better understanding of the Father's will.

Then there were those annual visits of his father and mother, fondly looked forward to and back upon, when the new clothes were brought and news came of all that was doing at home.

So the years went by till he was now about twelve years of age. He had gone to rest as usual after finishing his daily task. The deep hush of the night had fallen upon all. The light in the tabernacle was faintly flickering, but had not yet gone out. The old priest, Eli, had laid him down in his place, and sleep had already begun to weave its robe of darkness, and to wrap him in its folds. The boy is asleep; but a voice clear—and, as he thinks, well known—awakens him. "Samuel!" He answers, "Here am I." Not for a long time had there been any special communication from God to men, and certainly

Samuel expected none. The Ward of the Lord, was precious in those days; there was no open vision. At once therefore he finds Eli—"Here am I, for thou callest me." But the old man had not called, so he sent him back again. The voice returns. "Samuel!" It is pleasing to notice there is no fear expressed on the part of Samuel—none of that strange dread which is so common to children on hearing anything unusual in the dark. If people did talk of ghosts and hobgoblins in his day, like a wise lad he did not believe in them. He knew that what happened in the dark, the same as what occurred in the light, must have a natural cause, unless, indeed, as it appeared in this case, God saw fit to reveal Himself in a special way. So again he presents himself to Eli. It was not, however, until the Lord had called again, and Samuel had once more come to his old guardian, that the latter "perceived that the Lord had called the child." Then instructing the boy as to what his answer shall be if called again, Samuel returns to his bed. When all is hushed the solemn call is repeated. "Samuel! Samuel!" He answers, wonderingly, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." And the Lord does speak—speaks to that boy—makes him the bearer of a solemn warning to Eli, and commences thus early a long-continued series of Divine communications. Happy child! Thus so young to stand so near his God! "The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli." Think of this, my reader. *He a child* did service for God. And believe me, as surely as God called Samuel, He calls you; as certainly as he served God, so may you.

J. C. S.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

ARTICLE IV.—CHEMISTRY.

MOST of our readers have heard of an element called phosphorus, and perhaps would like to know something about it. The name is pronounced as though written fos-fo-rus. Like carbon, it is a solid, but is more difficult to procure. Some rocks contain it along with other substances, and when the rocks crumble it passes into the soil, where it serves as food for plants. Animals then eat the plants, and the phosphorus contained in them helps to form bone, brain, and nerves. The phosphorus commonly used is obtained from bones. They are heated to a red heat, so that all the flesh is burnt and nothing left but phosphoric acid and lime. To remove the lime the bones are reduced to powder, and vitriol is poured on them; the mixture is then put into a filter through which the lime cannot pass. The phosphorus passes through with the liquid, from which it is separated by means of charcoal and heat.

In appearance it is something like bees'-wax, but if exposed to the air it gives off white fumes, so that it becomes luminous in the dark.

As it is liable to take fire when held in the warm hand, those who use it have to be very careful not to burn themselves. To guard against fire it is kept in water, and when a piece has to be cut off it is cut under water. It is much used in the manufacture of lucifer matches. The process is not a long one: the small pieces of wood are first dipped into sulphur or paraffin, then into a mixture of phosphorus and gum, and lastly into a thick mixture of potassic chlorate; the matches are then carefully dried in stoves. About two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of phosphorus are used in London each year in the making of matches, and it is mixed with gum to prevent it from taking fire when exposed to the air. When we rub the end of the match on a rough surface the phosphorus first takes fire, then the sulphur or paraffin blazes out and ignites the wood. The crack is caused by the potassic chlorate. Of course you will know when we try to strike a match in the dark the flame-like mark which is sometimes seen for a few seconds is caused by the phosphorus.

Many persons now living remember the time when they had no lucifer matches to use, when they had to use instead flint and steel and a box of tinder to get a light. Sometimes they had to strike again and again before they could get a good spark, and then if the tinder was damp it would not burn, so they were kept blowing at it till their eyes smarted with the smoke and their patience was almost gone. How much better is it to have matches and be able to get a light in a few seconds! This benefit, among many others, we owe to science.

The next element we wish to call attention to is sulphur, commonly called brimstone. It is obtained from many parts of the world, but much that is used in this country comes from Sicily. Small quantities are present in the bodies of animals and the stalks and leaves of trees and plants. When burning it has a blue flame and a strong suffocating odour. Silver is turned black by contact with it, and the blackening of a silver spoon used when we eat an egg results from the presence of sulphur in the white of the egg. The sulphur combines with the silver to form what is called sulphide of silver. The reason why silversmiths usually light their windows from the outside is because the little sulphur which is present in coal-gas would discolour the silver if the light was inside. The principal uses of sulphur are in the making of gunpowder and matches. In combination with oxygen and hydrogen it forms vitriol or sulphuric acid. This is a very useful liquid, largely used in the manufacture of soda from common salt, in calico-printing, and for bleaching purposes.

We will now say a little about some of the metals, and the first we shall notice will be ZINC. The ores from which it is extracted are found in several English counties—Cumberland, Derbyshire, and Flintshire; they are found also in Germany and America. The zinc is obtained from these ores by roasting them and then heating them along with coke. Its colour is a very light-blue; when heated to a little more than the heat of boiling water it is so soft that it can be

rolled into sheets, but if it be heated to twice the heat of boiling water it is so brittle that you could beat it into powder with a hammer. When at five times the heat of boiling water it melts, and if exposed to the air at ten times the heat of boiling water it takes fire and burns with a beautiful white light. It has many uses to which lead and tin were formerly applied. What is known as galvanised iron is simply iron coated with zinc to prevent it from rusting. The iron is first made very clean and then dipped into melted zinc, which adheres to its surface whether it be plate or wire. Brass and German silver both contain zinc, so do one or two kinds of paint.

COPPER is another metal I wish you to know about; chemists call it *cuprum*, from Cyprus, the island on which the ancient Greeks found and smelted it. Copper ores are found in Cornwall and Siberia, and in some mines on the shores of Lake Superior in the United States. The solid metal is found in large masses, weighing over a hundred and fifty tons. The work of separating the metal from the ore which contains it is called smelting, and it is largely carried on at Swansea, in South Wales. There is a process by which copper can be made as thin as tissue paper; it is then called copper-leaf or copper-foil. If a piece of copper-foil be placed in chlorine gas it will take fire of itself and unite with the chlorine to form chloride of copper. The main uses to which copper is applied are the following: wooden ships are covered with thin sheets of it as high up as the water-line when the ship is loaded; boilers for steamships are sometimes made of it, kettles also and dyers' vats. When combined with zinc and tin and just impressed with a stamp on each side it serves us well for money. Brass consists of nearly two parts of copper to one of zinc, and nine parts out of ten in bronze consist of copper also. The brass and copper pans used in our kitchens ought to be well cleaned before being used, lest what is called cupric oxide should gather on them and poison us. A little oil well rubbed on will generally remove it.

We come now to speak of an element which is perhaps the most important of all the metals because of the great number of uses to which it can be applied. What metal is more useful than IRON? Thousands of tons are made into machinery every year. Our fire-grates, fire-irons, fenders, hammers, axes, nails, screws, bolts, bars, and locks are made of iron, and the number of uses to which it is applied is constantly increasing. We ought, therefore, to know something about iron. It is found in almost every part of the world. The method of separating it from the ore is by first roasting it and then putting it into a blast-furnace along with limestone and coke to melt. A blast-furnace is a large fire kept fiercely burning by means of a strong current of air which is forced into it near the bottom. Formerly the air forced in was cold, but it is usual now to pass it through hot pipes and so make it two or three times hotter than boiling water. By doing this fuel is saved, but if I am correctly informed iron so prepared is not quite so good as when the cold blast is used. After the iron is melted holes or grooves are made in sand

and it is run into them to cool; it is then called *cast iron*, and on account of its shape *pig iron*.

In this state iron is very brittle because it contains a large quantity of carbon, and if a piece two or three inches thick receives a smart blow from a heavy hammer it is broken in pieces. The iron which can be beaten out by hammering or bent by pressure is called *wrought iron*. The manner of changing cast iron into wrought is by taking from it the greater parts of the carbon it contains, and this is done by a process called *puddling*. It is then hammered by steam hammers and passed between large iron rollers. To make steel it has been the custom to place bars of wrought iron, with layers of charcoal between them, in a large brick oven and to keep the whole lot in a red heat for seven or eight days. This practice, however, is passing away and giving place to the Bessemer process. A person named Bessemer invented a much shorter and cheaper method of turning iron into steel by passing a strong current of common air through it while it is in a liquid state. The oxygen contained in the air unites with the carbon contained in the iron, and the carbon is burnt off, so that cast iron can be readily converted into cast steel. Many thousands of men are employed in the working of iron in this country, and at present no kind of work is increasing more rapidly. We ought surely to be grateful to God for having given us iron so plentifully when we find it is so very useful.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

A SERMON PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE AT ST DOMINGO'S SUNDAY SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark x., 14.

I SHOULD hardly think there is a child now listening to me but knows whose these words are. Is there one? If there is, be he boy or girl, I should like to know. But I do not think there is, unless it be a very little child indeed.

Now I have taken these words for my text to show you that children, and that little children too, may be Christians: for we are all made Christians, whether we be young or old, by coming to Christ, and little children may come to Him, or He never would have spoken these words to His disciples.

If Jesus Christ was in this world, as He was when these words came from His lips, you would know at once what coming to Him meant. You would know it just as readily as you would know what I should mean if I were to say unto you, "Come unto me."

But then the kind of coming meant depends on the character of the person giving the invitation, and the purpose for which he gives it.

Here is a physician who can heal people when they are sick. Well, you are sick and he wants to cure you, and he says: "Come unto me." In complying with this invitation you not only approach him, that is go into his presence, but you do so that he may know what medicine to give you, and that you may take that medicine, and be made whole.

Or, there is your teacher standing at the desk with a book before him, and he calls one of you by name, and he says, "Come to me." Well, you rise and go, but you go to him not as a man merely, but as your teacher, and you go to him to be taught by him.

Jesus Christ is not on the earth now, as He once was, and you cannot, therefore, go to Him as you can go to your teacher—that is, with your bodily feet. But Jesus Christ has left His teachings for us, and we can come to Him by them. And though His person is in heaven, He is still present with us by His Spirit.

You can know Christ's will, and you can do Christ's will, as much as if you could see Him with your eyes, or touch Him with your hands; for you can come to Christ with your hearts if you cannot with your bodies—that is, you can love Him and trust in Him and obey Him; and when you do this you are Christian children.

I repeat what I say, that you may understand and remember it—that you are Christian children if you think of Christ and love Him, and trust in Him, and pray to Him, and obey Him.

I.—Now some of you may perhaps ask me how you can think of Christ, and love Him and obey Him, when you are so very young. You think only grown-up people can be so good as Christian people are required to be. As for you, you are full of life and fun and frolic; you like to romp and play, and though you do not dislike to sing hymns and say prayers sometimes, yet you would not like always to be singing and praying.

Perhaps a boy would tell me, if he had courage enough to speak, that there are many times when he would rather play at bat-and-ball than sing a hymn, or read a chapter in the Bible: and some girl, if she told her mind, would say that she would rather nurse her doll, and set out the furniture of her baby-house, than do these things.

Let me tell you then that to be Christian children you need not cease to play. I will venture to say when Jesus Himself was a little boy He loved play as well as you do. He, I should think, played at all the little games which children in His day and in His country used to amuse themselves with. Your teachers never tell you, do they, that to be good you are to give up all play? Why, grown-up people don't, be they ever so good. They have to work, it is true, but if they can they have a little play as well as work: for it is true of big folks and little folks alike, that all work and no play makes them dull.

Christian children then may play and ought to play. But then they will play as Christian children. Well, how is that? you ask. I will try to tell you.

Some plays are merely for diversion, to give us pleasure. In these sort of plays a Christian child will not be selfish. He will play to make others happy as well as himself. All children, I am sorry to say, do not do this. They are always thinking of themselves when they play, and if they cannot have their own way they turn naughty, and begin to sulk and show bad tempers.

Some plays are trials of skill and strength between the children playing. You have a game at draughts, or marbles, or cricket, and it is to try which can win. In these kinds of play a Christian child will be honest and truthful. He will try to practise fair-play. He will do what is right and honourable, and if he wins or if he loses he will not let the winning or the losing, if he can help it, bring wrong feeling into his mind. He will take care that his winning does not make him vain, or proud, or conceited; and if he loses he will take care that losing does not make him envious, and angry, and quarrelsome.

A Christian child may love fun and merriment as much as another child, but he will not be a wicked child. He will be truthful in the words he speaks, and not tell a lie; nor will he swear or use bad language. He will also be honest in his actions, and not do anything that is wrong. He will not steal nor cheat. He will be honourable, and not mean and shabby. Some of you know what a sneak is. A Christian child will not be that. He will remember the golden rule of Jesus, and try to keep it: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

II.—But here comes another thought into your minds. "If to be a Christian child I must be so good as you say, I fear I can never be one. I find it very hard to be good, and sometimes I cannot be, let me try ever so. Bad thoughts and bad feelings come into my mind, and they will come in though I try to keep them out. And I cannot always be so kind and amiable to my brothers and sisters and my playfellows as I ought to be. They vex me, and I am angry. They do what they should not do, and I am ready to quarrel with them, and sometimes I feel as if I could strike them or fight with them. Now how can I be a Christian child with all these naughty feelings and tempers?"

Just hear what I have to say in reply. You say it is hard to be good. Because of that do you mean to say that you are not to try to be good? You will find it hard to do many things which nevertheless have to be done. You will find it hard to work, to learn grammar, to do sums in arithmetic, or to learn a trade whereby you may get your living; but you do not say on that account that you are not to learn grammar, or arithmetic, or a trade. You find it hard work to do these things, and so you try the harder to do them until they are done.

And so in being good. You ought to be good, and you are not to be excused from trying to be good because you find it hard to be so. And you should be a Christian child, because then you will know how

you may be forgiven when you are not good, and also how you may be helped in trying to be good.

That is just how it is with grown-up Christians—how it is with me, and with your parents, and with your teachers. We try to be good, but we do not always succeed. We sometimes forget ourselves. We let wrong thoughts and feelings get into our minds. We say things we should not say, or we do things we should not do. But when we come to think of it we do not say we care nothing about it. No, we are sorry, and go to God in prayer, and we tell Him how sinful we have been, and how sorry we are, and we ask Him to forgive us. And He does forgive us, and this makes us happy.

But more. We ask Him to help us to master our bad thoughts and feelings, and He does help us. This gives us courage, and so we try again to be good, and we are more watchful and careful against all wrong thoughts and feelings, and words and actions. Now a Christian child should live just in the same way. When the day is over he should think about all that he has done, and all he has been during the day. How he has attended to his duties at school; or if he has been at work, how he has done his work; also what sort of a child he has been in his family. How he has felt towards his parents and towards his brothers and sisters, and how he has spoken to them and acted towards them. Also, what sort of a child he has been towards his companions and playfellows; whether he has always spoken the truth in what he has said, and been kind in his disposition. And if he finds he has done things that are wrong or spoken words that are wrong, or had feelings in his heart that are wrong, he will not throw himself on his bed and go to sleep not caring that it has been so. No, he will go down on his knees and confess to God his sinfulness, and ask Him to forgive and forget it all.

And he will ask God to help him to live the next day better. And he will try to do so. He will try to get his school lessons and do his school tasks thoroughly. Or if he has to work at a trade he will be industrious at his business, and do everything in the best way he can. He will try in all things to be truthful and honest, respectful in his demeanour to everyone while in his family, and to his associates he will do his best to be loving and amiable.

But if he again fail, he will again confess his faults to God, and seek from Him forgiveness and continued help until he is free from his common feelings, and the Christian child has grown to be a Christian man.

J. HUDSTON.

THE CHILD TEACHER.

A MISSIONARY in India, among many instances of success in the mission schools, relates the following:—A little girl was taught in the school and became impressed with the truth. The mother carried her away some two hundred miles into the interior, she herself having

forsaken Christianity and fallen into idolatry. She wished her little girl to marry a heathen. But that girl had been taught the name of Jesus. She loved that name. She was taken against her will into the jungle. Fever seized upon her, and she died. Just before her departure she called her mother, and said, "Mother, I am going to die. There are two things I want to say to you before I die. First, I am going to Jesus"; and putting her arms, wasted by fever to a skeleton, round the neck of her poor sorrowing mother, she said, "Oh, forgive me! I cannot die till I have told you that you are living in sin. You know that Christ alone can save you, and you are a heathen." The child then passed away. A week or two after that a carriage was driven up to my house, a woman got out of it richly dressed and covered with jewellery. She said, "I have come two hundred miles to confess my sin. I have come all the way to thank you for giving my child the saving truth, and to confess to you that I have been a sinner above all sinners; but I am resolved to repent." That woman was thus saved by the lessons given to her child.

CHARLIE'S SUNDAYS.

"COME, Charlie, come down to the pond with me this afternoon, won't you?" asked Freddy Hamerton of his little acquaintance, Charlie Sawyer.

"No, I can't, because it will be so late before we get home, and father always wishes us to be in early Saturday evening, so as to put away our toys and books lying about, and prepare for Sunday," answered Charlie, in a cheerful tone.

"Pshaw! don't you hate Sundays?" asked Fred. "No, indeed," said Charlie, "we love Sundays; we have a good time all day." "You do!" cried Fred, astonished; "pray tell me how you pass it, for to me it is the most stupid day in the week."

"Saturday evening," said Charlie, "we practise hymns, and Sunday morning before breakfast we each sing our favourite one. Then for breakfast we all have some favourite dish. Then we have such lovely books, which we call our 'Sunday Library,' because we never use them in the week; they are full of pictures and maps, and beautifully bound."

"Is your father rich?" interposed Fred. "No; but papa says he will go without a great many other things before he will give up our Sunday treats." "Well, what else do you do?" asked Fred. "We take turns," said Charlie, "in selecting some picture book, and papa explains it to us. Just now we are reading the Life of Christ. My sister Emma chose that, and we all like it so much, we are in no haste for our turn to come to select another. Then we dress for church. After church we all take blank cards, and write down what we remember of the sermon, and when dinner is over we read our cards in turns, and ask each other questions about the sermon."

"Don't you go to Sunday-school?" inquired Fred.—"We do not now, for papa wishes to see if his teachings at home will not be as good for us. He likes to have us around him, and to take us to church in the afternoon."

"How do you spend your time after church?" asked Fred.—"We rest or walk in the garden, or sing till tea-time. After tea mamma joins us, and papa gives up himself to us for a while, and we talk of the faults we are most likely to fall into. Then mamma asks us to say how we think they could best be cured. Fann's great fault is carelessness, and leaving her things about everywhere. She said if she were deprived of the use of everything that was found out of place it would be a sad punishment, and mamma is going to try the experiment."

Fred was much absorbed in this new phase of Sunday life, and wished he could try such a Sunday; and Charlie promised to ask if he might invite him to pass one Sunday with them.

SOWING DISCORD.

"AUNT ALICE, I think Sarah Lee is the most disagreeable girl in our school; she is always making mischief. Now I have helped her ever so many times in her lessons, and lent her my history, but she is not in the least grateful. She told Mabel that she thought I was very proud of my curly hair, and that my composition wasn't half as good as Mary Gray's."

"Were not both statements true?" quietly asked her aunt.

Laura blushed, but presently said: "I think it is very mean for her to talk about me, any way. I suppose she was provoked because I got above her in spelling. I am sure it was not my fault that she missed. I told Mabel I thought that was what made her so spiteful."

"You never talk against her, do you, Laura?"

"No, indeed; I am sure I never did."

"Take care, my child; I think I can convince you that you said she was the most disagreeable girl in school, that she was always making mischief, that she was ungrateful and spiteful, because you got above her. Now, did she ever say anything half as bad about you? How would it sound if what you have just said was reported to her exactly as you have said it? Would you not be very sorry indeed to have her hear it?"

Laura looked as she felt, very much confused, and she had no apology to offer.

"Always look carefully within, my dear, when one speaks ill of you, and see if you do not deserve it, and cannot learn a lesson from it. Then, before you allow yourself to get angry, ask if you have not said quite as bad things about the other party. There are a great

many hasty words spoken which hurt nobody but the speaker, unless they are repeated. To do this is a tale-bearer's business, that is strictly forbidden in the Bible: 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among my people.' It was wrong for Mabel to repeat the words that gave you so much annoyance, and it is quite likely that she reported your answer also. Of all seed-sowing, it is the poorest to sow discord among those who should be good friends. I think the true course for you, dear, is to repent truly of your unkind words, and seek, by uniform kindness, to be reconciled to your friend. As you are much the greatest offender, it is proper that the first step towards a reconciliation should come from you."

Editor's Table.

—O—

North Shields, *April 7th*, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be very much obliged to you if you will favour me with your opinion of the following texts. This is the second time I have written to you, the last time about four months ago, and I have never seen the answer yet in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I hope I may be more fortunate in your next issue. What I want to know is this, whether the following texts apply to the Jewish customs, or whether the Apostles enjoined and taught it to their followers:—The first passage is Deuteronomy xii., 23, "Only be sure that thou eat not the blood: for the blood is the life; and thou mayest not eat life with the flesh. The second is Acts xv., and part of 29th verse, "That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled," &c. If the above is the law we commit sin by eating of rabbits, &c., fowls of various kinds, for it is well known that they meet their death by strangulation. An early answer in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige, yours truly,

D. C.

ANSWER.—We have no knowledge of any previous communication from this correspondent. We reply to all we receive, and if no answer has been given it is either because the communication was not received, or because it has been lost in the printing-office. As to the present communication, we have to remark that the restriction as to not eating blood was a Jewish ordinance, and the Apostles, out of deference to the general feeling among the Jews and Jewish converts, included the restriction in the decrees of the Jerusalem council. But it is nowhere said that the restriction shall apply to all times, countries, and peoples. We are not prohibited from eating blood, but for our part we would not eat it, as we do not like to resemble a dog in our appetite. It is a matter of taste, however, and every one must judge for himself. We are not sufficiently versed in the art of

killing fowls and rabbits as to be able to say how they are generally killed, nor do we want to know or learn.

Batley, *March 18th*, 1873.

REV. SIR,—I read in Mark xiii., 32, "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Sir, your answer through your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR on the above will greatly oblige,
T. W. B.

ANSWER.—This passage has been commented upon by very many writers, and we wish we could say that all these comments were satisfactory. We too often come to the explanation of the Word of God with a theory of our own already formed, and we try to make everything bend to our theory. Thus, it has been assumed that Jesus Christ must have known this "day and hour," because He was God manifest in the flesh, and in saying He did *not* know this day and hour He said what is not consistent with the doctrine of His divinity. But how do we know that this is so? Why should we contradict this plain statement of our Saviour? The general mode of reconciling this statement of our Saviour with His own character as God manifest in the flesh is, that He did not know this day and hour so as to reveal it—that is, that He was not permitted to reveal it. This, however, as Doctor Clarke says, cuts the knot rather than unties it; and scarcely anyone can say that it is a consistent explanation of the difficulty. Jesus says plainly that the Son did not know this "day and hour," and, as we have said many a time, we never pretend to go beyond our depth in explaining Scripture; and we are very much of Dean Alford's opinion that "we must not deal unfaithfully with a plain and solemn assertion of our Lord, and what," says the Dean, "can be more so than such evasions that He did not know it so as to reveal it? Of such a sense there is not a hint in the context—nay, it is altogether alien from it." (See Alford's Greek Testament on this passage.) We understand that in His mediatorial capacity Christ "humbled Himself," became a servant, was made in the fashion of a man, and while He retained the attributes of a Divine being, we do not pretend to say what He "emptied" Himself of, or how far He did know or did not know the "times and seasons" which the Father hath put in His own power (Acts i., 7). We only know that He says He did not know "that day or hour," and we are not so presumptuous as to contradict Him.

March 29th.

DAVID'S MOTHER AGAIN.—Dear Sir,—You told us that no one could tell with certainty who David's mother was. You also said that Nahash was a man. Now, sir, by you recencoling (does this word mean reconsidering, or reconciling? We print the word as our correspondent writes it) the two following passages of Scripture:—The first is, 1 Chronicles ii, 13 to 16; now turn to 2 Samuel xvii., 25. Sir, by reading these two passages of Scripture we see that David is the son of Jesse. Whose sisters were Zeruiah and Abigail? Now, sir, we find that Abigail was

the daughter of Nahash. Your explanation to the foregoing subjects will greatly oblige a constant reader,— G. DOWNS.

Dear sir, if you have room please say what difference there is between wisdom and knowledge. This is asked by young people.

Well, we did turn to these passages, and discussed them on page 107 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1872, to which we must refer our correspondent for our answer. There is no new light thrown upon the subject. The very same passages are referred to now as were referred to then, and disposed of then. What is the use of wasting words on a subject that has been disposed of before? As to the meaning of the words wisdom and knowledge, "knowledge" means an acquaintance with things, "wisdom" how to use the knowledge we have. (See "Johnson's Pocket Dictionary," price 6d.)

NOTE.—If our correspondent who writes from "Tame Valley, March 30, 1873," will tell us what religion he is of, or whether he is of any at all, we will answer his question about the fig-tree.

Memoirs.

—O—

MARTHA BAILEY.

MARTHA BAILEY became at an early age a scholar of Mount Tabor School. Her attachment to this place was very manifest, and she took a lively interest in the school, especially in the choir, where her voice was often heard singing the praises of her Redeemer. She had a peculiarly sweet voice, that added much to the harmony of the singing, and she appeared to have a natural taste for music. Martha was of a kind and loving spirit, quiet and unassuming, and attentive to her book, evidencing willingness to learn, and it is thought the lessons she was taught on the Sabbath-day were a source of comfort to her in the time of affliction. She had a protracted affliction, being confined for some months to her bed. Here she had need of that consolation which she could only derive from the religion of the blessed Saviour. In her illness she was much reserved as to her spiritual state when questioned upon it. Nevertheless, the work of grace, it is believed, was genuine when her end was approaching. She appeared to have a stronger confidence in the love of her Saviour. Her expressions were of a cheerful spirit and character, and just before departing to the world of spirits she requested her mother to sing for her that beautiful hymn commencing with—

"My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine."

Her happy spirit entered heaven on Monday noon, May 15th, 1871, aged sixteen years.

Children, follow her to heaven.

JOHN C. HOLLAND, Superintendent.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

—o—

BOSTON STREET, HULL, MANCHESTER SOUTH CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,
—We held our annual juvenile missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon,
April 6, 1873—Mr. T. E. Whittaker in the chair. The report shows an
increase of £5 above the amount collected last year, as follows:—

Collected in the Classes :						£	s.	d.
Boys	8	9	0
Infants	0	7	5
Girls	6	4	10
By the Scholars :								
William Eaton	1	2	8
William Porter	1	0	8
Miss M. J. Porter	1	0	0
" H. H. Cheetham	0	17	8
" E. Tomlin	0	16	6
" H. Cummings	0	15	9
" H. Slate	0	11	6
" M. Prendergast	0	10	0
" E. A. Tatton	0	7	0
" Elizabeth Hodgkinson	0	6	9
Henry Ogden	0	6	6
Miss A. Warburton	0	6	0
" Emma Hodgkinson	0	3	4
" Eliza Wilson	0	2	3
Thomas Edward Thornton	0	2	0
Small sums.	0	4	2
Boxes :								
Miss Redfern	1	0	0
Mr. Hawe	0	6	6
Miss A. W. M'Dowell	0	6	0
Mr. Taylor	0	5	0
Collection at annual meeting	1	15	3
						22	6	9

JOHN JAMES MOSS, Secretary.

MANCHESTER SOUTH CIRCUIT.—The annual Band of Hope meeting was held at Boston Street, on Saturday, February 15—Joshua Pollard, Esq., of Bradford, President of the Connexional Union, in the chair. The secretary read the report, which stated that we have now 131 members (an increase of 24 on the past year), and 22 have removed or broken their pledges. The Publication Committee have circulated 500 periodicals during the year, being an increase of 130 on the past year. There is a balance in hand of 15s. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. E. Franks, Messrs. H. Beales, Warburton, Johnson, Ogden, and Tetley. Several beautiful temperance melodies were sung by the children.—J. B. SEEL and T. RIDLEY, Secretaries.

HULL CIRCUIT, LOWER UNION STREET SCHOOL.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday last, January 12, we held our quarterly juvenile missionary meeting. Our esteemed superintendent, Mr. B. Garton, presided, and very interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. Alty, Mr. C. Wilson, and Mr. T. H. Marshall. The meeting was a good one, and was quite a success.—I remain, &c., yours truly, T. BOUTH, Secretary.

MOUNT PLEASANT, GATESHEAD CIRCUIT.—The annual juvenile missionary meeting in connection with our Sunday-school was held on Sunday, March 23. Mr. R. Renwick, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, presided, and made a few appropriate remarks. Addresses were also given by Messrs. M. Geldart and G. Harbottle. Several recitations were given by the scholars. The collections amounted to 13s. 6d. During the year the collections by cards and books amounted to £2 18s. 2½d; total, £3 11s. 8½d.—G. HARBOTTLE.

M.N.C. BAND OF HOPE UNION.—The first meeting in aid of this Union, in connection with Talbot Street Band of Hope, Sheffield South Circuit, was held on Tuesday evening, April 1st, 1873. Rev. T. G. Seymour (North Circuit) and Mr. Newsame (Ranmoor College) attended as a deputation, and delivered warm and telling speeches on the side of religion and temperance. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. J. S. Robinson, and P. J. Smith, and was enlivened by the following recitations:—"The Shoeblick's Story," by Oliver Tummon; "Praying Betty," by H. Belk; "The Tippler's Supper," by William Littlehales; and by the singing of "The Pilgrims of the Night" by the choir. Chairman, Mr. O. T. Skelton. Collection, 10s. Four pledges were signed at the close.—J. S. ROBINSON, Sec. Band of Hope.

Poetry.

—o—

THE LITTLE JEWELS.

We bless Thee, gentle Jesus,
For the story of Thy birth,
That Thou didst leave Thy throne on high
To dwell upon the earth.
We bless Thee, loving Saviour,
That Thou wert once a child,
So to our Heavenly Father
We might be reconciled.

We bless Thee, gentle Jesus,
For every look and tone,
For all the tender care which Thou
To little ones hast shown.
We bless Thee, loving Saviour,
For all Thy words of grace,
That e'en among Thy followers
A child may have a place!

We bless Thee, gentle Jesus,
For Thy sweet example given
To guide the little children
To their Father's house in heaven.
So we'll follow in Thy footsteps
With our hands fast held in Thine;
When Thou makest up Thy "jewels,"
Let the little children shine!



OUR CAT IN TROUBLE.
(See page 150.)

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION.



TIME rolled on. Easter came and went with little notice, for Mr. Stanton only allowed a few days' holiday, preferring to give an extra week at Midsummer, when the great heat and the fineness of the weather rendered a holiday peculiarly desirable and enjoyable.

May passed with its bright days and cool evenings, and June came with its warm sunshine and gorgeous flowers. The weather was already becoming unpleasantly warm; the atmosphere of the schoolroom was close and heavy, and the lads seemed drugged by it into drowsiness; the big bees came buzzing dreamily over the fields, the cattle stood sleepily in the shadow of the wide-spreading trees, and all who were not compelled to work indulged in a sort of half-wakeful existence, which seemed in perfect harmony with Nature.

In the playground the lads found it too much exertion to run about, so they sat in groups in the shade, or went quiet walks in Copsley Wood; while others, feeling the heat to be unbearable, resorted to a little-used branch of the canal, where it flowed between grassy banks, bordered by hawthorn bushes, and here they undressed and laved their bodies in the cool, transparent water.

But though the boys tried thus to amuse themselves, their chief thoughts were now directed to the Midsummer examination. There was a very healthful feeling of ambition in Copsley School, and even the stupid and habitually careless boys tried, now that the time was so near, to make up for previous neglect.

Both master and pupils wished heartily that the examination were over and the holidays begun, but still they kept pegging away, trying to keep as wide awake as they could in the long, sultry afternoons, when even the air which came through the open windows felt warm and enervating. Mr. Stanton did what he could. He had all the windows and doors wide open; held some of his classes in shady corners of the playground; and knowing that cold water is the most deadly foe to sleepiness, he provided a number of large tin basins in which the lads might wash their hands and faces, and so cool themselves for their afternoon's work.

The examination was fixed for the first Monday in July. Slowly

June dragged itself through—it seemed as if time itself was lagging behind. The lads counted first the weeks, and then the days, before the event. At last came the preceding Friday, and the next Monday was to decide how the last half-year's tuition had been received.

Before school left on the Friday, Mr. Stanton explained the conditions of the examination, advised every boy to be at school at least half an hour before schoolltime, and to bring with him a good supply of well-sharpened lead and slate-pencils, so that no advantage might be lost through the absence or clumsiness of these requisites. He promised that he and the assistant masters should be fully prepared for the examination on Monday morning, and he hoped the scholars would be equally ready. With that the boys left school, many of them laying in a large stock of pencils, and taking off the edge of their pocket-knives in sharpening them. Those lads who had not been very diligent in their lessons, very foolishly spent nearly all Saturday in committing whole pages to memory, and in brushing up what they knew imperfectly. But most of the boys were wiser. They knew that what was hurried over in that way would not be of much service, and they wisely concluded that by enjoying their games they would be all the fresher for the real hard work before them.

Monday morning came, and by a quarter to nine o'clock the playground of Copsley School was all alive with boys. There were very few running about, however, for there was hardly any play going on. It seemed as if these gamesome lads had all on a sudden been transformed into serious, steady collegians. They walked gravely about in twos or threes, discussing their own and others' chances in the forthcoming competition. Some sauntered about alone without any apparent object; they would have started a game but they knew running would excite them, and make their hands shake, and that would tell against them very much. Others walked about with their forefingers in the lesson-books, and as they passed about they muttered, "Twelve times ten are one hundred and twenty, twelve times eleven are one hundred and thirty-two;" "England is divided into forty counties—namely, Northumberland, Durham," &c., or "Prepositions serve to connect words with one another, and show their relation between them," thus proving that they were trying to make up for lost time.

At a few minutes to nine the master blew his whistle, and the lads fell into line, as eager for their work as soldiers for a fray. After prayers, the lower classes were sent into the class-rooms, and the boys of the first four classes were distributed about a yard apart along the desks of the schoolroom. Writing was the first exercise, and the boys did their best to imitate the copy, for they knew that proficiency in that art would be a necessary qualification for a prize. Arithmetic followed, and every boy in each class was furnished with the same list of questions, the first three of which were to be worked out in full on paper as a test of neatness and correctness of method. No one was allowed even to look at a single question until all were ready,

and then at a word from the desk they started together. This paper was a difficult one, and there were not many who had completed their sums when the master stopped them. The upper classes now moved off into different class-rooms, while the lower classes came in for their writing and arithmetic, and now the examination got more severe. Mr. Stanton examined the classes separately in mental arithmetic, English history, and geography; and many boys who would have done well if they had had to answer the questions on paper, found they were not quick enough in their replies to verbal questions.

Then came dinner, and after that the quietest time the playground had seen that year; for, as in the morning, there were very few who felt inclined for fun while the examination was in progress.

Afternoon exercises began as usual at two o'clock, and the first four classes were again seated at the desks, where their first task was a long paper of questions in grammar, for replying to which the boys were supplied with abundance of foolscap paper. After that they had to make out a bill of parcels, and here again was a fine chance for skilful and neat penmen. An exercise in composition followed; each boy had to write what he thought about the weather. And then came the last subject of examination. The first class had to draw a map of Europe from memory, putting in as many towns, rivers, and mountains as time would allow; the second class had to do the same with a map of England; and the third and fourth classes had to draw a small map of America, copying from a large one on rollers.

Four o'clock struck before any boy had done all he wished to do at his map. The papers were collected, singing and prayer followed, and the boys left the school, relieved to know that for awhile the strain of study was over, and that they might now enjoy their leisure without losing much ground.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed quiet and uninteresting, and on Thursday morning Mr. Stanton announced that he and his assistants had finished their inspection of the examination papers, and that he should, in the afternoon, read the list of the successful competitors, and that they would then at once begin their three weeks' holiday.

Oh! what anxiety there was to know the results of the examination. No boy was indifferent; for if he had no hope for himself, he was interested for some friend.

At two o'clock Mr. Stanton ascended his desk, and amid the almost breathless silence of the whole school, he read out the list of those who had gained prizes, and of those who were to be moved into higher classes. The first three names in the first class surprised no one, for they had previously held the same position. Alec Gordon stood first, and chose for his prize a beautifully-bound atlas. William Parsons came next, and carried off a nicely-illustrated book of travels. And, third, came Bob Johnson, who received an elegant volume of poetry. Of course, no one could be moved higher than the first class, so all that the master could do was to read the names of the next three on the list. He then passed on to the second class;

and, after remarking at some length on the peculiar excellence of the papers written by the first boy in it, he electrified the school by calling Edward Lindsay to receive the first prize. Ted was so surprised he hardly knew how to walk. He certainly had expected to get moved up, and had thought it just possible he might get the lowest prize, but beyond that he had never dreamed of attaining. He chose a nice little box of geometrical instruments, which he had been longing for for some time.

It would take too much time to tell who won the prizes in the other classes; suffice it that John Parsons secured the third prize, and that he, together with Ted Lindsay, Sam Townley, and three others unknown to this history, were moved into the first class.

And then the school broke up. George Benson went off the next day on a long visit to his uncle's farm, where he would be able to ride the little pony at pleasure; Gus Brookes gave himself up for three weeks of cricket, rowing, swimming, &c., with the lads of the village; and most of the other boys had some visit or amusement to look forward to.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the boys again assembled after the Midsummer vacation, they had sad news to hear. Charlie Davis had been taken ill just before the examination, which he was, of course, unable to attend. He was not very robust, and had lately, in common with all the boys of the first class, been studying very closely with a view to winning a prize, and this, together with the sultry weather, had lowered his vital energies, and so he became an easy prey to the first attack of summer fever. His parents, friends, and schoolfellows were sorry he should be debarred from taking part in a competition in which he had every prospect of distinguishing himself, but this was all that troubled them in relation to his illness. They expected he would be all right again in a week at the most, and with this idea the lads broke up.

But on returning to school they found to their surprise that Charlie Davis, the first to show up on such occasions, was not to be seen, and on inquiry his schoolfellows learned, to their great dismay, that Charlie's fever had got worse and worse, and that his case was really alarming.

Mr. Stanton, who had been on a visit to the sea-side, and had only returned late the preceding night, was greatly troubled at the reported danger in which Charlie lay. He asked Mr. Thomson to go and inquire from Charlie's father the exact nature of the danger to be apprehended, and was informed that the doctor had as yet declined to give any opinion as to the probable result, from which fact it was evident that his patient was in a very critical state.

In the evening the schoolmaster went himself to inquire about Charlie. He was welcomed by the sorrowing parents, and at their

request went to look at his old scholar. He entered the room, and spoke gently to Charlie, but he did not know him, for he had been delirious for some time. His eyes were wide open and intensely brilliant; his face, though evidently shrunk, was almost scarlet with fever, and looked even worse by contrast with the pure white of the bedclothes. Only his mother was noticed at all by him, and even she could not get an intelligible answer to one of the many questions which her fond mother's heart longed to ask. All that could be done for the sufferer was to moisten his lips with juicy fruit, and occasionally to administer medicine or some slight nutriment to enable his system to bear the terrible strain of the fever.

Hot, restless, and uneasy, poor Charlie tossed from side to side on his pillow, looking with strange, bewildered gaze on the familiar persons and objects around him, and muttering and talking to himself in a way which showed how complete was the temporary disarrangement of his mind.

"I suppose Alec Gordon will win the first prize?" he said, as he lay glaring at his teacher.

"He will try hard for it," said Mr. Stanton, for he thought the remark was an evidence of returning consciousness, and he feared to perplex the poor boy still more by telling him that the prizes were already awarded.

But without the least notice of his reply, Charlie rambled on in a queer, half-intelligible voice. "If Lord Palmerston gets defeated, he will appeal to the country—at least, I should—but there's nothing like a good hit to long point. I shall be all right in writing and grammar, but I can't score much in arithmetic. What a splendid hit Gus Brookes made then! What a noise those boys make! Wouldn't it be grand to get before Alec Gordon! Oh! my poor head! How it aches!" And thus Charlie's brain was puzzling over the things in which he was so deeply interested. When not asleep, he was thus rambling in his talk, mingling events of weeks ago with those of to-day, and confusing himself as to persons and places as only delirious people can.

In opening the school next morning Mr. Stanton prayed earnestly for their afflicted schoolfellow. Twice during morning lessons he sent to inquire if there were any fresh hope of his recovery, but each messenger returned without good news. In the dinner-hour Mr. Thomson again went, and found that the poor boy's head was so much worse that the doctor had ordered all his hair to be cut off, and still there were no signs of improvement. It was with much sadness of heart that the boys heard this news as soon as afternoon school had commenced.

"My dear boys," said Mr. Stanton, "while we are sitting here in health and strength, one, who a few weeks ago was as light-hearted as any of you, and to all appearance in good health, is now tossing in weariness and pain. It seems hard to go on with our lessons as if nothing was the matter, when each moment may be the last for the

poor sufferer. I do not feel that I can teach you this afternoon, and I am sure many of you would find your thoughts wandering from your books to your afflicted schoolfellow. He had his faults, as all of us have; but his were such as experience and age would have cured, and I feel sure there is not a boy here who would not put himself to great sacrifice, if he could in any way help towards the recovery of Charlie Davis. But we cannot help him. We are here, and he is yonder, and even his dearest friends who are near him are as powerless as ourselves to assist him. There is only one thing we can do, and that is—pray for him. We are taught in the Bible to pray to God in all times of sorrow or danger, and so instead of lessons this afternoon, let us all earnestly ask God to recover your suffering schoolfellow.

And then every boy knelt down, and with closed eyes devoutly accompanied their schoolmaster in an earnest prayer that, if it were in accordance with His holy will, God would in answer to their united believing entreaty, withdraw His afflicting hand from the boy on whose behalf they were pleading; but if in His Divine wisdom He saw fit to take their friend from among them, He would mercifully pardon his sins, purify his heart, and take him unto Himself.

With earnest, impassioned eloquence, Mr. Stanton pleaded for the life of the poor boy, and as the lads listened they too joined their petitions with his, and prayed as if it were their own brother who lay at the point of death.

Mr. Stanton then sent a lad to inquire if there were any change for better or worse in the condition of the sufferer, and he brought back the answer, "No change!"

"Thank God for that," said Mr. Stanton, devoutly; "if he is no worse there is some hope." And again the whole school knelt, and Mr. Thomson prayed for the poor boy. Amid almost perfect silence he poured forth his soul in earnest entreaty for God's mercy on their schoolfellow, and if it were possible for his recovery and return among them. And from two hundred youthful hearts there arose a fervent "Amen."

Again the boys rose from their seats, and again a messenger was sent to the sufferer's house. He quickly returned, and more from his looks than from his words they learned that the boy who had been so lately among them was now no more. A low, suppressed sob went round the schoolroom as the news was told. Mr. Stanton again asked the boys to kneel in prayer, and then amid the scarcely audible sobs of Charlie's particular friends he bowed before the wisdom which had seen fit to remove their friend from among them, and earnestly besought God that he would mercifully console the bereaved parents and their afflicted friends for the loss of the dear boy, and that He would sanctify this bitter dispensation of His providence to their future and eternal welfare. On rising from their knees, Mr. Stanton gave out the grand old hymn, commencing:—"O God, our help in ages past!" The lads sung it sweetly and devoutly to the tune "Windsor," and then the school broke up.

Poor Charlie Davis was buried a few days afterwards, and in accordance with a request he had made in the earlier stage of his illness (for he seemed from the first to think he should die, and to contemplate the fact without fear), the boys in his class followed him to the grave, and with tear-dimmed eyes saw the last of their old schoolfellow.

THE NOTABLE HISTORY OF OUR CAT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.



YOU will see what our cat has come to, if you look at the cut on the first page of this magazine. He has been naughty and has to be corrected. I don't know what is the fashionable instrument of correction now a-days, but the birch-rod was the proper thing when I was a boy. I never was corrected but once, and then it was with a thick heavy stick, and I never asked for it a second time. I fancy I should have preferred the birch-rod, or better still, what I have often seen in houses where there are persons to be corrected, a strap slit at the end, making five or six narrow strips, which I should not wonder if my young friends are quite familiar with. The birch-rod or the strap breaks no bones, but a thick stick may, and I think when correction is applied it should be done respectably, and not vulgarly.

When young people have a vote for Members of Parliament I expect they will see to it that the law shall give them a choice in the instrument of correction, and that they will vote for the gentleman who will oblige them in this matter. I have no doubt that the most popular candidate will be he who will bring in a bill that there shall be no correction at all, except by "moral suasion." The world is improving—at least nearly everyone says so—and why not abolish birch-rods, taws, and sticks, which have tormented young people for many past generations? Sometimes punishment is negative, as when we are sent to bed without supper, or worse still, taken from the table when a nice dinner is before us, on account of some little misbehaviour, and made to wait till everyone else has been served, or perhaps denied our dinner altogether. Now, I will say this, that when I was a boy I considered this mode of correction rather cruel, and I consider it so still. If I must be corrected, let me have my dinner at all events, or my supper as the case may be, and then I can bear correction better. An empty stomach is worse than the birch-rod or the taws, for its gnawings are unbearable in young persons. Think of this, mamma, if you please, and let the little boy have his dinner, and then he can bear correction in a better temper.

I have seen some instances of correction which are positively inhuman; as, for instance, taking a boy by the ear and wringing and twisting it till it has bled, or boxing the ears till the victim has been knocked down or has had a noise in his head like the roar of Niagara. Those who correct children in this way are in a passion, and need correction themselves. We must know, or ought to know, that such cruelties can only make a child despise, or at least pity us, and not the least good impression can be made by such correction.

The birch is the thing. It breaks no bones, but only pains a little, and therefore our cat was so corrected; and I should not wonder if this respectable mode of correction has had something to do with making him the respectable cat he is. But you see he takes it badly, and makes wry faces at it, which is very common among superior beings. No one loves correction, but hates it, and the chief intention of this short chapter is to teach a lesson to our young friends about this matter of correction.

And, first, we may generally depend upon it that when we are corrected we deserve it. Many a time we deserve correction when we do not get it. Kindness overlooks our faults, or a reluctance to inflict pain screens us from what we deserve, and thus we go unpunished. When I hear a boy or a girl cry and complain of correction I generally conclude that there has been some misconduct in the case, and so feel little pity for them. The way to escape correction is to be good, and then no one will wish to correct us.

Again, we should all be worse than we are if we were not corrected.

Persuasion has little effect on some children. They are obstinate, self-willed, sulky, and spiteful. They disobey their parents, and run into all manner of mischief. Nothing seems to influence them but fear of the rod. It is a pity when this is the case, for we may depend upon it that when we are grieving and disobeying our parents we are laying up sorrow for the time to come. It seems a little thing to be self-willed and thoughtless in early life, but we shall suffer for it in the end, as many persons know to their great sorrow.

Correction is often delayed, but it is sure to come sooner or later. One false step in early life will embitter the whole of our existence. Shame, pain, and death are the wages of sin. And what are undutifulness and disobedience to parents but sin? What is a selfish headstrong disposition but sin? And what is the indulgence of inclination, in spite of all regard to character, success in life, and the wishes of those who love us, but so much sin against God, ourselves, and our parents? Look at the rod in the cut, and remember, my young friends, that if you do wrong there is a rod prepared for you, which sooner or later you will feel the smart of.



UP THE RHINE, &c. ;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. VIII.

WHEN we last parted you left us rambling round the city of Maintz or Mayence, with its population of 40,000 or 50,000. Well, we cannot profess to be enamoured with it in spite of its reported 136 streets, for there are none of them very noticeable. Indeed, the streets are narrow, inconvenient, and not over clean. Yet the city can at least boast some things, among which perhaps first stand its churches. It would not be a very great exaggeration to call it, as our own city of York, "a city of churches," presenting as they do "specimens of the different styles of architecture from the year 900 to 1500." Its library of 100,000 volumes is certainly a matter for self-gratulation. A fine view is afforded of the cathedral from the Market-place, but particularly of the tower. It is of red sandstone, and was originally built in the tenth century. It has seen different times, engaged in many struggles, and borne many trials. At one time it was used as a granary, in which were stored the fruits of the earth; at another, as an *abattoir*, or slaughter-house; then as a place in which to hold Divine worship. For this last purpose it is used at present. Other places there are of course, but having no speciality about them we let them rest. There is, however, the Church of St. Peter, which attracts a momentary notice by reason of a disgusting spectacle at its side. It is this: lifted up on crosses, life-size, is an exhibition in stone of the crucifixion of Christ betwixt two thieves, accompanied by the filling in of that tragic and awfully solemn event with the horrible and revolting minutiae even to nauseating exactness. Imagination, moreover, with "frenzy rolling" is allowed to have full swing, for up over the head of the impenitent thief is an imp of revolting shape. It is no difficult thing to divine his errand. On the opposite side of Jesus is the thief who, being penitent, said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," while over his head is a figure representing an angel. And as we look we scarcely can forbear the reflection that such exhibitions are shockingly sensational. Indeed—such is the way in which the details are carried out—the whole scene produces, instead of sadness and sorrow, a feeling of nausea and intense disgust, which leads us to turn hurriedly away.

There is one other place we wish to see before leaving Maintz, because it bears some sort of relation to ecclesiastical history; it is the Neuthor, or New Gate. What of it you shall hear presently. You have read maybe of Constantine the Great and a certain luminous cross which he is said to have seen in the heavens before his conversion from heathenism to Christianity. Well, the event happened early in the fourth century, and the place where it happened is said to be somewhere at Maintz. He was marching towards Rome

—or say Italy—to engage his enemy Maxentius, who was then master both of Italy and Africa. The campaign was successful for Constantine, and of course unsuccessful for Maxentius. The latter being defeated was obliged to fly, in doing which, through the breaking of a bridge, he fell into the river Tiber and was drowned. Now, tradition says that it was near the Neuthor—through which, after careful inquiry and persistent walking, we pass to a shady walk outside the city walls—that the phenomenon above noted happened, when setting off for Italy. Over the cross was a legible motto either in Greek or Latin (for it is said sometimes the one and sometimes the other), the meaning of which is, “By this conquer.” And this singular occurrence is said to have decided the Emperor to become a Christian. Now, allowing the truth of the tradition, one cannot but reflect as he stands on or near the spot where the vision is said to have taken place, of the wondrous issues that have flowed from that real or supposed fact. Anyhow, Constantine becomes a Christian, either from policy or principle, and forthwith he encourages Christianity, and discountenances the Roman religion or heathenism. And the upshot of the whole is—for he was politically sagacious—seeing the growing power of the Christian Church, he allies it with the State, placing himself at the head of both, regardless of the innumerable evils resulting from such an unholy alliance. Bearing upon this point, Mosheim has this passage: “While he (Constantine) suffered the Church to continue as before, to be a sort of republic, distinct from the political body, he assumed to himself the supreme power over this sacred republic, and the right of modelling and controlling it in such a manner as would best subserve the public good. Nor did any bishop call in question this power of the Emperor.”* “And for various reasons (the Emperor) wished to adapt the ecclesiastical administration to that of the commonwealth.”† And so as years pass we find Constantine calling the Council of Nice (325), and otherwise acting as *head* of both Church and State. This, however, is a thing we contend he had no right as Emperor to do, and which if he had left undone would have made things much better for the Church and world; besides being in contravention of the spirit and teaching of Him who said, “My kingdom is not of this world.” Such are our reflections as we stand here and muse near the Neuthor. And the uppermost thought in the mind, as we think of the place, vision, and Constantine’s subsequent behaviour, is what mighty consequences often hang upon an apparently little thing! It was a little thing that an Emperor should dream that dream of the cross—for so some hold; but State Churches from that day to this have wrought mighty harm. But it is time to tack about, and turn our face towards Worms.

Worms! What thoughts—deep and pensive, aye, and joyous, too—struggle for the utterance of the tongue at the very mention of the

* Mosheim, *Eccle. H.*, Reid’s ed., p. 127, s. 1. † Ibid., p. 128, s. 3.

name! Nor can we help them if we would. Such is its place in our memory, and such the warm place in our affections of the name of the "uncrowned king," who has made it world-famous by his sayings and doings thereat, that we could laugh and weep at the remembrance of it all in one minute—that is if we were made of that kind of "stuff." But as we are *not*, we muse, having it in our own heart thus: "Worms." "Ah! that Diet, 1521." "Luther!" "Noble man." "So help me, God. Amen." So run my thoughts; but to tell the emotion is out of the question. Still the one of longest duration was a feeling of gladness at so near a prospect of a privilege which at one time was never dreamt of being enjoyed. Yet we were devoutly thankful at the thought of treading the same streets as were trodden by one of the noblest members of God's own aristocracy. With feelings it is utterly impossible to describe, it seemed almost as if Luther might have made special arrangement to meet us at Worms, and tell us all about it. Well, had we been *spiritualists* perhaps terms might have been fixed (?); but as it is, why we must make the best of it. With these thoughts running through the mind we left Maintz behind, and set out by rail in a second-class carriage—which by the way is about or nearly equal to our first in England—for the conservative, old, and venerable city of Worms. On our way we pass through

OPPENHEIM,

which place, after its fine Gothic church, if not before, is most noted perhaps for the fact that here are the bones and skulls, &c., of many Spaniards and Swedes, and others who fell in the famous "thirty years' war." At this point our risibilities are somewhat unduly excited by an amusing incident, as it seems to us. The *conducteur* appears upon the scene to start the train, and with an instrument resembling a child's halfpenny brass trumpet, upon which he performs a solo—"root-a-toot-a-too"—and such are the visions of "old clo' " men and "marine store dealers" called up by this unrivalled instrumental execution, that for the life of us we cannot forbear shouting, "Rags and bones." But as *they* don't understand, and we mean no harm, it doesn't much matter. By the time we fairly overget this little episode, we arrive at our destination,

WORMS.

Leaving the station we take the road that leads in a straight line up to the city. We journey thus for about a quarter of a mile, when a slight turn or inclination of the head discovers *one* of the grandest monuments the world can boast. Of course we cannot think of going further yet, so we wend our way to the spot. It is a fearfully hot day; the sun glares right at us and upon us, and strikes so directly home that we are almost overcome by his unusually affectionate attentions and warmth. So walking to the square in which the monument stands, and passing through the gate of the pallisades

which run along the front, we sit down to rest and put up an umbrella to shut off the too liberal attention of the King of Day. Thus, seat obtained and sun-shade up, we are ready for

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

But as we sit, it seems more of a dream than reality to find ourselves in this old city, where has been enacted some of the most noble deeds that history records. Yet here we are, and remember, only for a very limited stay. So having tried to identify the characters here set forth, we seek a more minute and intimate acquaintance with this monument to Germany's honour. A small pamphlet—either in German, French, English, or Italian—can be obtained on the spot for a small charge, and this little book wonderfully helps you to appreciate the whole representation. We, however, attempt no elaborate and exhaustive description, but simply a few observations. The monument itself doubtless owes its erection to the growth of Protestant feeling in Germany, and is an undoubted and tangible expression of the same. It was unveiled in 1868; date, June 25th. To the fund for its erection nearly fifty crowned sovereigns contributed; but it took some ten or twelve years to complete it. The Luther monument is composed of a group of figures tastily arranged in due order around the central one, which is LUTHER himself. That of Luther is a most magnificent statue ten feet high, and nobly placed in graceful and becoming attitude on a fine syenite pedestal. The attitude of Luther is this: his face is upturned towards heaven as if appealing for vindication thence, whilst his hand, firmly closed, as indicative of his firmness and determination, rests upon the Bible. The very look of the noble form is inspiring, and one feels like calling out, "Bravo, Luther!" And the company he keeps bespeaks his character and work—all good men and true. As you look and bring your eye down the whole group breaks upon you. On Luther's left stands Philip the Magnanimous leaning on his sword, while on his right is Frederick the Great, Elector of Saxony, with his sword raised in the air. Philip Melancthon and John Reuchlin, two other coadjutors of different kind, occupy corresponding positions at the opposite corners; while half-way between these statues on each side there sits a female figure, allegorically representing three of the most prominent cities in the movement of the time—Augsburg, desolate and mourning; Spiers, bold and protesting; and Magdeburg. At the basement of the principal figure are seated four characters representing four different nations—Wycliffe of England; Huss of Bohemia, who holds with questionable credit a crucifix, at which he intently looks; Savonarolo of Italy, and Waldo of France; men who helped to prepare the way for the "Thuringian miner's son." The slab immediately beneath the great man contains medallion portraits of certain stern helpers of Luther's joy, while the one beneath that, has on each of its four sides a representation in *alto relievo* of some interesting episode in his life:—"Here we have him making his speech in the Worms Parliament, nailing his theses to the door

of the Wittenberg Cathedral, marrying his Catherine, and translating the Bible in the sequestered Castle of Wartburg.* A number of inscriptions are placed upon the fine pedestal that supports Luther. The most easily seen, because upon the front and catching the eye of the visitor, is the memorable oath with which he wound up that decided and famous speech at the Diet of Worms:—*"Here I stand. I cannot speak nor act otherwise. So help me God. Amen."* We remember reading of the brilliant assemblage gathered to witness the inauguration of the above, and the congratulatory message sent by our own beloved Queen that "Protestant England sympathises with the Protestant princes and peoples of Germany." And now it has been our unexpected pleasure to see this superb monument of one of earth's greatest sons, and we are happy. It stands on a fine open space and in a very respectable part of the city. It is, moreover, only a few minutes' walk from the railway station, so that should you be passing this way by all means contrive one half hour at least to see the Luther monument at Worms. Should any of my readers be curious to know more of this matter than it would be prudent in me to tell, permit me to refer you to an article, to which I am a little indebted myself, in the "Sunday at Home," for January, 1869. We have something more to tell of Worms and its associations, and our experiences there, but as our space is already exhausted we must be content with "Rest ye;" and for the present, "Good-bye."

E. H.

HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

HATTIE and Donald were looking one day at some silkworms which were feeding on some mulberry leaves in a little box which they called "Silky's workroom." Their mother had told them that, as the pretty golden-winged butterflies came from the crawling caterpillars, so their new bodies would one day come forth bright and beautiful from their dead ones, which would first moulder in the grave. Donald said, "It's very wonderful, Hattie; and, oh, I do wish I were a Christian!"

Hattie earnestly gazed into his eyes as she replied, "Donald, it is very easy to become a Christian. A great many little children come to Christ. All you have to do is to knock, and the door opens."

Hattie was right. It is easy for a child who really wishes to be a Christian to be one. Jesus says to all, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Try it, my dear child. Knock, Jesus listens, and waits to open the door—that is, to make you His disciple.

* "Sunday at Home," January, 1869.

COMING TO JESUS.

A SERMON PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE AT ST. DOMINGO
SUNDAY-SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

"And he brought him to Jesus."—John I., 42.

THIS is what I desire to do for you in what I shall say to you this afternoon. It is also what your teachers wish to do for you in their teachings from Sunday to Sunday. I read a beautiful little book some time ago called "My Class for Jesus." Now the title of that book, I trust, expresses the desire, the purpose, the aim of every teacher in our school—"My class, my children, for Jesus."

But I will tell you why I speak to you about Jesus, and about coming to Jesus, this afternoon. A few Sundays ago, as we were holding a prayer-meeting after the evening service, I saw a little boy coming up the aisle towards me as I stood within the communion-rail, and I saw he was in distress about something. I thought someone was ill, perhaps his father or his mother, and he was sent to ask me to go and visit them. So when he got near me I said, "My poor boy, what is the matter? Is it me you want? What do you want me for?" He replied, as well as his feelings would let him, "A gentleman in the pew where I was told me if I came to you you would tell me the way to Christ." "Was it your father who told you to come?" "No, sir, I have no father." "Has your mother, then, spoken to you about these things?" "I have no mother either." "Do you attend our Sunday-school?" "No, but I have been at the chapel a few Sunday nights."

Now when I heard what this boy said I was very much surprised and very much pleased. I was surprised that one so young, and who had neither father nor mother to teach him and care for him, should think about Jesus, and wish to come to Him.

And yet, when I thought a little, I saw I ought not to be surprised at this. For Jesus cares for the little ones, and when He was upon the earth He said many kind things about them, and many kind things to them. And He who was so kind to children when on the earth cannot but think of them now He is in heaven. So I felt I ought not to be surprised that Jesus was caring for this little fatherless and motherless boy, and drawing him into His fold.

I was also pleased with this little boy as well as surprised by him. I was pleased with his modesty and with his intelligence. Though a little boy he spoke so properly that I was sure he knew what he was talking about, and was also very sincere in his wish to be told the way to Jesus.

I will not tell you what I said to that little boy, but I will tell you what his coming to me made me resolve to do. It was to speak more to children, and even to young children, in the belief that the

blessed Spirit of Jesus was already in their hearts drawing them to Himself.

Now some of you are very young and very little. Sometimes we see you at your play, and you run, and frolic, and laugh, and shout, and are as merry as children can be. And there are times when we see you in other moods than these pleasant ones. It is a sad thing to say, but it is true. You are naughty and perverse—you are in a sulky or angry temper. And perhaps we think, "Can these children have any serious and good thoughts—any thoughts about God, and Christ, and their souls, and about being good children and getting to heaven?"

Or, we see you in the house of God with your parents or friends. The preacher, that is, sees you as he is preaching, and he thinks, "Well, it is of no use my talking to these little creatures; they cannot understand me if I do, and if they could understand me they are too giddy to attend to what I say, and so I must speak to those that are older and wiser, or else I have no need to speak at all."

Why, if during the sermon I had seen this little boy who came to me I very likely should not have thought that he was attending to it or caring about it; and yet how mistaken I should have been! He was listening to what he heard and doing what many grown-up people I fear never do—laying to heart what he heard the preacher say.

Now supposing all you were like this little boy. Supposing you were to say, because it would be truthful to say it, "Please, sir, we have come to the service this afternoon hoping you would tell us the way to Jesus." If it were so, how gladly should I take you by the hand and bring you to Jesus!

Well, now, will you understand me if I say to you that I would bring you to Jesus by letting you know that Jesus is already with you? If I were speaking to grown-up people I might say, "I bring you to Jesus by making you conscious that you are already in the presence of Jesus."

Let me try to make my meaning plain.

Many years ago, when I was a very young man, and before I was married and had a good wife to take care of me, I was taken very ill. I was living in London, and my parents and relatives lived 130 miles away in the country, which then was considered a great distance to travel, as at that time there were no railroads to travel on. So I would not let my parents know how ill I was lest they should be troubled about me, and perhaps put themselves to the inconvenience and expense of coming to see me.

I suppose I was more ill than I thought myself to be, for I had some friends in London who were what is called walking the hospitals—that is, they were preparing to be doctors—and they sent to me one of the most skilful physicians they knew. I remember when he had examined me and asked me a few questions, he turned to the lady of the house where I lived and said, "Has the young man any friends?"

This made me sad, for I took it to mean that he thought I should not get better. However I tried to keep my heart up and believe that he was wrong in his opinion of my case. So I did not send news home of my illness.

But two days after the physician had been, the lady of the house came into my room and said, "I think you had better let me send your parents word how ill you are." Now, though I was longing to be with my mother, who I knew would nurse me as nobody else could, I thought she was too far off for me to go to her, and I would not put her to the trouble of coming to me, so I said, "By no means. I shall get better, and I won't have my parents troubled about me on any account." "But would you not like to see your mother?" she urged. My heart said, "Shouldn't I!" though my lips did not say all my heart felt. "Well, what will you say," she proceeded, "if I tell you that we have written to your parents, and that they are coming to see you?" I have no doubt my looks gave the reply, "It is all right; I am very glad." I do not think she waited for a reply in words before she added, "What will you say if I tell you that they have come, and are in the house waiting and wishful to be introduced to you?"

Oh, the blessedness of that intelligence! It was like life from the dead for me. In a few minutes I was in the arms of my dear mother, and the presence of my parents was as the presence of God to me. From the very day they came I began to recover, though it took fifteen weeks of good motherly nursing before I could begin to preach again.

Now do you see what I want to teach you by this narrative about myself?

It is this: As at that time of my sickness it was with me and my parents, so is it with you and Jesus. There I lay thinking about my parents. Oh, how I longed to be with them, or have them with me. But they were a long way off. I thought of them so many, many miles away—when lo! they were close at hand; yea, in the very house where I was.

You will read in a former part of the chapter from which my text is taken that John the Baptist said to the Jews: "There standeth One among you whom you know not." Now, that is true of Jesus amongst us. He is amongst us, nigh to every one of us, though many know it not.

In the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans we read that we have not to ascend into heaven to bring Christ down from above, nor have we to descend into the deep to bring Him up from the dead; the Word is nigh us, even in our mouth, and in our heart.

Yes, my dear children, it is so.

The very sense of sin you have in your hearts, your desire to be forgiven, to be made better, to have a new heart, to love God, to love your parents, your brothers and sisters, and ever to do right; all these thoughts, and feelings, and desires are proofs of Christ being

with you, and you come to Jesus by letting Jesus come to you and live and reign in your hearts.

How many of you will let me bring you to Jesus in this way this afternoon? How many of you will let Jesus take you in His arms and bless you?

What has been your past life in respect of this?

I am sure you have had good feelings and good desires. Is it not so? I am not asking your teachers, or the bigger boys and girls only, but you younger children. You boys and girls that are ten, eight, seven, or six years of age.

But I fear you have not been faithful to these invitations. You have heard the voice of Jesus say many things to you, but other voices have spoken to you as well as His, and you have listened to them instead of regarding only the voice of Jesus.

What a beautiful picture is drawn in the tenth chapter of John's gospel of the Good Shepherd and the sheep! New in the country where Jesus lived, sheep were not driven by force, or teased and worried with dogs, as they are with us. The shepherd did not drive, he led his sheep; that is what Jesus does. He goes before them and calls them by name, and His sheep hear His voice and follow Him.

Jesus, my dear children, has called you; and He has called you not in the mass, in the multitude, or altogether, as I do when I address you in these services. But He has called you singly, by name, as I should if I took the list of scholars in the school and pronounced the name of every one of you in particular.

My dear children is it not so?

Ah! listen to me while I put the question, and give to it a truthful answer. Is it not so? Now think. Do you not remember the time, I might also add, and the place, when Jesus called you? Do you not remember how soft your heart once was; how sinful you felt yourself to be, and what sorrow it gave you, and how, as well as you could, you prayed to God, and asked Him to forgive you, and help you, and make you a better child?

Why, all that was the voice of the Good Shepherd, calling you, His little lambs, to come to His fold and be numbered with His flock.

Oh, for the future hear and obey His voice. For He says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

J. HUDSTON.

LITTLE BELLA'S FOUR TEXTS.

"MAMMA," said Bella, a little girl of six years old, one evening to her mother, "I have four texts—one for the morning, one for the middle of the day, one for the evening, and one when I go to bed. Shall I say them to you?"

"Do, my love," replied her mother.

"My morning one," said Bella, "is 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners'; my middle of the day one is, 'Come

unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; my evening one is 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out'; and my one for when I go to bed is 'God is love.'"

"And very good and appropriate I think they are," said her mother, "for when you say in the morning, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners,' you may think—'Well, I am a sinner, so He came to save me: how I should love Him for that, and how I must try to obey Him all day.' Then by the middle of the day perhaps you have been naughty and feel sorry for it, or something may have vexed you, and then that verse comes sweetly into your mind, 'Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And in the evening, however naughty and foolish you may have been, you can still remember the promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' And then when bedtime comes, and you look back on all that has happened during the day, and how kind God has been to you in many ways, you can say with all your heart, 'God is love.'"

"Yes, mamma," answered Bella, eagerly, "that's it. When I say my morning text and think Jesus came to save me, I will love and try to obey Him; and in the middle of the day I will say, 'Come unto Me'; and I will go to Jesus and ask Him to wash me in His blood, and then I will feel Him taking me in His arms, and I will say, 'I will do anything mamma wants me to do, and I will be good.' And in the evening when I say, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' I will think Jesus won't say, 'Go away; I want a better girl than you.' And at night when I go to bed I will remember all these things, and I will say, 'God is love.'"

WHAT THE BIRD TOLD MARGIE.

"Ho! little birdie, up on the branch, what a lazy little thing you are, almost as bad as I am. You don't do anything but hop about and sing, and enjoy yourself; neither do I."

To Margie's surprise, the bird said, "You are a dear little bobbin, and I like your looks; but if you think I do nothing but hop about and sing, you don't know much. Is that really all you do?"

"That's about all, Mr. Birdie; but since you are so smart, tell me what you do."

So Mr. Birdie smoothed his feathers complacently, and went on talking very wisely.

"Well, Miss Margie, up in the tree yonder, there are some little birds, and I have to work hard to find food enough for them to eat. Before the little ones came I had to help make our house, what you call our nest. You have no idea what dangerous work it was to get the hair to line it with."

"And what else do you do, now?"

"Well," said Mr. Bird, scratching his head, "we keep a family

school—a flying school—just a private one for our own children, you know. They will want to have nests of their own by-and-by.”

“Well, sir, and what else?”

“Why, when my birdies are unhappy, or get discouraged learning to fly, I sing to them, and then they sing, or try to, and we have a jolly time again.”

“What do you sing so early in the morning for?”

“Because God lights up so early, we can’t keep our eyes shut, and as soon as we open them we want to thank Him for taking care of us, and ask Him to help us through the day.”

“And does He really notice such little creatures as you are. I don’t want to be disrespectful, but does He really?”

“Yes; not one of us could fall to the ground without His notice.”

“Do you do anything else beside what you said?”

“Oh, yes; a little girl was coming home from school yesterday, and she was crying. I perched on a tree and sang to her, until the tears stopped coming, and she fairly danced with joy. Did you ever stop anybody crying?”

“I guess I’ve only made them cry,” said frank little Margie, “but now I’ve thought of more good you do. You kill the worms that would hurt our gardens.”

The little bird nodded his head very hard.

“I wish you’d tell me some more, and sing me a song.”

“I can’t wait any longer now, little girl; but I’ll come to the tree before your window and show you my birdies when they have learned to fly—that is, if you have not a big brother with a gun.”

“Oh, no! Good-bye, then, Mr. Birdie; I’m much obliged to you for your lesson, and I mean to try and see if I can’t do some good in the world myself.”

MORAL.—No matter how small you are, little children, you can all do something. Try!—*Child at Home.*

BE HONEST.

HONESTY is the best policy, we are told. A little boy, whose name is George, when sent to a person’s house with a certain article was told to charge twopence for it; and it so happened that the lady called the same evening at the person’s shop who sent the article to purchase a little book, when the lady quite unexpectedly said to the shopkeeper, “I paid the little boy twopence *halfpenny* for what you sent.” The shopkeeper, you may be sure, felt quite surprised indeed, and the little boy’s dishonesty was at once found out. The boy was warned and told of his wickedness, and made fully to confess all the truth, and further, he was requested to take the lady the halfpenny which he had overcharged, and beg her pardon.

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

WHAT FOR?

A GENTLEMAN went into a Sunday-school not long ago, and said to the children, "There are two questions I want to ask you. One of them you can all answer; the other I do not know whether you can or not. Will you try? The question is, 'Who made you?'"

When the gentleman asked this, the children looked at him and round at each other as they answered, "God," as if they hardly knew how to answer such an easy question, or why he should ask it. The second question was "What for?" Could you have told him? Do you know why God made you?

The children did not seem to know what to say, so they said nothing. But there was one little boy up in the gallery, whom his mother had taken there because she thought he was not old enough to be down with the rest; but it seems he was really bigger in mind than some of the others, for he gave a good answer to this second question. I wish you could have heard his little voice saying, "To be good and to do good."

Do you not think he was right? If God made us to be good and do good, how sorry He must be to see us, instead of this, "being wrong and doing wrong."

Now, the only help for us is in our Lord Jesus Christ. He can, and will, if we ask Him, help us with His Holy Spirit; He can aid us to grow more and more like Himself.

Then shall we please God; then shall we be what He made us for.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

IN the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There!" said he; "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again. I often think of this fable when I feel more inclined to be sulky than sweet.

Editor's Table.

—O—

April 14th, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please give your opinion as to what you would advise young persons to learn to become useful Local Preachers, and also what works to study to understand the doctrines? Your opinion will oblige, yours truly,

DESIRE.

ANSWER.—Learn first the English language, so that you may speak it correctly. Learn to get up at four o'clock in the morning, that you may have time to learn things before you go to work. Learn to put your half-holidays to good use for mental improvement. Learn to cultivate deep piety. Teach in the Sunday-school, attend your class regularly, and do all the good you can according to your opportunity. Read three chapters in the Bible every day and five every Sunday and you will read it through in a year. When you have learned English grammar, learn geography and arithmetic, and read some condensed history of Greece, Rome, and England. For the doctrines Dr. Cooke's Theology will teach you all that is necessary to begin with, and if you want a larger work you can read Watson's Theology. Dr. Dwight's Theology is a very readable work—much more lively in style than Watson's. By all means read Wesley's Sermons and his Journal. When you have gone through these, and even before, you ought to be able to preach if you have any preaching talent in you. And when you begin to preach speak distinctly, and don't mumble your words as if you were tongue-tied. Never read your sermons while you live; when you cannot preach without reading enter the Civil Service or any other that is respectable. When you have attended to all this ask us again what to do, and we will tell you according to the best of our ability.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to oblige by sending an answer to the following question in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for next month, namely, the Bible says that we are all brothers and sisters; how, therefore, can a boy or girl be brother or sister to their own parents?—Yours truly,

A FAITHFUL INQUIRER.

ANSWER.—Well, now, this note comes from Stoke-upon-Trent, which we understand is a very respectable place, and has a school or two in it, at which we should have expected a "Faithful Inquirer" might have met with somebody competent to answer a question of this nature without figuring in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Nevertheless we would say that when the Bible affirms that we are all brothers and sisters it speaks of a spiritual and not a natural relation, and uses the terms in the same sense as our Saviour did when in Matthew xii., 50, he says—"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven the same is my brother and sister and mother."

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

—o—

LEADS FIRST CIRCUIT.—WOODHOUSE-LANE JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Dear Sir,—We held our annual missionary services on Sunday, April 6, 1873, when two sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. H. O. Croft, D.D., of Manchester. In the afternoon was held, in the above chapel, our annual juvenile missionary meeting. Our esteemed friend and Sunday-school teacher, Mr. E. Mallinson, presided, and suitable addresses were delivered by Rev. H. O. Croft, D.D., Rev. E. Hall, Messrs. J. Thornton, S. Wildblood, J. Hampshire, and T. Jessop. The collections at these services amounted to £17 2s. 7d.; besides this, the Secretary, in his report, showed that the following sums had been collected by the teachers and scholars, viz. :—

By J. W. Dixon :							£	s.	d.
To subscription	4	5	6
„ Family Boxes	1	9	8
„ Boxes in school	5	2	7
„ Proportion of Circuit Meeting	1	2	3
Self-denial	0	12	0
Thread and Needle	0	9	0
A. E. R. S.	5	0	0
Martha Wildblood	3	1	0
Jane Walker	2	13	4
Lilly Richardson	2	10	0
Charles Richardson	1	10	1
Rachel Hall	1	5	7
H. S. Braithwaite...	1	3	2
Willy Richardson...	1	1	0
Annie Fox	0	18	9
Polly Stevenson	0	15	1
Herbert Kay	0	14	7
Mary Jane Allen	0	14	6
Nelly Smith	0	11	6
W. H. and James Gray	1	12	5
James Ward	0	10	6
Margaret Willans...	0	10	4
Maria Ward	0	9	6
Carry Wildblood	0	8	0
Maria Parker	0	6	0
A Friend, for Chinese Student	0	10	0
Sarah Ann and George Holden	0	7	1
Small sums	0	12	7
							39	7	0

Making a total of £57 9s. 7d., this being an increase on last year of £10. On Sunday afternoon, April 27, our esteemed missionary secretary, the Rev. S. Hulme, distributed the prizes to those scholars who had so successfully collected for our missions. We earnestly pray that the Lord may bless and crown our efforts with abundant success.—Yours respectfully, J. W. Dixon, Secretary.

ECCLES, MANCHESTER SOUTH CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, April 6, 1873, we held our annual juvenile missionary meeting in the large school-room. There was a very good attendance of friends, teachers, and scholars. Stanway Jackson, Esq. (Independent), presided, and after a very able and interesting speech from the chairman, appropriate addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Abel, Mr. Unwin, Mr. G. H. Peace, and Mr. C. Turner. The report was read by the secretary, and the following is the amount which we have raised during the twelve months:—

	£	s.	d.
Female Classes	2	15	7½
Male Classes	1	12	0½
Emily Cheadle	1	8	6
Susey Ellison	0	18	6
Sophia Kershaw	0	13	0
Harriet Taylor	0	12	6
Alice Annie Pearce	0	10	6½
Elizabeth Cheadle	0	6	0
Hannah Barlow	0	4	11
Catherine Jones	0	4	7½
Mary Cavanagh	0	4	6
Mary Ward	0	4	2
Alice Crosby	0	4	0
Mary Emily Hanson	0	3	6
Minnie Hanson	0	2	6
Ellen Metcalf	0	2	7
Elizabeth Cheadle	0	1	8
James Marsh	1	12	0
Frederick Morton	0	8	0
John James Walker	0	5	6½
James Pickup	0	4	2
Samuel Hampson	0	2	6
J. A. Worthington	0	2	0
Zacariah Ward	0	1	5
Thomas Crosby	0	1	0
Henry Taylor Buckley	0	1	0
G. H. Parr	0	0	8
Collected at the Meeting	3	7	5½
<hr/>			
	£16	9	11

This is an increase over last year of £9 12s. 3d., which we think will almost cause you to say, "Well done, the juvenile friends at Eccles." Great praise is due to most of the collectors, who have worked very hard to get the amount mentioned in the report.—S. HANSON, Secretary.

EBENEZER SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HORSFORTH, BRADFORD CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—Will you please give us a space in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the following report:—On Good Friday, April 11, a meeting was held in connection with the Band of Hope at Ebenezer Sunday-school, Horsforth, Bradford Circuit, it being the third annual festival of the Band of Hope. The children walked in procession round part of the village, and a meeting followed the tea, at which addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Harper, Baptist Minister of Horsforth, Mr. Barry, of Leeds, and other

friends. Pieces were recited by the children of the Band of Hope, and prizes given to the same. The meeting passed off very peacefully. The last year has been a great success to us both in our financial affairs and in the number of members. We have great encouragement to go forward with this great cause. The friends of Zion have helped us greatly. We are joyfully anticipating a glorious result of the labours we spend in this cause. May God help our Band of Hope, and make it still more successful!—Yours truly, WILLIAM MONK, Secretary.

BETHEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HUNSLET, LEEDS SECOND CIRCUIT.—Rev. and Dear Sir,—On the afternoon of February 16th we held our annual juvenile missionary meeting in the above old-established school. Our much-esteemed and very old friend Alderman Blackburn, Esq., presided. Addresses advocating the glorious missionary cause were delivered by the Revs. Samuel Meldrum and John Robinson; also by some of the teachers and friends of the school, and, as usual, we had recitations, and missionary songs by the children. The cause was brought before the congregation as a cause that was worthy of, and greatly needed, their help, and they were exhorted not only to do what they could for the cause, but also to see to it that they had an interest in the Saviour's blood themselves; the children were also told that they could all be missionaries, that they could all do something for Jesus, and it warmed our hearts to hear them sing:—

“Shout the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Wakens every heart and tongue.”

The collection altogether, with cards, books, &c., amounted to £6 2s. 1½d., being in advance of last year's effort. We had a very good meeting. We had a good chairman. We had good speakers. We had good singing. We had good reciting. We had a good collection, but best of all, God was with us; and, God being with us, we want everybody else to feel that He is with them, and we would still sing, as we did at the meeting:—

“Oh, the joyful story—life to every soul,
Like a mighty ocean, let it roll!
Bringing back the lost ones from the paths of sin,
Till the world shall all be gathered in.”

C. H.

JUVENILE MISSIONS, MOSSLEY.—On Easter Sunday afternoon, April 13, 1873, the annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in our Mossley chapel, when an unusually large number of persons were present. The chair was to have been occupied by T. Waterhouse, Esq., but being unable to attend, Albert W. Baine, Esq., of Barrow-in-Furness, was unanimously elected, and made a few excellent remarks on mission-work in general; on our Home Missions, alluding to an opening in Barrow, where mission-work is much needed, and where there are a number of zealous and earnest workers, who are worthy of support; on our own missions in Ireland, where he had known some of our missionaries from his boyhood; and also as to the need of mission-work in South Africa, as he could testify from personal observation. The report was read by the secretary of Roughtown School, in which allusion was made to the fields opening for mission-work both at home and abroad, and showing what had been done financially in the Wyre Street and Roughtown Sunday-

schools during the past year—viz., collected by Wyre Street scholars, £12 12s. 4d., and by Roughtown scholars, £8 9s. 5d., which with £3 12s. 2½d. realised by a lecture on "China and our Chinese Missions," delivered in January by the Rev. Law. Stoney, made up to that time £24 18s. 11½d. After singing an appropriate hymn, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Seth Wrigley, who said that, "If the money collected had no further religious use, the educational influence of labouring, collecting, and giving would be worth the amount"; and alluding touchingly to the loss of the steamer *Atlantic*, he said, "If persons ran such risks for the purposes of commerce, should Christians and missionaries be blamed for running risks to promote the world's highest interests?" The Rev. S. Walker gave a few "Reasons for Supporting Missions"; and the Rev. E. Minton (Independent) referred to the venerable Moffat, and to conversations that he had had with Mr. Moffat respecting his difficulties, labours, and dangers in Africa, and concluded with an interesting and appropriate anecdote. The Rev. John Taylor, Messrs. R. S. Buckley, W. Broadbent, and John Shaw (Roughtown) also took part in the proceedings, which were interspersed with the following recitations:—"The Sabbath Scholar," by Jane Maria Ogden; "England and America," by Elizabeth Buckley; "Our Happy Land," by Annie Haigh; "The Infidel and his Daughter," by Annie Maria Howarth; and "An Appeal," by William Heathcote. The collection amounted to £7 6s. 10½d. To complete this interesting anniversary, in the evening of the same day, the children of the two schools conducted a "Service of Sacred Song," when a short address was delivered by the Rev. John Taylor on "Be ye kind one to another." The chapel was well filled, and all seemed delighted both with the selection and execution of the pieces sung. One of the objects contemplated by this service was to introduce a number of good congregational tunes, that might be afterwards used both in the chapel and schools. The collection in the evening amounted to £10 6s. 5½d., making a total sum of £42 7s. 3½d. raised by the Juvenile Society for the past year.—SAMUEL A. BROADBENT and THEO. A. TAYLOR, Secretaries.

M.N.C. BAND OF HOPE UNION.—The Band of Hope in connection with our chapel, Bolton Street, Bury, commenced in September, 1872. The inaugural tea-meeting was held on Thursday, December 5, in the School-rooms; tea at 6.30 p.m. After tea a public meeting was held at 7.30 p.m.—chair taken by Richard Wood, Esq., of Manchester. After the chairman's address, Mr. S. Hill gave some account of the formation of the society, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. Walker, of Lees, C. Mann, Mr. J. Bentley, and other friends. Suitable readings, recitations, and dialogues were given by the scholars. Up to December 31st fifty-five persons had joined our Band of Hope. The second public meeting was held in the lower school-room on Wednesday, April 23rd, 1873—chair taken by the Rev. E. Franks, of Bolton. Several solos and melodies were sung by the members, and appropriate pieces recited, among which was one by Miss Jones, who was received with loud applause. On each occasion Miss L. C. Mann presided at the harmonium. We have now seventy-one members, and we hope that in a short time we may be able to report a much larger number.—C. H. G. MANN, Secretary.

Memoirs.



HENRY RITCHIE,

Who is the subject of this brief memoir, was a native of Bangor, County Down, Ireland. He was born of respectable parents, and brought up by them in the Presbyterian faith. As soon as he arrived at the years of understanding he manifested a strong attachment for the Methodist New Connexion body. He consequently became a regular hearer in Zion Methodist Church, and also a scholar of the senior class of boys in the Sabbath-schools belonging to that church. About the age of sixteen he enrolled his name in Church-fellowship with us, and became a consistent member, giving tangible proof to all that his chief desire was to become a member of Christ's mystical body. He was a youth of sterling character, but of such retiring disposition that the time of his conversion is not clearly known, but enough is known to prove that he did not quench the strivings of God's Spirit, but yielded to them, and had the joy of knowing that God's Spirit bore testimony with his that he was a child of God. In the autumn of 1871 he caught a severe cold watching by the death-bed of an elder brother, from which he never entirely recovered. For some time then, owing to his illness, he was deprived of the pleasures both of the Sabbath-school and the House of God. But the Lord saw right to restore him, and once more we had the joy of seeing him again seated in his class, anxiously desirous of receiving instruction from the more matured Christian, or, if needs be, surrounded by a number of juniors, trying gently to point their young minds to that Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." But his stay with us was not to be long. In March, 1872, the Lord again laid on him His afflicting hand, but he had the comfort of knowing that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." From this illness the Lord never restored him, nor ever permitted him again to join with His people in worshipping Him in "His temple made with hands." But he had the blessedness of realising that God's presence was not [enjoyed in the sanctuary only; but wherever there was a humble, believing soul, there that mighty God of Jacob was present to bless and sanctify every affliction. During his illness, which was rather protracted, he was always found cheerful, and never appeared to feel as if the pathway to the tomb had any foreboding of gloom to him. He knew that his blessed Lord had lain there, and since that even its dark portals had been cheered and enlightened by the lamp of His love. Yes! to the children of God "There is light in the valley; even the valley of death." When alone, his countenance always indicated a praying spirit, and I am sure it was to him his happiest moments when nothing interrupted his sweet converse with his Redeemer, or his trying, though dimly, to anticipate the glory which would soon be his by inheritance. He bore his illness with Christian resignation, and no murmur was ever heard to escape his lips. He calmly waited for his Lord's appearing, when his spirit would leave the poor tenement of clay, and enjoy in its fullest fruition what he then only realised by faith. As he drew near the close of his short earthly career he sometimes longed to be home. Just as the weary traveller pants with anxious heart to reach that sweetest of all other spots to him on earth, so this child of God longed to reach that home purchased for him with the precious blood of his Re-

deemer, and to be a participator in the glories of His Father's kingdom. About a fortnight before he died, feeling very ill, one morning he said to his father that he wished the struggle was past. He was now beginning to feel that death, that stern monster from which even God's dear children often recoil, could not be far in the distance, but relying fully on the glorious victory gained by Jesus over death, he felt that even death had lost its sting, and was to him but the door through which he was ushered into a closer and—transporting thought!—a never-ending union with his Redeemer. Thus peacefully fell asleep in Jesus Henry Ritchie, on the 12th of December, 1872, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

We mourn his loss, but through the atonement of Jesus our sorrow is turned into joy, feeling assured, as we do, that he is one more added to swell the number of Christ's redeemed ones who are singing that song which even angels never knew to sing. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto Him be the glory." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Oh, may we, my dear young readers, so live, "that an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!"

F. C. WILSON.

HYMN.

DEAR SAVIOUR, hear our cry,
As at Thy feet we bow;
And may Thy hand so kind apply
Its love-touch to our brow.

Our love is selfishness,
Our faith so often weak;
And if we look for sinfulness,
We have not far to seek.

Yet Thy forgiving grace
We cannot, will not doubt:
"The door" unto the holy place
Thou wilt not shut us out.

On Thee our hope we cast;
To Thee our prayers ascend:
Be Thou our All, our First and Last,
Our nearest, dearest Friend.

More of Thy love we ask,
More of Thy holiness;
That serving Thee may be no task,
But perfect happiness.

To love and serve Thee well
Our life we would employ.
Deign evermore with us to dwell;
Then ours Thy peace, Thy joy.

Lord Jesu, be our guide
Till faith becometh sight;
Oh, "sup with us," with us abide
E'en to the morning light.



THE YOUTH DAVID.—To Illustrate "*The Children of the Bible.*" (See page 184.)

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER XI.

"GUS TO THE RESCUE."

IT was a glorious day in July. The boys had left Copeley School about half an hour, and most of them had already started for home.

There were a few, however, who had stayed behind to make arrangements for a ramble on the next Saturday afternoon. Some of the boys wanted to go boating, one or two were desirous of fishing, while some others did not mind where they went so that it was a pleasant place. At last it was decided to go to Puntford, a little village about five miles from Copeley, where there would be boating and fishing for those who liked it, and shady woods for those who wished to romp about or gather wild flowers.

Thus it was that Gus Brooks and William Parsons were so late in starting for home. On they passed out of the play-ground, arm in arm, their satchels hanging carelessly at their sides, and their whole appearance telling as plain as could be that they had not made the acquaintance of soap-and-water since they left home in the morning. Of course they were still talking of the excursion.

"I hope that little outrigger boat won't be engaged when we get to Puntford," said Gus; "I wouldn't give a fig to row one of those heavy ones."

"The outrigger isn't very safe, though," suggested his friend.

"It depends upon who is in it," said Gus. "When I went down the first time this summer the man at the boat-house said I wasn't old enough to manage it, but at last I persuaded him to let me show him how well I could row, and didn't it astonish him! He said he should never be afraid to—— But, whatever is the matter? Look yonder!"

They were now within a few hundred yards of the canal bridge, and as William Parsons raised his eyes he saw that there was a crowd of people on the bridge, some of whom were rushing to and fro and gesticulating excitedly. Of course the two boys set off at the top of their speed to the scene of the commotion, in order to learn the cause. They knew what was amiss, however, before they reached the bridge, for Alec Gordon, who was running hither and thither among the crowd, had seen them approaching, and had run to meet them.

"Oh, Gus, little Harry Summers has tumbled into the canal. Do

try to get him out. I would, but I can't swim, and everybody seems afraid to venture. Oh, dear! oh, dear! He'll be drowned, he will!" cried the almost frantic boy, as he fairly wrung his hands in his dismay.

Harry Summers was Alec's cousin, a bright, fair-haired little fellow of nine years, and Alec, who had no brothers and sisters, loved him as if he had stood in a nearer relationship. He was his almost constant companion. On this afternoon he had left school with his cousin, and, calling at home, had obtained permission to spend the evening with Alec, who lived only a little way farther on. Their way lay along the canal side, and thus it was that Harry, in chasing his cousin at full speed, had caught his foot against a stump, and this had pitched him right into the middle of the canal a few yards below the bridge. The canal here was very wide, and on the opposite side was a large warehouse, whose walls came straight down into the water. The force with which Harry had fallen in was floating him every instant farther from help.

Directly Alec heard the splash he had raised an alarm, and, as there was a great deal of traffic over the bridge, a crowd collected at once. As is usual on such occasions, there was a great clamour of advice, and very little help. Still, all was done that could be done to rescue the unfortunate boy. A dealer in boat shafts who lived near brought out boat-shafts and ropes, but the longest of the shafts was too short to reach the drowning lad, and the ropes were useless, for after the first convulsive struggle the poor boy made no effort to save himself. He was evidently insensible.

Gus Brookes needed no entreaty. He was very fond of little Harry Summers, but he would most likely have acted much the same if he had been a stranger, or even an enemy. He rushed to the bank of the canal and saw the pallid face of the unfortunate lad as it rose from the water for the second time. He hastily threw down his satchel, tore off his coat and cap, and, after balancing himself an instant on the iron kerb, took a bold header which carried him to the opposite side of the canal.

It was well for him that he had learned to swim with his clothes on. To those who have never tried it, it proves a very difficult task. The water quickly soaks through the garments, and not only do they encumber the motion of the limbs, but they add considerably to the weight of the body and keep it lower than it otherwise would be. But Gus had been advised by an old sailor who lived near him to practise swimming while dressed, and so he had frequently taken old garments, and, putting them on near the canal, had become quite expert in this most required form of swimming.

As he leaped from the side the clamour of the crowd ceased, and they held their breath till they saw him come up within a yard or two of the drowning boy. Swimming quickly behind the lad, Gus caught him with his left arm just as he had begun to sink for the third time. Gus had heard that it was safest to approach a drowning

person from behind, and he was one of those cool people who never lose their wits, even in the greatest emergencies. But there was no need for any such precaution in this case. The little fellow made no attempt to clutch his benefactor, for he was altogether insensible and helpless. Gus quickly swam across to the shore of the canal, where he and his burden were lifted out.

Just as they reached the bank a shriek was heard, and pushing her way through the crowd came Harry's mother, tearless, but very pale, and trembling from head to foot. Regardless of his drenched clothes, she snatched her darling to her bosom and hurried home with him, while the poor boy's father, with tears in his eyes, thanked Gus for his brave action and begged him to come home with him.

Everybody was praising Gus, and offering to take him in while dry clothes might be fetched from his home. Alec Gordon kept thanking him over and over again like one bewildered, and begged of him to go to his uncle's. But no! Gus knew he had far sweeter praise to get yet. He knew how pleased his mother would be to hear of what he had done, and he knew, too, that home was the best place for him. So putting on his coat and cap and taking up his satchel, he struggled out of the admiring crowd, whistled for Will Parsons to follow, and then they both set off at a brisk trot, which they kept up until they reached his home. Gus was by this time in a fine perspiration, and consequently little liable to suffer from his recent adventure. While he ran off to change his clothes William Parsons told his mother the tale which Gus was too modest to relate.

It is needless to say that his mother, though alarmed at first, was pleased at what she heard. What mother would not be proud of such a brave lad, or of such a noble deed? She hugged and kissed him, and called him her hero. Many a timid mother might have told her boy of the risks he had run, and have warned him not to venture his life again in that way. Such mothers rarely have heroes for sons, neither do they deserve them, for they wither all noble impulses and purposes by their selfish fearfulness.

William Parsons stayed to tea with Gus, and sat chatting with him for some time afterwards, when he suddenly stopped short, and said—

"Well, I must be going. I have got a map to draw to-night."

"Oh, dear!" said Gus, with a rueful face, "I forgot home-lessons. I have got a hard sum to do. What a pity I did not take the slate into the canal with me, and then the sum would have got washed off! I'll be bound there's no home-lesson on Harry Summers' slate!"

"Hush, hush, Gus!" said his mother, kindly; "surely a brave lad like you is not going to be frightened at a sum."

"Well, mother, some chaps would sooner do fifty sums than jump into the canal; but I don't know how it is—I suppose we are made different—I would rather have another swim with my clothes on than do a long sum. But perhaps if Will doesn't mind stopping a bit he can make it clearer to me. It seems to come natural to him and a

few more of them. I believe they could work fractions in their sleep if somebody would only give them a slate and pencil."

Will Parsons cheerfully offered his assistance, and with his aid the sum was very quickly finished, and Gus, freed from the oppression of his home-lesson, was again cheerful and high-spirited. After his schoolfellow had gone his mother had a bit of quiet talk with him. She said she would rather hear of such an act as the one he had done that day than she would hear of his being the first boy in the school.

"We cannot all," said she, "be clever and quick at learning, but we can all be kind and good, and, as God has blessed you with a strong body and a brave heart, I trust He will enable you always to use them for the good of your fellows, and for the relief of suffering wherever you may find it. Good-night, my boy," she said, as Gus went to bed; "I have good cause to be proud of you."

Away went Gus to bed, feeling somewhat reconciled to his ill-success in study. When his father, who had been out on business, arrived at Copsley-station he heard almost everyone talking of a noble rescue from drowning. Imagine what his feelings were when, on asking particulars, he learned that his son was the gallant deliverer of the drowning boy.

UP THE RHINE, &c. ;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. IX.

"**H**ONOUR to whom honour." Exactly so. On a previous occasion, then, when speaking of the Maintz market-women, we quoted the first line of Campbell's celebrated couplet, you remember—"Distance lends enchantment to the view," and ascribed it to Keats. Thinking of the equally famous utterance, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," &c., which is his, and not staying to certify ourselves, we unwittingly gave Keats the credit of what belongs to Campbell. Here, however, is the *amende honorable*; after which little bit of Frenchifying let us go on our way rejoicing.

A month has rolled away since we parted company at Worms; and of that antique and highly-interesting city much remains to be said, though not one tithe can we hope to tell in any exhaustive way in these pages. Nor does it indeed belong to us to do other than present a few "facts and fancies" by the way, as they came under our observation and formed part of our experiences. Still there seems about this old-fashioned and historically-interesting town a strange fascination which we can scarcely withstand if we would. But, as we would not if we could, we yield to the gentle influence

without and the promptings from within, and so commence our wanderings to and fro "yet a little while."

One of the most noteworthy and striking objects is the cathedral, erected in the year 1016. It is considered a fine specimen of what is called Romanesque architecture. As we stand on the south side we have an excellent view of the building. Over the south entrance is a piece of very elaborate work, composed of a large number of small interesting figures. Queer-looking faces look down upon you from almost all points, some with open mouth in the most disgusting manner, and to our mind certainly with an utter absence of the beautiful. One wonders at times where some architects have found their ideas of the beautiful, appropriate, and proper, as they seem to delight in uglifying their work with every conceivable ugly and fantastic shape that a morbid imagination can produce. Standing on the flat slab at the entrance above referred to, we face a small plot of grass, where is said to have taken place a quarrel between "Brunhilde and Ochrunhilde, which caused so much bloodshed." But let us enter into the "holy place." We do so, and immediately find ourselves in the baptistery, where are a number of representations in stone of various events in the history of Jesus Christ, as the crucifixion, resurrection, &c. In another place or compartment, on a similar principle, we see Daniel in the lions' den, accompanied by the lions, of course. But it strikes us as a poor affair, a kind of "catch-penny" concern, and deserving to be shut up. Now we turn to the fresco paintings, which are becoming dim through age; indeed, they are rapidly falling away, save here and there, and on one side of the chancel. Here, too, is a crucifix of carved wood dating from the ninth century, besides a few other things we don't care to name. A number of nuns having entered the cathedral, as we suppose to count their beads and repeat their "*Aves*," and not wishing to obtrude upon their devotions, we retire. For we hold that whatever the form of faith, the adherents thereof who receive it *conscientiously* and maintain it consistently have a right to respect. But do you know what is meant by "*Ave*"? Well, it really should be "*Ave, Maria*," and is a form of salutation which Romanists use on commencing their addresses to the Virgin Mary. I have also lying before me on my table while I write a rosary, or a string of beads, at the end of which is a small steel crucifix. Each small wooden bead is also called an "*Ave*," or "*Hail, Mary*," while the steel ones are called or denote a "*Pater noster*," or "*Our Father*." But though I keep a rosary and the "*complete rosary book*," containing an account of the "*White Scapular, virtues, indulgences, &c.*," yet I am free to confess that it is more from a spirit of curiosity than devotion after a certain sort, inasmuch as I have been taught that "thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Strolling round to the north side of the building, we look for the remains of the old episcopal palace where was held the famous Diet by Charles the Fifth in 1521. As we stand there, with the cathedral

on our right, gazing at the reputed spot, and with feelings, as the old phrase goes, "better felt than expressed," we ask ourselves, "Can it be really so?" And in this half-hesitant, musing, doubtful, yet withal joyous mood, we certify ourselves by the description afforded in the "Tourist's Annual" of a few years ago, to the effect:—"At the north of the cathedral stands the bottom story of the former episcopal palace where the Diet was held before which Martin Luther was brought, and where he made his memorable speech." And of this we find confirmation in the evidence of a young lady in the town, from whom we made sundry purchases of views, amongst which one of the reputed place. To have visited this spot, if nowhere else, is an event in one's life, and next in interest to "doing the Holy Land," and will serve still further, if possible, to endear the memory of the good man who brought it such notoriety more to my heart. The story of Luther's life has been told in the pages of this magazine, so we shall not trouble you with it. But we cannot forget his prayerful disposition, unswerving trust in God and God's truth, and his indomitable courage. Surely the man must have been fortified by God—like Elijah amongst the prophets of Baal—on the great day of trial. You remember his expression when advised not to appear at the Diet, lest he should be waylaid and murdered on his journey—"I will go in the name of the Lord, though as many devils as there are tiles on the houses were combined against me." And come he did, and with what result we know. Still we are glad the Elector Frederick carried him off, or in all likelihood he would have been murdered, and the monument we see there never designed. And as we recline at our ease beneath the cool shade of this pavilion, all three of us enjoying our cherries, we suddenly feel serious again, and think how much we would like to go see the old castle where "Junker George," as they called Luther in his retirement, worked hard at his German Bible. Yes, we would like to see the Wartburg Castle, and the very cell where he studied and prayed, and where, also, the devil is supposed to have visited him, and the great dark splash made by the inkpot which Luther dashed at Mr. Mephistopheles' head. It was a courageous act, even though it happened in a dream, and we wonder how many, rather how few, of us in like circumstances would act in like manner. Afraid most of us if we could should "cut and run." Still we can't conquer this irrepressible desire to see the Wartburg. While there Luther had a dream. The quill-pen with which he wrote in some miraculous manner began to grow out behind his ear, where he had put it like clerks do. It grew and grew to such extent that it reached Rome and knocked the tiara off the Pope's head. Well, ever since—perhaps this is the interpretation—the Bible which he wrote with his quill has been growing. At last it has reached Rome, and a depôt for the sale of the Bible has been opened not far from the Vatican itself; and lately it has shaken the triple crown terribly, whilst wise and sensible men are beginning to anticipate the time when Luther's dream shall be

fulfilled, and *his* quill, in combination with others, shall cause to topple over the unsightly thing on the Pope's head into "Father Tiber," who shall keep it unto "that day." And events in Italy and Germany of late years point in the same direction. Thus we lie and muse in this little roadside pavilion about Luther and his work, half-forgetful of our programme and the time. But the flies, ferocious little things, stir us up, as is meet. Indeed, the flies bother us so much that we feel a little vindictive, and hence in self-defence we seek to make an example of a few by way of giving a broad hint to the others to "clear out." But we *must* be gone, as our train is nearly due. One more wistful look at this most interesting place and we depart. Good-bye, Worms, with your many pleasant and mournful memories—good-bye! And thus with, not a sentimental, but a *feeling*, adieu we start for

HEIDELBERG,

where we arrive in due course. But owing to a tremendous thunder-storm which raged, we thought the wiser plan would be to re-book by the same train and go on to Baden-Baden. Having no one to consult but ourselves, and doing what we did constitutionally, or by majorities, the vote was in favour of "FORWARD." So forward we went. Still, there is the feeling "We would like to stay at Heidelberg," because it is reputably a fine place, and is worth staying at. So much, you see, for a good name. Yes, as the sacred writer says, "A good name is better than precious ointment," &c. Heidelberg is noted for having the largest wine-cask in the world. It is called the "Tun of Heidelberg"; but methinks that is scarcely worth boasting about much. Historically, there is not much here to interest or attract, except the University. The scenery around, however, is said to be magnificent, and, if we can judge from the hills, a glimpse of which we catch as they rise before us there so finely, report no doubt speaks truly. The University here has no common reputation—at least for two things. The one is the production of a number of clever and learned men in physical science, &c.; the other, the quarrelsome disposition of its students, who have made for themselves far and wide a name as to their unhappy liking for duelling. So wicked and dishonourable a mode of settling disputes is this, that one is fain to agree with William Makepeace Thackeray, and call it "the devil's code of honour." Happily with us in England it is little known, if at all, whilst it is fast falling into disrepute and dying out in France.

Through Carlsruhe—which, by the way, is the capital of the Duchy of Baden—leaving Carlsruhe for Baden-Baden we passed through a somewhat gloomy wood, while the tall trees which lined the sides darkened the road and shut out the sun. Here and there, however, appeared a tiny space through which Sol, now in his decaying strength, broke in beauteous splendour, revealing the glory beyond that stretched over the sun-enlightened plains. Thus we journeyed

till we reached the plains themselves, where the full light and beauty and glory of the sun's rays lightened upon us. It was long past noon and the sun was fast declining in the west as we approached Heidelberg, in fullest anticipation of a rich treat to magnificent views. But the clouds gathered, the sky became overcast, and hid from our gaze the brightness of the sun, while the winds blew and rain descended almost in torrents. We were sadly disappointed. Still there was no help, so we journeyed on, leaving for others the rich treat we flattered ourselves was in store for us. The storm broke, and as the clouds dispersed the sun again gilded up the heavens with a vast variety of gold and silver hues; so that after all there were glory, calm, and light at eventide. What we might not enjoy we left for others, thinking that as to Heidelberg our labour had been in vain. But so it often happens, we mused, in regard to many another thing. Labouring or journeying, one naturally expects to reap or enjoy the fruits of the same. But this may not always be in the measure we expect, whilst yet something shall be received. And to the man who honestly pursues his way through the darkness and storm of life's labours and vicissitudes "at eventide it shall be light." But we forget. However, such is the mood upon us; and indeed we are loth to throw it off, for somehow it brings a sweetness and enjoyment, calm and serene, which in some sort compensates us for the missing pleasure. In the distance, then, as the gates of heaven are closing upon earth and shutting it up in darkness, we see a thick, black cloud lifting its huge form against the sky, like a great beast of pre-historic times, and casting its gloomy shade on things beneath. But we raise our head, look higher, higher still, and right away beyond are light and peace. So oft with man. Things frequently have over them a shade cast by some dark obstruction—the remains of a now overpast storm—because we do not look high enough and far enough over and above the darkness. And so the words spring to the lip, "Brother, look up." But here the reverie is abruptly terminated by the announcement that "This is

BADEN-BADEN."


Having secured our rooms at the hotel close to the railway station. and refreshed, we turn out to take a solemn stride round this so-called "most fashionable and aristocratic lounge in Europe." But it is getting late; besides, the rain is falling fast, so that one begins to feel rather uncomfortable in it; and as we cannot find what we seek we return to our hotel, resolved to be up and prosecute our studies of Continental place, life, and manners in the morning. Morning comes. Before breakfast we ramble round the "LOUNGE," beating up a few objects of interest, and endeavouring to form some idea of the place. Its situation is very pleasant. It calmly nestles amongst the hills, which being clothed thickly and richly with firs of a very dark and somewhat gloomy appearance, have received the distinctive name of the "Black Forest." Baden-Baden lies in a valley, being built on both slopes,

as also in the bed, while through it runs a stream which has been dignified by the name of the river "Oos." A number of promenades or walks, laid out with great taste and love of the picturesque, afford the visitor a delightful opportunity for exercise whichever way he chooses to turn. The walks are beautifully shaded by a number of trees which line either side; while up the trunks of the trees are seen climbing, or attempting to climb, the sweet-scented rose, &c. For the feeble and invalid who resort hither to drink the waters and recruit their health, or the hale and hearty who come for more questionable purposes, are seen at convenient resting-points chairs or benches where they *may* rest and be thankful. And take it as we saw it, in all the youthful freshness of that delightfully fresh and sweet morning in the month of attractive and rosy June, all aglow with the unrivalled splendour of the sun in his strength, and it really did seem the prettiest, most fascinating little paradise our eyes ever beheld. And so we wandered in this little wood in and about the town where European aristocrats, &c., delight to lounge and kill their time, threading our way through and among the trees, and sniffing the morning air to our heart's content. But a gnawing sensation within reminds us that as yet we have not broken our fast, so wishing to be on good terms with ourselves as well as everybody else and keep the peace, we resolve to fill up the omission, and therefore beat a retreat. But turning up the avenue at the top of which stands the "Conversationshaus," and the sides of which are lined with little shops constituting a kind of bazaar in which the wares and peoples of different countries find representation, we were much struck by a "tremendous lot" of bow-making and ceremony-doing on the part of the shopkeepers and sundry other individuals who seemed to be in the secret. On inquiry, we ascertained that "the lady over the way there" with the parasol, plainly but neatly dressed in a morning habit, leisurely walking up the avenue, under the escort of Prince von Saxe-Weimar, was no less a personage than the Empress of Germany, Augusta, Queen of Prussia. So we politely lift our hats as being in the presence of Royalty. It was rather amusing at this instant to see our three American Republican friends—whom we first met aboard the steamer coming up the Rhine, and whom we left at Coblenz—as they were informed of the circumstance, in spite of their "isn't-one-man-as-good-as-another"-spirit, rush out of a shop, exclaiming in subdued tone, "Where? where? which is her?" But her Majesty moved on as if unconscious of the stir her unexpected presence had created. And, bidding our American cousins good morning, so did we; as, indeed, we had need, for it was getting late, and we had stayed too long. And lest we do the like thing in this paper, we had better bid you "good morning," too. *Au revoir*, then—as the French people say—or "Farewell, until we meet again." E. H.



SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

ARTICLE V.—HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY.

E have not told our readers one-quarter of all that can be told about chemistry. We wish, however, to write next month about some other branch of science, but before doing so it will be well to give a short history of this one, so that our young friends may know how it has grown, and who are the men by whose labours it has been assisted.

Every branch of science has had to grow, and some branches have been growing for hundreds of years. One man has observed things and written about them; then another has gathered more knowledge about the same things, and added it to what the first had written. Then, perhaps many years afterwards, a third person has arranged in order all the facts which the others had mentioned, has corrected the mistakes they had made, and added something to the knowledge from his own experience, and in this way a science or system of knowledge has gradually come into existence.

In tracing the history of chemistry we have to go back to the time of the alchemists, a class of men whose origin it is difficult to find, and whose doings were surrounded with much mystery. Some believe that the art of alchemy began with the Greeks, others that it owed its origin to the Arabians. The latter is the more likely. Its name consists of two Arabian words—*al*, which means “the” and *kema*, which means “dark or secret”; so that the art of alchemy was the dark or secret art. Geber, an Arabian writer of the seventh century, is known to have practised it, and to have maintained in his writings that all metals are composed of quicksilver and sulphur. But wherever the art originated it did not stay there. If it began in Arabia it was not long in finding its way into Europe. After being received by the Spaniards, Germans, and French, its mysteries reached our own country, where numbers became the devoted disciples of its teachers. It seemed to find a home here, and from the time of the Crusades until the sixteenth century the alchemists continued to practise their art, and to record the results of their experiments at the cost of much wealth, time, and bodily health.

From the arduous labours of these men some good has undoubtedly resulted, but not nearly so much as the zeal and wealth given to the art would lead us to expect. The reason for this is found in the foolish objects they sought to accomplish and the secrecy in which they kept everything connected with the art. The principal object before them was the method of changing lead or tin into gold. Geber, the Arabian, had stated in his writings not only that every metal consisted of quicksilver and sulphur, but that any common metal, like lead, could be changed into a precious metal, like gold or silver. This was false, for gold and silver are elements just as tin and iron are, so that it is not possible to change one into another, and therefore the alchemists were trying to do what was impossible.

The way in which they tried was the following:—The lead was to be melted in a crucible, and when it was in a state of fusion a piece of something, called the philosopher's stone, was to be thrown or put into it, which would have the effect of transmuting it into either gold or silver just as the alchemist wished. This piece of stone was to be put into the crucible in a particular manner, shot in like a lad would shoot a cork out of a pop-gun. To discover the exact method of carrying through this process was the highest object the alchemists had before them. But it was not their only object: they had two others; one was to find out a medicine which would save the human body from death. It was thought that by some means gold might be so prepared that when mixed in some particular way with other medicines it would become an "Elixir of Life" and confer immortality upon all who would take it. Here, therefore, was a second object which the devoted followers of alchemy aimed at, but with no greater success. The third purpose they had was to discover how to make a substance which would dissolve whatever it touched. There are acids known at the present day which will dissolve almost any metal they touch, and perhaps in the course of their trials the alchemists accidentally produced one of these acids, but forgot how it had been obtained, and so tried many ways of making it again: this substance was called the *alkahest*.

To the discovery of these three secrets—the method of transmutation, the universal medicine, and the universal solvent—many of the believers in alchemy devoted their fortunes and their lives. They spent day after day and night after night trying experiments over their fires and in their secret rooms. Only those who were followers of the art were allowed to be present during these experiments, and if any person wished to become acquainted with the books and secrets of the profession, he was bound by a solemn promise never to reveal the mysteries of the art, nor even to converse about them with anyone who could not give the secret signs by which the alchemists knew each other. It was thought, however, that some of their books might fall into the hands of other people, so in order to prevent any discovery by such means they wrote them partly in symbols and called the metals by names different from those generally in use. To gold they gave the name of *Sol*, or sun; silver they called *Luna*, or moon; quicksilver was called *Mercury*. They also used other names, for gold was sometimes called "the King," sometimes "the Lyon"; quicksilver was frequently called "the Eagle" and "the Mighty Childe and Sonne of Gold and Silver." The following is said to be a specimen of their strange methods of writing:—"Hide and couple in a transparent den the eagle and the lyon, shut the door close, so that their breath go not out, and strange air enter not in. The eagle at their meeting will tear in pieces and devour the lyon, and then be taken with sleep." What follows is given as an interpretation of the above:—"Put together in a glass vessel quicksilver and gold, close the mouth of the glass accurately, by melting the glass, to prevent

the vapour of the quicksilver from escaping or being mixed with common air. The quicksilver will speedily soften it, and, losing its fluidity, will form an amalgam."

Some professed alchemists there were who were downright impostors, and did not believe in transmutation, but tried to impose on the wealthy and credulous by pretending to have the philosopher's stone, and to know the art of changing all metals into gold. These scoundrels deceived the people by concealing small pieces of gold in false-bottomed crucibles and then asserting or making it appear that it had resulted from transmutation. They would then request more lead to act upon, and the wealthy, being imposed upon, would purchase large quantities of lead, which the false alchemist would secretly dispose of for money, and so purchase more gold wherewith to deceive his supporters. The hope of great gain blinded numbers of the people, and sometimes houses and lands were sold to supply means whereby the supposed magical art might be carried on.

Happily this state of things gradually came to an end. In the thirteenth century Roger Bacon carried on a series of valuable experiments in alchemy, and made many useful discoveries; but he was thought by the ignorant monks of his time to have dealings with the devil, and was twice imprisoned, the second time for twelve years. The sufferings he had to undergo broke down his health and caused his death, but not before he had shown that alchemy was capable of being made into a valuable science. Another great alchemist of the same century was Michael Scott, who made similar discoveries to those of Bacon; but these men were thought to be magicians, and the people were forbidden to read their works. Superstitions like these obscured for many years the light which did afterwards shine out from the alchemist's art, and it was not until the sixteenth century that any permanent good resulted from its practice. About this time it was that one Paracelsus effected many wonderful cures by the aid of mercury and opium, which stirred up the physicians of his time to use all the means in their power for the discovery of new medicines.

In the seventeenth century chemistry was regarded as a science of importance; but it took the high rank which it now occupies nearly a hundred years ago under Lavoisier, whose experiments brought to light, and whose genius arranged in order, many laws previously unknown and unsuspected. Since that time (1786) the science has been constantly advancing, but its progress was never so rapid as at present. Men of genius have devoted themselves to its study, and the names of Black, Wenzel, Richter, Gay, Lussac, Berzelius, Faraday, Dalton, Nicholson, and Davy stand out prominently amongst those whose labours have maintained it in the high position it now occupies. Its present popularity is due in a large measure to the help which is rendered to teachers of science classes by the Science and Art Department. If any of our readers would like to pursue the study further they can join these classes, for they exist in connection with

some institution in nearly every part of the country. By doing so they will be able to see how wonderful are the methods by which God effects some of the changes which are constantly taking place around us.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

IV.—THE YOUTH DAVID.

1 Samuel xvi.

PASSING out of one of the south-western gates of Jerusalem into the Valley of Gihon, and following the road which ascends the neighbouring hills, the traveller comes at length to the tomb of Rachel, and then, only a little distance farther, to Bethlehem. These names are no doubt well known to my readers, but your knowledge of these places will be much more accurate and intelligent if you will seek to trace them out on the map for yourselves. Bethlehem has stood up there among the hills for a very long time. It is first mentioned in the Bible by Jacob. The number of its inhabitants at present is about 4000, and from its position it is probable there were never more. The supply of water for the city is scanty. The want of other natural advantages must have tended to limit the size of the place. One day the people of Bethlehem saw a very venerable-looking man approaching their city, driving a heifer before him, and carrying a horn filled with oil. It was no other than Samuel the prophet. When they discovered this they were filled with fear. It appears Samuel did not often visit the place, and now that he came their consciences upbraided them so much that they felt sure the object of this good man's visit could only be to punish them for their sins. "And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably? And he said, Peaceably: I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord: sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice." The fact was Samuel, having been directed by God, was about to honour these people in two ways—first, by conducting a special religious service among them; and, secondly, by anointing one of their number to be the future King of Israel.

"And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifices." It is probable that Jesse was the chief man, the "sheik" of the village, and God had previously told Samuel that from the family of this man the successor of Saul was to be chosen. So the sons of Jesse were brought in. They passed before Samuel to the number of seven, and although the height and fine countenance of the eldest seemed to point him out as the likely one, Samuel was told it was not he. "And Samuel said to Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold,

he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said Arise, anoint him, for this is he."

Here, then, is the first mention of David—he who afterwards played so mighty a part in the history of his country. His name means the *beloved*, the *darling*. Yet it does not appear that he received any special favour in the family; indeed, he did not get his share, for he was not introduced with his brethren, and no one thought of sending for him until Samuel requested it. From this account we learn something of the personal appearance of David. He was probably not so tall as his eldest brother, but was red-haired, and had a fine rosy complexion, "goodly to look to." We also learn something of his employment. Like Jacob, and Joseph, and Moses, and so many other old Testament worthies, he was a shepherd. We are not to think of an English shepherd, with a few score sheep to attend, which are pastured in fields near at home. The Eastern shepherd had a very different lot, especially in David's time. It was not only a very toilsome life, but one full of hardship and hazard. No better training-ground could be found for brave men than those plains, and hills, and gorges of Judæa. There was no safe enclosure for the sheep, but one wide and wild country; mountains, and valleys, and precipitous cliffs, all open to the wanderings of the shepherd and his flock. Wild beasts abounded. Both a lion and a bear he had encountered and overcome. The long night through he was compelled to watch most diligently lest these terrible beasts should tear and destroy his flock. But there were worse enemies still—namely, the fierce Philistines from the west of the Judæan hills, and the Arab robbers from the east. Between wild beasts and cruel, bloodthirsty men, David's vigilance and valour must have been frequently and severely tested.

It was in these days he learnt the use of the sling and stone. The strength of arm and precision of aim necessary for using this weapon with effect could only have come from constant practice whilst he was a shepherd-boy. Then again, during all this time he was gaining a knowledge of the geography of his native land which in after-days served him well.

It is most pleasing to find that in the course of his shepherd life he had been educating himself also in a much more refined and delicate art. In the still evenings, as he sat on the hillside, he had taught his nimble fingers to pass like a breath across the strings of the harp, filling the valley with the sweet music of his instrument, and singing no doubt some song of praise, inspired by surrounding wild and lovely scenes. David's Psalms tell with how keen an eye he noted the beauties of that creation in which he was ever passing to and fro.

It was this harp which secured his introduction to kingly courts in

which afterwards he was to rule. Saul, the proud monarch of Israel, had become insane. A dark, brooding melancholy had settled on his soul. Strange to say, there comes a messenger one day to call David away from his sheep and native hills to the King's presence. In his simple shepherd's dress, and bringing such presents as his father could send, the lad comes to the palace. Standing before the dejected Saul, his fingers rush along the well-known chords, starting the sweetest melodies, and chasing the evil spirit away. "So Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." We leave David before the King. His long life was like the music of his harp; it had its higher and its lower notes, its full swelling harmonies, and, alas! its occasional discords.

Taken as a whole, it was a life in which the music of truth and goodness prevailed. In summing up his recommendations to the King, the servants had said, "The Lord is with him." Happy wilt thou be, my reader, if in like manner the Lord is with thee. And be fully assured the Lord was no more David's friend than He wishes also to be thine.

J. C. S.

"I WILL TRY."

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

THERE is a Society in London known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the departments of art. Prizes are awarded by the Society, sometimes to the painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humbler artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of lace, bonnets, &c.

More than half a century ago, a little fellow named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the Society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and colour with remarkable skill. "Look you, William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the Exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours."

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked he.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in colour and drawing, to some that are hanging in your chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said: "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls at the next Exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"Oh! mother, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said his mother. "You can but try."

"And I *will* try, mother dear," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I can make a picture."

"What is it, William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard II. He behaved insolently before the King at Smithfield, and was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then despatched by the King's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William; but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it."

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can but try again."

"To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette offered by the Society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381; he learned how the King and the noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and workmen, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination, the persons present at the scene—the King and his attendants; Walworth, the Mayor, Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch on paper and obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing anything that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But after many failures he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

He now laboured diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colours and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result with a beating heart. What a gratified mother she was when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business, it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical picture was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled "The Death of Wat Tyler."

When it was found that William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age was a novelty and surprise. William was summoned with his picture to

the Duke's chair, and here he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He became at length Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the Queen, having risen to fortune and to fame by carrying out with determination and perseverance his simple promise to his mother of "*I will try.*"—*Christian Age.*

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

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PARK STREET CHAPEL, MACCLESFIELD. — The annual meeting was held in the above place of worship on Sunday afternoon, April 27th, 1873. The gallery of that spacious sanctuary was crowded to excess by scholars from Lord Street, Fence, and Mount Tabor Schools, the body of the chapel being thinly occupied by the members of the congregation. Henry Hand, Esq., solicitor, of this town, occupied the chair, and delivered a very interesting address on little things, and what each one could do for the mission cause. Addresses were also delivered by our esteemed superintendent, the Rev. J. F. Goodall, Messrs. T. Bullock, W. Jackson, and J. C. Holland, jun., interspersed with recitations and singing by Alice Lockett, Lavinia Woolley, Hugh Grimshaw, and Isaac Berisford, jun., Mary Ann Holland, and Mary Smith. The following sums have been collected during the past year :—

	£	s.	d.
Public Collection...	4	0	0
W. Oldham ...	1	2	9
Miss Till's Class ...	0	12	3½
Miss Jackson's Class ...	0	7	3½
No. 9 Class ...	0	6	10
Boys' Room ...	0	10	3½
Thomas Bayley ...	0	11	3
R. T. Finlow ...	0	4	0
W. Jackson ...	0	4	6
W. Johnson ...	0	2	6
J. Davies ...	0	2	0
Small sums ...	0	6	3½
	8	10	0

At the close of our meeting we made a collection, which amounted to the sum of £5 16s., being £1 16s. more than last year. May the mission cause continue to prosper is the earnest wish of yours respectfully,—J. BERISFORD, Secretary.

BETHEL CHAPEL, HULL CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, May 5, we held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting, under the presidency of our esteemed superintendent, Mr. T. R. Runton. £11 2s. 1d. has been gathered by our collectors during the past year, and this with the collection at the meeting, £2 1s. 6d., brings the total amount to £13 1s. 7d. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Alty and J. C. Story, of Con-

gleton, and Mr. B. Garton, who brought before our notice many interesting circumstances connected with the mission work.—F. R.

ROCHDALE CIRCUIT, MOUNT GILEAD.—We held our Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 27, when our esteemed friend Mr. James Rhodes presided, and gave us a deeply-interesting address on missionary work. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Thomas Holt, George Bolton, Thomas Parker, Charles Bamford, John Howarth, and William Hesford. Recitations and dialogues were given by the following scholars:—Fanny Kershaw, Esther Greenhalgh, Martha Parker, Matthias Law, Betty Cryer, Mary Ann Rogers, and Mary Ann Law. The congregation and collection were larger than last year, and at the meeting a thoroughly missionary spirit was manifested, and the congregation retired appearing greatly interested. My prayer is that we may endeavour more in the future to push on the Gospel chariot.—GEORGE BOLTON.

TALBOT STREET PARK, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—Our fifteenth annual juvenile missionary meeting was held in Talbot Street Chapel on Sunday afternoon, March 30th, 1873, Mr. P. J. Smith chairman. The report read by Mr. T. Beardow, showed the following list of collectors and sums collected, &c.:—

	£	s.	d.
Gilbert Hall	1	14	10
Wilmot North	1	7	6
G. H. Parker	0	12	6
Bertha Robinson... ..	0	9	6
Emma Robinson	0	9	2
Tom Beardow	0	8	8
William Littlehales	0	6	3
Quarterly Meetings in School	1	15	0½
Bazaar, Jan. 1, 1873	2	18	11
Tea and Entertainment, Jan. 1, 1873... ..	3	6	2½
Lecture by the Rev. T. G. Seymour	1	0	7
Proceeds of Sewing Meetings	0	1	2
Collected by Miss. Bover	1	14	10
J. H. Parkins' Children's Box	0	2	0
Small Sums	0	3	9
Young Men's Select Class Box... ..	0	10	8
Collection in Chapel	1	9	11½
	18	11	6½

Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. S. Robinson, G. E. Williams, H. Townhead, J. H. Parkin, J. Howden, and G. Warriss. Various recitations were given and hymns sung by the scholars. The total proceeds were £4 16s. in advance of last year.—T. BEARDOW, Secretary.

ZION, LONGTON.—Dear Sir,—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 16th, 1873. Our esteemed friend, Mr. H. M. Williamson, superintendent of the Middle Boys' School, presided. The report was read by one of the secretaries. Earnest addresses were delivered by two young men connected with the school. A number of scholars greatly added to the interest of the meeting by their usual supply of pleasing recitations and dialogues, interspersed with singing, conducted by Mr. M. Holt. The afternoon was fine, the attendance

good, and the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed. The following sums have been collected by books and cards:—

	£	s.	d.
Mary Hewitt	0	10	0
Fanny Williamson	0	8	10
Annie Hewitt	0	6	0
Annie Hassall	0	2	10
Mary E. Edgerton	0	2	6
Lucy Smith	0	2	1
Emily Yates	0	1	6
Charles Lowdnes	0	13	0
Thomas Clews	0	10	10
Herbert Rider	0	8	0
William Davis	0	7	0
William J. Goodwin	0	4	5½
John T. Rogers	0	2	6
Arthur E. Wright	0	2	0
William Cope	0	1	6
Small Sums	0	17	10½
Collection at Meeting	4	8	8
	9	9	7

Being £2 6s. 3½d. in advance of last year,—H. GOODWIN and G. WOOD, Secretaries.

MOUNT TABOR, FENTON, LONGTON CIRCUIT.—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 28. The Rev. J. Gibson presided. Short addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. J. Myatt, G. Robinson, and E. Brain, secretary. Suitable recitations were given by the collectors, and a number of pieces, selected from the service of sacred song lately given in our chapel, were nicely rendered by a large number of our Sunday scholars, under the direction of Mr. F. R. Myatt. There was a good congregation, and the best collection we have ever had. The amounts collected for the year are as follows:—

George Robinson	£4	10	10
Ishmael Roberts	1	11	0
Arthur Stevenson	1	0	0
Mrs. Astbury	0	10	10
Doncilla Hopwood	0	9	2
Elizabeth Johnson (Box)	0	11	0
Mary Elizabeth Bohn	0	7	0
John Thomas Bowers	0	6	11
Mary Ann Rowley	0	6	8
Gertrude Shaw	0	5	1
Lucy Plant	0	5	1
Louisa Crooks	0	4	0
Odd Sums	0	14	9
Public Collection	4	5	0
Total	15	7	4

These are below the amounts got last year. We have had so much

pressing upon us; and the collectors—some of whom are new to this good work—have not quite done their best. We have for ten years past done nobly in our juvenile efforts, and we are sorry to record this decline. However, we hope and believe that this year will tell a better tale, and show to the friends that we mean to keep our credit at Fenton.—E. BRAIN, Secretary.

LIVERPOOL, ST. DOMINGO.—Dear Sir,—Our annual meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, 27th April, 1873, our esteemed friend, Mr. William Green, in the chair. The speakers were Messrs. Joseph Wright and Chas. Lea, whose speeches were both interesting and instructive. The report showed a total of £19 8s. 3d., which is an increase of £7 5s. 11d. on last year's amount. The gross items were:—

	£	s.	d.
Public Collections	5	2	4
Boxes in School	3	0	6
A. O.	0	5	0
Mr. Poole	0	3	0
Mr. William Appleton	0	10	0
Mr. William Stevens	2	7	4
Miss E. Hughes... ..	1	12	5
Miss E. Grocott... ..	0	7	3
Miss Sophia Grocott	0	2	1
Miss M. E. Shone	1	6	8
Ann Gregory	0	6	2
Eliza Sanderson	0	2	8
Eliza Pursell	0	1	7
Caroline Cushing	0	1	1
Helen Helson	0	6	1
R. E. Asberry	0	1	8
M. E. Gaskell	0	1	8
M. D'Arcy	0	1	6
Thomas E. Cuff	1	5	10
P. W. Shone	1	4	8
Willy Carr	0	7	0
Richard Bennett	0	1	10
William Lewis	0	2	5
J. M. Davies	0	3	6
Small Sums	0	5	3
	19	8	3

So you will perceive that our young friends are conforming to the law which philosophers tell us pervades all nature—the law of progress. May they pray and work to bring about that time which the Most High has promised *shall arrive*, when “the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea” (Hab. ii., 14).—WM. APPLETON, Secretary.

SALEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL, NORTH SHIELDS.—Dear Sir,—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, May 11th, 1873, Mr. T. D. Stewart in the chair, when addresses were delivered by several of the teachers and Circuit ministers. The report, which was

read by the secretary, showed an increase on last year's, and was as follows:—

Collected by Scholars:—						£	s.	d.
Miss	J. A. Dodds	1	0	8
"	Ellen Hall	0	16	0
"	Margaret Stewart...	0	14	6
"	Isabella Cooper	0	11	6
"	Emily Meadows	0	10	0
"	Harriet Teeles	0	8	0
"	Josephine Starks	0	7	2
"	Minnie Cole	0	3	6
"	Esther Walton	0	5	2
"	Emma White	0	2	0
"	Eliza Chicken	0	1	6
"	Ada Heslop	0	1	8
Master	Thomas Chicken	0	12	8
"	Robert Meadows	0	5	0
"	Edward Dennison...	0	2	6
"	Joseph Chicken	0	2	6
"	James Clare	0	1	6
"	John Stonebanks	0	1	3
"	John W. Robson	0	1	6
Sunday-School Collections						0	19	0
Collection at Annual Meeting						0	15	4
						8	2	6

—JOSEPH ELLIS, Secretary.

ZION, BARTLEY.—Dear Sir,—We have great pleasure in presenting the report of our Juvenile Missionary Society, which has realised this year £134 11s. 4½d., derived from the following sources:—

Annual Bazaar held on Easter Monday and Tuesday, April 14th and 15th:—						£	s.	d.
Female Teachers' Drapery Stall						30	18	5
Boys' Second Select Class Stall						30	5	7
Girls' Select Class Stall						20	4	11½
Refreshment Stall						13	4	8
Admission						8	8	0
Galvanic Battery						0	18	7½
Missionary Meetings held in the School						9	8	1½
Lectures						2	3	6
Performance of the "Messiah" by Chapel Choir						4	0	0
Collecting Books						11	7	7
Collection at Annual Missionary Meeting, held on Sunday, 18th May						3	11	11
						134	11	4½

Which has been appropriated as follows:—

Rev. G. Grundy, for Home and Foreign Missions	...	48	10	0½
Second Instalment of £100 Subscription to Chapel Trust Fund	...	35	0	0

	£	s.	d.
West Riding Bank, as a nucleus of proposed new interest in this Town	25	0	0
Grant to Sunday School Library	20	0	0
Expenses	6	1	4
	134	11	4½

—P. G. R., Secretary.

Memoirs.

JOSEPH HENDERSON.

THE subject of this memoir was born in the year 1861, on the 21st of February. He was a scholar at our Gateshead School for six years and a half. Joseph was a quiet boy, keeping himself under proper control. His attendance at school was much hindered by his weakness, which showed itself by unmistakable symptoms to be that common enemy of our land, consumption. His parents removed farther into the town, but no advantage could be got in change of air. He became worse, and was only occasionally able to leave his bed. At this time he was visited by his teacher and the superintendent. It was pitiable to see the wasted body and shrunken features of the once apparently healthy and strong boy. It is remarkable that in some children there is going on a maturing process—a making old and wise—which precedes death. It was so with him. Though Joseph was not communicative to strangers, yet to his mother, to whom he tenderly clung, he could speak of the working of the Spirit in his soul. He was courageous before death, and submissive to the will of God—qualities that are sometimes more marked in children than in grown-up people; and in his case he seemed to have to exert himself to keep in subjection the increased nervous excitement. Struggling with himself, he prayed and obtained peace. And this he did as often as he suffered.

On the morning of the day on which he died he was woke up after a good night's rest. He had slept longer than usual, and he asked his mother if it was not past the time to say his prayers. He commenced at once to thank God for preserving him during the night, and was about to ask God to preserve him during the day as he had been during the night; but prayed for the Almighty to preserve him during the "night." And night it was to be for a short time longer—no more day with its sunshine for him upon earth.

His mother was standing by his bedside, and tenderly suggested to lead him in prayer, and was about to repeat with him his petitions before the throne of grace and mercy; but he declined, saying he knew he was wrong and would repeat it again. And again he prayed, and again he asked for God's blessing upon the "night": his tongue refused to say "day." Poor boy! the exertion was too much for him. He became convulsed and unconscious, and in a few hours he died.

But glory be to God, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, who conquered death—

"Day without night he shall feast in His sight,
And eternity seem as a day."

He was followed to the grave by our late superintendent and several of the boys and girls of our school. The Rev. F. Jewell, our respected pastor, read the burial service over the dead.

R. RENWICK, Supt.

Editor's Table.

THE Rev. J. H. Robinson, the editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, is at present in America, and as his departure was unexpected, his answers to queries were not prepared for this month. But an old friend is appointed to occupy Mr. Robinson's place until his return, and he will supply answers to the following queries, to appear in the August number:—

1. Shall we know each other in heaven?
2. How could Balaam's ass speak?
3. In what sense could a river make glad the city of God?
4. How could Joseph divine by the use of his cup?
5. How could the stone slung by David sink so deep into Goliath's skull?
6. What is the meaning of the strange words, "Maschil, Haggaijon, Selah," &c., which occur in some of the Psalms?

CARE FOR SPARROWS.

A LITTLE girl seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire, said, "Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help Him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that He gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs, and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table and threw them under the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support. How beautiful it was to see this little girl trying "to help God," as she said, and thus early learning to be kind to the helpless of God's creatures!

"WHY CAN'T I ASK HIM NOW?"

GRETCHEN is the name of a little girl of whom I am very fond. She has not a pretty face, but she is so sweet-tempered, so obedient to her parents, and so kind to her little brother, that sometimes she seems really beautiful. She is a very active little girl, and is climbing about, and tossing her ball, and chasing pussy, and playing hide-and-seek with darling brother William from morning until night.

One day as she came bounding into the room where her mother sat reading a letter she had just received, her mother called Gretchen to her side, and said, "My little daughter will be very sorry to know that her little playmate Herbert is very ill."

"Yes, mamma, I am very sorry," she said; and then followed many questions about her sick friend. As she turned to go, her mother said, "When you say your little prayer to-night, you must not forget to ask God, for Christ's sake, to make Herbert well."

Gretchen stood quite still for a moment, with her eyes fixed upon her mother's face, then she said, "But why, mamma, must I wait until to-night before I ask God to make Herbert well? Why can't I ask Him *now*?"

"You can, my child," answered the mother; and the little girl bounded away. Soon she came back, and going to her mother's side, said, "I've done it, mamma."

Gretchen was right in wishing to take her trouble to Jesus without delay. If you wanted to ask some favour of your dear father or mother, and you knew that they were close beside you, and loved you so much that it would give them pleasure to grant your request, would you wait a long time before asking? No, I am sure you would not. God is always near us, and He loves us so much that He delights to give us what we ask for, unless He sees that it will not be best, and then He loves us too much to gratify us.

BAD BARGAINS.

ONCE a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that He makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses His own soul."

I have seen a good many boys in my time who have made bad bargains. Some change the Sunday-school for the street, and home for wicked company, and the Bible for books, and health for tobacco. They always get the worst of it. Boys, look out, and avoid these bad bargains.

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.

Two boys, Jem and Will, were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths of his garden weeded. Jem contented himself with taking off the tops of the weeds. He soon cried, "I have cleared my path"; and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all the next day, and when the boys' father went a few days after to look at the two paths, Jim's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So Jim was sent back to do his work properly, and very tired he would have been had not Will good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them. Will you remember this?

THE CHILDREN'S SERMON.

GEORGE ELLIOT was a fine scholar, and on entering college at once took a high stand in his class. One Sunday he was strolling down the street with a classmate, when his eye was caught with a large placard saying, "Rev. Mr. — would preach to the children that afternoon in the hall above." He paused, thinking it would be pleasant to see so many children together; and as he walked on felt an irresistible desire to hear what the minister would say to them. He found the body of the hall filled with children, who, with absorbed interest, were listening to an earnest, yet simple and winning appeal; and when the speaker ceased many were weeping. He then asked how many of them would resolve that from that very hour they would, with God's help, love Christ and strive to please Him, and asked all who were resolved to be on the Lord's side to rise. Numbers of the children in every part of the house rose. It was an affecting sight, and George Elliot's heart was strangely stirred as never before. "Here," he thought, "are these lovely children, feeling the need of a change of heart, resolving earnestly to come to Christ, and I, so much older, so full of sin, have never thought of His claims upon me. If they feel their need of Him, where am I?" With a deep sense of his sinfulness he also rose to be prayed for, then quietly returned to his room. All night his soul was tempest-tossed. The Holy Spirit had fastened conviction upon him. How he got through with the recitations of that week he hardly knew; but at length, humble and repentant, he came like the little children to Jesus, and found peace in trusting in Him. It was a whole-souled surrender. Time, talents, influence were consecrated, and the Christian scholar resumed his studies, with equal ardour, but for higher motives. He was fitting himself to work for the Master.

THE LAST READING.

THE Bible gives guidance and comfort in life to all who love it, and in a dying hour it gives support which can be had from no other source. The following incident is a beautiful illustration :—

In one of the coal mines in England a youth about fifteen years of age was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family according to the Word of God.

His father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible, and the son who had received one at the Sabbath-school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever enjoying a season of rest from labour he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool when the arch above suddenly fell between them, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran towards the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"

"Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Where is your lamp, my son?"

"It is still burning, father."

"What are you doing, my dear son?"

"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of that Sabbath-school scholar; he was suffocated.

WINGS BY-AND-BY.

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough as she thought to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart: "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor cripple, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will. patiently waiting for the future, shall by-and-by "mount up with winged eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

Walter's hope of heaven made him happy, as it will make anyone happy who possesses it.

"I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER."

"GRANDMA, I want to be a soldier. Whose company should I 'list in?" asked little Jasper.

"Well," said grandmother, thinking a minute, "I advise you to enlist under Corporal Try."

"And who shall I fight, grandmother?"

"One of your greatest enemies is General Sulks, Jasper. The instant he makes his appearance give him battle; and if you can't kill him, drive him off the field. I hate the sight of his sour, scowling face; don't you, Jasper?"

"I hate the *feel* of him," said Jasper, in a pitiful tone, "I'm sure I do. Is Corporal Try's company strong enough, grandmother? General Sulks is so sly, and hangs on so."

"Well," said grandmother, "you know there is the great Captain, the Lord Jesus. One of His tried soldiers said, 'I can do *all things* through Christ that strengtheneth me.' And He helps all who put trust in Him."

"Oh, grandmother," said the little boy, with tears in his eyes, "will you ask Him to 'list *me*?"—*Everybody's Paper*.

Poetry.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.



THE CATHEDRAL AT WORMS. (See page 176.)

UP THE RHINE, &c. ; OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. X.



YOU will remember that when about to close our last paper, we were prevented from so doing by her Majesty, Queen Augusta of Prussia, coming unexpectedly upon the scene at Baden-Baden. Having dismissed her ladyship in as short a time as possible, we went to breakfast at a rather late hour. We did it in right good earnest, and were then prepared to see a few of those objects of which Baden-Baden is so proud. First then let us see its

“Conversation House.”

A fine name that, undoubtedly ; but what does it mean ? No matter

“What’s in a name ? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.”

But we are not so sure about that ; and we fancy we could show you something different, and that often a great deal is in a name. Anyhow, here they have the advantage of a fine name and attractive—“Conversation House” ; for that is its meaning, as you will have divined very likely. Well, then, in a reflective mood, and not without a feeling of suspicion, a little after eleven o’clock in the morning we enter this fine building called the Conversation House. But is there any conversation going forward ? We listen. No discussion, no speechifying, no voice of welcome or otherwise greets us ; no hum of human tongues engaged in earnest friendly talk breaks the ominous silence. We stand a moment or two in the grand saloon, with its overwhelming gorgeousness and magnificent chandelier. But our business is not here. To the right as you enter is a finely fitted-up reading-room. But we come not to read, rather to see, “mark, and learn.” A peep in therefore satisfied us. So without more ado we pass through the door on our left, and there under our very eyes revolves one of the smallest scenes of Europe. But wait a minute. Here we are then at last, we think. “Yes ; but nobody seems to know it. Mark you how intent all are ? No one rises from his seat and offers the “newcome” his chair ; no one lifts his hand in token of welcome, or even deigns to leave the group and cast one friendly glance. Heads are bent, eyes are fixed, or move mechanically to and fro, fascinated by the professional cue. And this is the Conversation House ! Here, then, we stand, and though unobserved in a sense, we are not unobserving. It is the noted gambling-house. And what do we see and hear. Hear ? Little, very little : only the dull click of the professional’s rake-looking instrument against the gold and silver coins which ever and anon he is drawing to his till. Hear ? Little besides the half-suppressed sigh of the poor gamester, whose heart-

strings seem almost to be covering. What then do you see? Much, more than enough. Two tables, some sixteen feet long or so, and about seven wide, covered with a green cloth, and marked off in such a way as to suit the purpose intended. In the middle of the table devoted to roulette is a painted board of circular form, with figures marked round the border, whilst some raised material separates number from number. This painted board works upon a pivot in the centre, and as it revolves the ball sent by the skill of the player goes in an opposite direction. This is the game of roulette. At the other table, which is similarly arranged, except the central portion, the game is called "rouge et noir," or red and black, and is played with cards. But let me tell you further what I see. I see sitting at the end of these tables four men, well-dressed (two on either side) and well-ringed and well be-jewelled, in charge of the gambling machines. These are the proprietors, who have so many more chances than anyone else. I see men and women — ladies and gentlemen they are called, though engaged in unladylike and ungentelemanly business — all eager for the game. A young man, perhaps newly-married, for at his side stands a respectably-dressed young lady, who sustains some relation to him as it strikes us. These two together display some interest in the play. She occasionally bright — anon still and sad; he, anxious and haggard, fidgety and hesitant, as with trembling hand and bated breath he puts down on a particular mark and then moves it off to another, as if uncertain what it is best to do, a thaler, or three or five-thaler piece or more. He wins: the yield is good, and the bird that was in his hand and the two in the bush are all his. He has won a heavy stake, yet no smile lights up his face. He seems unhappy, as if a consciousness of wrong smote him, and as if wishful to leave the cursed thing but cannot. And so, like a fascinated bird upon the tree beneath which lies the serpent with distended jaws waiting for its prey, he looks again, seeking shelter in that which has so enfeebled and unmanned him. Another stake. Mark his agitated frame as that fortune-making, fortune-taking wheel goes round. He has lost! Regretfully he turns away and disappears. Where? Perhaps to ruin; but we think we shall know him again. There, too, I see one whose appearance bespeaks her a lady; yet with firm-set features and down-cast eyes, her whole soul wrapped up in the play, she stakes her golden coins, and wins and loses, and loses again. There, a fine, well-dressed, not bad-looking young gentleman, perhaps some aristocrat, coolly calculating, puts down a whole or half packet of gold coins at once; here, a middle-aged man, tall, athletic, sandy whiskers, stands looking on. While he watches the game we are watching him. His excitement grows intense; he begins to play, and ends — where? Cannot tell. There, too, we see an old man, an invalid, tottering on the verge of the grave; but he sits with grim — st, gloomiest aspect, with an occasional sardonic smile playing about his mouth. And indeed he is about the only one that does smile, except the pro-

prieters. All this, then, do we see in the Conversation House, and more: ladies and gentlemen spell-bound under the strange influence of roulette and rouge-et-noir, gambling away their fortune, virtue, peace, honour, health, soul, and all! And as we stand we cannot help wondering how many hearts this place has broken! how many lives blasted! how many homes desolated! how many fortunes wrecked! involving fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, children, and dependants in irretrievable ruin! And as we stand thus wondering, there is one thing we wonder *not* at—that the Government of the country should step in and forbid—as it did some years ago—the longer continuance of such plague-spots, which poison the moral atmosphere and ruin the moral health of a community. But this is their last year; the notice expires on the 31st of December, so that the 1st of January, 1873, will see the abolition of the gaming-tables at Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Ems, Homburg, &c. And we are glad. Think you Baden-Baden will suffer *much*, and decline? No; her waters, the beauty of her situation, and the renown she has acquired as a place of resort for people of a full habit, will help to keep up her head. If not, however, let her fall; at any rate, “Down with the nuisance!”

One thing, however, in connection with this establishment which we were scarcely prepared to expect was a poor-box on the wall. How much in, I wonder? This was suggested by the opening of a certain charitable institution's box in London. It was placed in a quarter much frequented by sportsmen and gamesters, better, racers, and men of that ilk; and when it was opened it contained a solitary baabee. Hence our suspicions.

Another thing there is which we had well-nigh forgotten, the Drink Hall, where the visitors come and drink the waters “in the morning, early.” The water, which is hot, is supplied gratis by a young lady from a fountain in the middle of the hall. We drink the water, which being done, we acknowledge the kindness, and retire to the piazza to see and criticise the paintings on the wall. So far as we can judge, they are good, though not all receive our unqualified commendation. Perhaps we ought to say before quitting this attractive spot, that at stated times a band plays under a pavilion just opposite the “Conversationhaus” for the entertainment of the visitors. Here, too, in profusion are tiny tables round which people sit and smoke and chat and drink their wines till the lateness of the hour bids them arise and depart.

Leaving Baden-Baden, we set out for the city of

STRASBURG,

where we arrive in due course. Our lodgings fixed, we start forthwith for the celebrated cathedral, walking as wise men generally do, with our eyes in our head—as where else should they be? We soon come to the Museum of Art and Sculpture—or at least the remains of it, for the walls only are now standing, the effects of the late war. This building suffered the worst of all the public buildings when the city

was bombarded. It was set on fire, and its library, &c., in part, if not wholly, I believe, destroyed. A mass of stones, the ruins of the building, are now stacked outside, and there seems to be no idea at present of rebuilding. But let us pass on to the cathedral. Here one of the first things which attracts attention is a large hole in the roof of the left aisle made by a German cannon-ball during the siege. Having briefly scanned the interior, we next present ourselves before the most remarkable clock we ever saw or read of. It is a "complete astronomical almanac." It sets forth the days of the year, and the "revolutions of the heavenly bodies, with the various phenomena which they exhibit." The hours, half-hours, and quarters are duly noted. At the first quarter a little girl—a child in fact—comes to the front, walks round a semi-circular plate, strikes the bell, and disappears on the opposite side. You can see the motion of the little creature's legs as she walks; it is very funny. The half-hour is struck by one who is supposed to be at the meridian of life; the three-quarters by a tottering old man; and the fourth by a skeleton. The performance is wound up at the conclusion of the day, I suppose at twelve o'clock at night, by the crowing of a cock and the benediction of a mimic priest. The meaning of all this it is not hard to divine. Obtaining a ticket, our next move is to mount the tower of the cathedral. As we do so we mark the broken parapet and other slightly injured portions of the building, observing here and there unmistakable signs of the terrible execution of the Prussian artillery; whilst on the whole we are pleased to find, notwithstanding the bombardment, this structure is comparatively unharmed. Whilst on the tower we are much interested in the fine view afforded of the city, being particularly taken also with the large nests on the tops of the houses built by storks. When these last return home of an evening, to our English eyes they present a somewhat strange sight. Leaving the cathedral, which is a very elegant structure, especially the front and the tower, we come up the street, and cross over to the Lycée. As Gutenberg here made his first efforts in the discovery or improvement of printing, Strasburg has honoured him and itself in erecting a statue to his memory. On one side of the bronze slab there is represented a complete galaxy of learned men paying their acknowledgments. On the right side is a printing press, while a number of children seem busy spelling out the meaning of the characters on certain sheets which it has produced. The back figures forth the effects of the spread of knowledge by means of printing, in the abolition of slavery, and the spread of the arts of peace; while the remaining side brings even military and naval men to pay their tribute of respect. The fearful consequences of the late war become painfully evident as we walk through the city and round the walls. Down by the cannon foundry, which turns out 300 a-year, and cross over to the opposite side of the town, under a bridge and over the moat, on through a large space where the trees have been felled, and where yet remain luggage waggons and com-

misericordant carriages, through a small gateway in the wall, and here we see proof positive of the destructive fire of the foe in the visible dilapidation and ruin. Nay, everywhere almost we see terrible traces of the desolation caused by the war. Burnt houses, patches of new tiles on the roofs, and the remains of burnt buildings attest the wickedness of war and its cruel and brutalising character. Our hotel exhibited signs of the fiery trial. "A large shot," so says the proprietor, "came through the front into the dining-hall." We saw it, about the size and shape of a sugar-loaf, but not half so nice; neither did it make the mouth water, boys. Through the sign-board came a ball twice the size of a turnip. Indeed, there is quite a collection of old war material, picked up on and around the premises. From a young Frenchman we learn that he himself served on the walls, while his mother and little sister took refuge in the cellar. He was a *garde-mobale*, and spoke of a number of things in connection with the siege. For forty-two days it lasted, and the bombardment was almost incessant; 1200 civilians and 2500 military were killed during the time. At present there are 20,000 Prussian soldiers in the town. The feeling against annexation is very strong. Some 80,000 have already emigrated from the annexed provinces; more will follow. There will be another war by-and-bye—a cruel, bloody struggle. Prussia will make Strasburg one of the strongest fortresses in the world; and intends building fifteen forts outside the city to keep off the enemy. "Were you expecting war with Prussia?" "Ever since the war with Austria in 1866; every boy knew that sooner or later there would be war with Prussia." "Why?" "Why, she was getting too strong." Ah! envy, what hast thou wrought! And as we thus interviewed this tall, intelligent young Frenchman, his eye sparkled as he became intensely excited. We could not help feeling sorry for him.

We cannot say that Strasburg is a city we care much for as a place. It seems to have no fine streets or shops, and little attraction of any kind except its cathedral and the notoriety it attained during the war. But, ere we leave, just a word more about our hotel. We have nothing good to say of it, notwithstanding its name—English Hotel. It pretends a great deal, but the reality does not correspond. We were "taken in." Our sleeping apartments constituted a regular cave of Adullam. We thought there were more creatures in the cave than had paid "their fare," for certain it is that we wriggled and writhed all that miserable night. You can judge, then, of our feelings when the day began to break; for up we rose, paid our scandalously exorbitant bill for the questionable pleasure of being put to pain, and set out with empty stomachs and disgusted minds to march for Metz.

E. H.



A YEAR AT SCHOOL.


A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE PIC-NIC.



It was getting near the end of August. What little wheat there was growing around Copeley had already been cut and carried home, and the schoolboys had had many a run across the fresh stubble, as if to renew a right which had been suspended since last seed-time. The deep green tints of Copeley Wood had gradually toned down, and here and there were to be seen trees which had already assumed their golden autumn glory. The burning heat of summer had past, the air was still and balmy, and all nature seemed bathed in mellow light.

These changes reminded Mr. Stanton that it was time for him and his pupils to begin earnest preparations for the Christmas examination. But for a number of years he had made it a custom to take the lads out for a day in the country, and as the trip had been put off time after time, he resolved that it should be taken at once, before the wet weather set in. You may be sure there were great rejoicings when, on the Friday afternoon, Mr. Stanton told his scholars of his intention. He had arranged to take them to the Glent Hills in Worcestershire, and these whose parents were willing for them to go were to meet him a little before nine o'clock on Monday morning at Rudham Station.

Long before the time appointed Rudham Railway Station was besieged by the eager excursionists. They were crowding here and there, tumbling over luggage, getting in the way of porters, and with boyish curiosity peeping into the lamp-room, the parcels department, and the booking-office, and trying in vain to solve the mysteries of railway management.

Some of the lads were carrying bats, wickets, and fist-balls, and when Mr. Stanton appeared he delighted the boys by producing a monster football cased in leather. Some boys had brought provisions in their school satchels; but by far the greater number had so slenderly provided for dinner, that they might have passed a whole line of custom-house detectives without it being discovered.

At last the train came into the station, puffing and snorting as if in scorn at having to stop to take on a lot of youngsters, and as soon as the lads had scrambled into the carriage reserved for them, the

whistle was blown, and away they started. What crowding there was at the carriage-windows, and what interest was excited by the most commonplace scene or event! They were soon out of the smoky district, and passing through a gently undulating country, whirling past picturesque cottages, snug farmsteads, gentlemen's houses, and meadows and copses without number.

Several stations were stopped at, and at last the guard called out "Hagley!" and out trooped the lads in as great a hurry as they had previously scrambled in. Mr. Stanton having given up the tickets, the little party passed out of the station and on to the highway, bordered by high hedgerows bright with wild flowers of almost every hue. The air was scented with sweet-briar, wild rose, and a thousand other perfumes. The lads busied themselves in gathering bunches of wild flowers, and as they chased each other along the lane the quiet village rang with their merry laugh and joyous shout.

They were not long in reaching the gates of Hagley Park, the seat of Lord Lyttelton, a nobleman as famous for his charity and philanthropy as for his great literary attainments. As Mr. Stanton had previously obtained permission to pass through the park, they were quickly admitted. What a delightful walk it was under the shade of the great ancestral trees, past the front of the fine hall, through groves rendered classical by the memory of the poet Shenstone, who loved to ramble here, and across glades where the antlered deer, bounding from the path, reminded one of the days of Robin Hood and his men.

On they passed till they reached the outer bounds of the park, and passing through another gate they stood at the foot of Clent Hills. What a change! In the park it was cool and shady, and the grass under foot was long and soft; but directly they began to ascend the hills they found the sun shining warmly, and the turf, though soft, so smooth and slippery that it required some care to keep upright, and merry was the good-humoured banter when any of the party, forgetting his caution for a moment, suddenly found himself on his knees, or else rolling down the hill-side.

At the top of the hills are four huge unhewn stones set up on end, each of which, it is said, stands in a different county, the stones being set up to mark the place where the boundaries of Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Warwickshire meet. By the time Mr. Stanton and his pupils had reached this spot there were few disinclined for a rest; so while some of the boys, with a pharisaic fondness for "upper seats," perched themselves on the rugged summits of the four stone pillars, the rest of the lads sat down in their shadow, and, as they could not reconcile themselves to perfect rest, took advantage of the leisure to make up for a small breakfast by eating part of what they had brought for dinner—a system of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," which they heartily regretted before they got home at night. Milk was easily got from a man who had brought it up the hill for sale to visitors, and quite an enjoyable meal was made.

When all were sufficiently rested the boys distributed themselves, and engaged in all sorts of games. Some played at "rounders" with a "fist-ball," while others scampered about in a jolly game of "cross-tick."

When they had amused themselves for about an hour Mr. Stanton called them with his whistle, and got them to stand in a line for football. With a well-directed kick he sent the ball whirling away over the smooth turf, and away bounded the lads helter-skelter after it. Gus Brookes was the first to reach the ball, and a kick from him sent it bounding off again; but in the effort to drive it before him, Gus lost his footing and found himself lying on his back. He rolled out of the way of his advancing schoolfellows, however, and soon joined their ranks. For some time the ball was kept on the level ground, but at last a clumsy kick from the side sent it careering down the slope of the hill. What a scramble there was after it! Faster and faster went the ball, and just as some boy thought he was going to grasp it, a frond of fern or a tuft of grass would cause it to spin off in quite a different direction. At last the boys and the football came to a stop together at the bottom of the hill, and though there was a vigorous attempt made to kick the ball up the hill again, it had to be given up, for climbing was quite hard enough of itself.

On again joining Mr. Stanton a very slight rest was sufficient to prepare the boys for further exertions, and running was proposed—the fleetest-footed being regaled with milk, fruit, and such confectionery as could be had from the villagers, who seemed to think the Copsley lads uncommonly good customers, for they continually kept near them with their baskets and cans, to the almost complete neglect of several parties of grown-up folks on other parts of the hills.

After the running the lads again sat down and finished the food they had brought with them—those who were provided with pocket-money supplementing it with very tempting, but fearfully indigestible, provisions. Sport then seemed to run rather slack, until at last a sight presented itself which filled every boy with enthusiasm. On the side of the hill next the village there came cantering up three or four donkeys. Before the animals had fairly passed the brow of the hill there was a general rush towards them, and as the lads could not all ride at once, there was some difficulty in deciding which should ride first. In one case George Benson and Bob Johnson, in their hurry to secure a ride, managed to mount the same donkey, and as neither would get off, the donkey-driver was considerably perplexed how to settle the matter. The donkey, however, soon helped him out of his difficulty by pitching Bob gently over his head, and then rearing and slipping George off behind—a circumstance so comical that neither of the lads could help laughing, and as they lay and laughed at each other, any ill-humour they had begun to feel quickly passed away. Donkey-riding now became the favourite sport, and by six o'clock, when the boys started back to the station, the poor animals must have been

very glad to be allowed to trot back to the paddock where they grazed, or, if they were so fortunate, to a meal of corn in the stable.

The little party returned through Clent village to the station, where they had not long to wait for the train. They were much quieter in coming back than they had been in going, and although they sang a few school rhymes on the way, they all looked tired when they alighted at Rudham. Wishing each other "Good night," they hurried home to tell what a happy day they had spent, and in some cases, I fear, to appease a clamorous appetite which rebelled against short rations.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN IMPORTANT VISITOR.

THERE was a great commotion in Copeley School one morning; a few days after the p-io, in consequence of a visit paid by Squire Brownlow. Now John Brownlow, Esq., was a great man in more senses than one. He measured quite six feet in his shoes, and had broad shoulders, a capacious chest, and brawny limbs. And then he was supposed to be wealthy, and that alone is sufficient to make a man great in the estimation of many people. But beside this, Squire Brownlow was great because he was an important, useful man. He took a very prominent part in the public life of Rudham, and was always to be found connected with any scheme for the political, social, or religious benefit of the community. He was moreover a borough magistrate; and although kind, generous, and forgiving in disposition, he was a veritable "terror to evil-doers," and woe to the man who had to appear before him on a charge of drunkenness, assault, or, worst of all, wife-beating.

He was called squire because he lived at Rudham Hall, a queer, rambling old place, which had in former years been the residence of the lord of the manor. Since that time Rudham had developed from an agricultural village into a busy manufacturing town, and instead of cornfields and pastures little was to be seen but factories, warehouses, and shops. But still Mr. Brownlow lived at the Hall, and managed to keep it something like a country-house. It was surrounded with grand old trees and a very large garden, which succeeded to some extent in keeping the smoke and noise at a little distance. What farmland the squire still owned was near Copeley, which, with its meadows and its wood, lay like a green oasis surrounded by a desert of brick and smoke. Squire Brownlow had come to Rudham a poor young man, and had started in life as a small corn-factor. He now had the largest business in the country, and had several large warehouses in different parts of the town, for not only did he deal in grain, but in all kinds of provisions. All this had been accomplished by steady, persevering work, together with natural shrewdness and business ability. But, unlike too many of the suc-

cessful men of our day, he had not sacrificed the comforts and innocent pleasures of life to his desire for gain. No man was happier at home than he, and none had a better reputation for uprightness and kindness of heart.

A pleasant man to meet was Squire Brownlow. He had a ruddy, merry face; with hair and whiskers almost white, and always looked as clean and fresh as a spring morning. He wore a tall white hat, with a broad, a very broad, brim, and a light grey suit of clothes. Moreover his carriage, an old-fashioned four-wheel, was painted straw-colour, and he always drove a fine grey horse, which looked as clean and neat as himself.

No wonder then that when first the grey horse, then the straw-coloured carriage, and last the light suit, passed in succession into the playground, that all the boys instantly stopped in their lessons, and began to wonder what on earth he had come for. Some of the boys whose consciences told them they had a fondness for stone-throwing wondered if he had come with a pocketful of summonses on account of broken windows. Gus Brookes trembled lest he had come to complain of damages done to the fences during a cricket-match lately played in a meadow which he had lent for the occasion.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than the squire got down, and walking into the school greeted Mr. Stanton in a loud, deep voice—it would have been odd for a big man like him to have a small one. After a few remarks about the weather and the crops, Mr. Brownlow asked Mr. Stanton if he could spare a few minutes as he wanted to have a word or two with him. The schoolmaster replied in the affirmative, and led the way across the playground to his house, where his visitor explained the object of his coming.

"You see, Mr. Stanton, one of my clerks is going to leave, and I intend moving the others up; so I want an office-boy, and I should like you to recommend one from among your pupils."

"I suppose you will require a premium, and give no wages at first?" said Mr. Stanton.

"No, no! I tried that at one time, but it did not pay. The lads who brought a premium were too conceited; they wanted my place. One actually told me he could not think of carrying out a small parcel I wanted sent. No; I want an honest, industrious lad, who has a tolerable head-piece, and who doesn't mind running errands or making himself useful in other ways now and then. I shall give five shillings a week to start with; and it will be the boy's own fault if he doesn't rise to be manager. Mr. Parsons at Rudham Mill recommended a lad named Lindsay—Edward Lindsay, I think."

"That was the very boy I was thinking of naming, only I was not sure if his father would like him to leave school yet. It would be almost a pity to take him away now."

"As to that," said the squire, "his father is quite willing for him to come, and if you think he will suit me, perhaps you might arrange to meet him one or two nights a week for further study."

"I shall be very pleased to do so, and I can assure you I have every confidence in Edward's character and capacities. Perhaps you would like to see him?"

"Thank you, I should."

With that Edward Lindsay was fetched out of school, to the great astonishment of all the boys, and no less to his own bewilderment, and marched into the presence of the great man of the district. Of course Ted was somewhat awed, and answered timidly the questions which the shrewd old gentleman put.

"Come, don't be frightened, my lad," said Squire Brownlow, in his kind, cheery voice; "I shan't eat you. I have not long since had a good breakfast. You should never be afraid of anybody."

Edward laughed at this, and soon felt more at ease, for he saw that the old gentleman was looking kindly at him out of his soft grey eyes.

After examining Ted's copybook, the squire set him some rather difficult sums in practice, in which he had to find the value of so many hundredweights, quarters, and pounds of butter at a certain price per pound; and then so many pounds of cheese at so much per hundredweight. Ted was very well prepared for such sums, and he got most of them right. But what surprised and perplexed him was that Mr. Brownlow could find the correct answer to all these sums without putting down a single figure. He had no idea how constant practice develops the faculties of the mind, and little dreamt that one day he should be able to solve questions even more difficult by means of mental arithmetic.

Throughout the interview the squire never once intimated to Edward Lindsay the motive he had in view in questioning him; but when he had satisfied himself, he said—

"Now, my lad, go back and mind your lessons; you seem to be getting on very well."

So Ted went back to his place as ignorant of the squire's purpose as were his fellow-pupils; and when in answer to their whispered questions, he could only say he didn't know why he had been sent for, one-half of them voted him a stupid fellow, and the others set him down as a sly one who was determined not to gratify their curiosity.

By-and-by the grey horse, the straw-coloured carriage, the light suit, and the jolly face of Squire Brownlow passed out of the playground, Mr. Stanton came back into the school, and the lessons went on just as usual, and when the day's work was done Edward Lindsay tripped off home more bewildered than ever, and not knowing whether to be pleased or not at the strange visit of the morning.



THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

V.—THE MINISTERING SLAVE.



O secure the interest of my readers in the child of whom I now write, I need only say she was a slave. It makes our hearts sad to utter that word; while it at once calls forth our sympathy for the one to whom it applies. Then she was also a very young slave. This makes her case still more sorrowful. The gambols of the kitten on the hearth, and of the lamb in the field, remind us that young life is always playful. I need not ask you, my readers, whether you are fond of play. If you are healthy I may be sure of that. Your buoyant spirits seem equal to anything. That fresh, full life of yours is constantly gushing out in all sorts of lively expressions.

Your elders bid you sit still, forgetting how hard this is to you. Yes, children, you are fond of play, you never tire of it; and I say, "Play away, youngsters;" and I shall be delighted to watch you—aye, and join you too, if only you put not play in the place of duty. But, what chance of play could there be for this poor child?

Her slave-life was not likely to dispose her for it, even if it gave her the opportunity. Free work braces the mind, and makes the worker the happier for his toil; but slave work crushes the spirit, takes all sweetness out of life, and makes the slave

"To wish he were but in the grave,
And all his labour done."

There was one other thing which would tend still more to embitter the lot of this little girl—I mean the remembrance of her former home. One who is born a slave can only imagine the sweets of freedom: but this poor girl knew them well, and the recollection of her former liberty must have increased the sense of her present bondage.

As the Bible tells us nothing about the childhood of this poor captive, we are left to picture this, and also the circumstances of her capture for ourselves. This we know: she was born in the favoured land of Israel, and was one of God's favoured people. From the reverence she afterwards showed for God's prophet, and the faith she had in his power, it is nearly certain she was a member of a family in which the fear of God prevailed. And if so, what a happy home she must have had! Here with father and mother and brothers and sisters the time went joyfully, and never did she dream of her coming misfortune. But on the northern borders of her country there dwelt a number of fierce tribes called Syrians, descendants of the original dwellers in Canaan. These, like the Philistines on the south-west, delighted to harass the people of Israel. They would come, without giving any warning, sometimes in small bands and sometimes in large armies, to plunder and lay waste with fire and sword the lands and cities of the Israelites. (Read 2 Kings, v.) One day, perhaps towards

evening, one of these companies is waiting near the home of our little maid. She, seeing that the sun is casting long shadows around, and that the day is hastening to its close, remembers her evening



THE LITTLE ISRAELITISH MAID.—2 Kings, v.

duty; so placing her water-pot on her head she proceeds with graceful steps towards the spring. Passing outside the village, and perhaps singing as she goes, at length she comes to the old well. While in

the act of drawing she is startled by the sound of quick steps and fierce words, and in another moment the Syrians have surrounded her, bound her, and are hurrying her away. Oh, those piteous cries and beseeching words! Cannot one imagine them all? Dark night comes on, and yet she is borne away—away! every hour farther and farther from home and friends. In this or in some similar way the poor girl is separated from her home. How thankful English children should be that they are not now exposed to danger like this.

Being brought into Syria the captive was made a slave in the household of Naaman; her special duty being to attend upon the great man's wife.

I daresay, my young friends, you sometimes look at the fine clothes of the rich, at their large houses and gardens full of flowers, at their horses and carriages too, and you think how happy these people must be! And you say if you had only a quarter as many things you would be very thankful. It is not unlikely this little girl before she was brought away from home had indulged similar thoughts. But in a way quite unlooked for she found herself suddenly placed among these very rich people. Being a quick girl, and going about with eyes and ears open, she soon learnt how great was the mistake of those who envy the rich.

The king's palace perhaps was not much grander than the house in which she dwelt, but the shadow of a great grief rested upon it, for its master was a leper. It is not possible to describe to you the nature of this disease, but so fearful was it that the little slave soon found that her master's lot was worse than her own. A rich man, and yet none more poor and miserable! The heart of the captive was filled with pity. It might have been different. She might have said it served him right for keeping her a slave. But see what a forgiving child this was! Instead of rejoicing at her master's sufferings, as some would have done, she began to plan for his recovery. Yes, the lowly captive planned for the good of her proud master.

Children, may we not learn from the little slave the old lesson taught by Jesus of love even to those who injure us?

The little girl thought of the good man Elisha in her own land who had such wonderful power. "Cannot he cure my master?" She believes he can. She goes into the presence of her mistress. Doubtless the lady was surprised at her maid coming thus uncalled; but she soon gets the explanation. "Would to God," says she, "my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! For he would recover him of his leprosy." It is likely that at first the girl got only a laugh for her pains. The idea that she should know anyone to cure her master! Had he not tried all the doctors his position would command or his wealth reward? "But one went in and told his lord, saying, thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." And the rest of the chapter tells how surely the faith of this slave-girl was honoured. How the haughty Naaman was cured not only of his leprosy, but also of his pride, and of his hatred to the God of Israel.

My reader, I am sure you will agree with me when I say this girl's usefulness was a sufficient reward for all her bondage and her suffering. And yet, if you are a disciple of Jesus, you may be more honoured still. For there are thousands around you whose case is more serious even than Naaman's. Is not a bad heart worse than a diseased body? And how many of these there are!

Jesus your Master is a greater Physician than Elisha, for He can heal the sinful heart. He can make men's lives pure and holy. And this is the best of all. Be as anxious, then, to tell of the healer and the Saviour as this little slave, and you shall have the same great joy as she had—that of knowing you have been a minister of God's mercy to others.

J. C. S.

THE SAFETY LADDER.



DARESAY some of our young friends on looking at this picture will wonder what it means; but some others, perhaps, as they look at the sea so near to the ladder, and as they see one boy warning another boy, and the little girl running for her life, they will guess what is meant. Yes, the picture represents danger from the approaching tide, and safety by ascending the ladder. About two miles from Edinburgh, near the sea, there is a place called "The Black Rocks." You know very well that twice each day the sea rises many feet higher and sinks many feet lower than the level of the shore. This constant change is called the flowing and ebbing of the tide. You will therefore easily understand how the Black Rocks are left dry when the tide is out; but when the tide returns to its height the rocks are quite covered, and not only covered, but so deep is the water that if people were there at the time they would be drowned. Now, the rocks are very pleasant to walk upon when the tide is out, and there children can amuse themselves by gathering shells, watching the crab-fish, and looking at the beautiful sea-weeds through the clear, transparent water left in the little pools here and there between the rocks. But in this pleasure there was danger; for if boys and girls remained too long they were caught. The returning waters came on and on, slowly but constantly, and by-and-by the rocks were surrounded, and escape became impossible. The waters rose higher and higher, unmindful of cries and tears, and the children were drowned. Several, alas! perished in this way, and some who were rescued by boats were half dead.

Well, but some kind-hearted people devised a place of refuge. They collected money and employed men to erect a wooden platform, so lofty as to reach above the highest tides, and so strong as to stand firm amidst the rush of the waves; and they placed a ladder reaching from the bottom to the top of the platform, so that anyone when surrounded by the stealthy ocean might climb the ladder and be safe.

Now, my dear children, what does this teach us? I think I hear one say, "Oh, sir, those Black Rocks remind us of the deceitfulness and danger of sinful pleasures; for the tide of God's vengeance is coming, and will sweep sinners away into endless ruin." And then says another, "That platform with its ladder reminds us of Jesus Christ, who is the Refuge to which we may flee and find salvation." Yes, my dear children, that is the lesson to be learned from this true story. But, my dear young reader, have you yet fled to that Refuge?



THE SAFETY LADDER.

If not, flee to Jesus at once. Oh, how rejoiced would anyone feel who had escaped the raging waves of the sea by ascending that ladder! As he stood on the top and looked around on the wide, wide sea, he would say, "Thank God, I am safe—I am safe!" And so when you have fled to Jesus, and found mercy through Him, you will sing, "Praise the Saviour, I am now delivered from deserved wrath! I am through Jesus made a child of God, and an heir of heaven." Oh, that you, my dear reader, may find salvation this very day!

W. C.

Editor's Table.

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QUERY 1. How could Balaam's ass speak?

SIR,—In Numbers: xxii., 28—30, I read that Balaam's ass spoke in human language. Now there are some infidels in this place who say it is a thing impossible. Will you kindly explain this for us? W. T.

ANSWER.—My friend; never be moved by any objections which infidels may allege against the precious Book of God. They deny all miracles, and yet they live in a world surrounded by myriads of wonders which, were they not common facts, would be even greater miracles than that of an ass speaking. Can the infidel tell how the tiny acorn becomes a majestic oak-tree? or how one egg becomes a bird, another a serpent, and another a crocodile? or how one salmon produces thirty thousand other salmon in a single year? or how the naked branches of the trees of a forest produce millions of new branches, and thousands of millions of leaves in a single year? We pity the folly of the poor infidel. We believe the miracle because it is recorded in God's Word, and have no more difficulty in believing this than in believing others. God caused the Apostles to speak intelligently and fluently in fourteen languages: they had never learned, and He did this in a moment! What difficulty then would He have in causing the ass to speak? It is in vain to say that the ass has not intelligence to converse with man. It is not necessary to suppose the ass understood the words he spoke; it was enough for the animal to utter them. Men can make parrots utter words; and why suppose it impossible for God to cause the tongue of an ass to do the same? God could make the very thunders articulate His admonitions; and the noisy winds to utter His awful reproofs. It was wise in God to cause the ass to speak, for the purpose of the miracle was to reprove the folly and covetousness of Balaam; and to do this by the tongue of a dumb animal was well fitted to render the rebuke the more keen, humiliating, and severe. When the ass spoke, it was time for the sinful man to think, repent, and reform. God speaks to us all by judgments and by mercies; by His Word, His Holy Spirit, His ministers, His providence, and His works. The humble, believing, and obedient soul hears God's voice in everything, and can gather useful sentiments from every occurrence in life. Let this be our habit of life!

QUERY 2. David's sling and Goliath's skull.

How was it possible that the stone slung by David could enter so deeply into the skull of Goliath; as to kill him?

ANSWER.—The same person propounds this second question; and assigns a similar reason. We need not, however, give exactly the same kind of answer; for a miracle was not required in this instance. Everyone knows what a sling is, and how it is used in hurling stones and other missiles. In ancient times this instrument was used as a weapon in war, and soldiers were trained to use it with great dexterity and force. Vegetius says that slingers could usually hit the

mark at a distance of 600 feet. We read that among the Benjaminites there were seven hundred chosen men, every one of whom could sling stones at a hair's-breadth and not miss: see Judges xx., 16. Here was dexterity and skill! Were not these people clever? The ancient inhabitants of Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica were called *Baleares* (from *Ballare*, to dart; hurl, or throw) because of their skill in slinging; and on this account they were hired to fight in the Carthaginian and Roman armies. So strict were they in training to use the sling, that parents did not allow their children to eat bread for their breakfast until they had struck it down from the top of a pole or some other point. David, who was expert in other arts, was no doubt clever in this; and knowing his power, he chose the sling above all other weapons; and if the Benjaminites could hit to a hair's-breadth, he would surely find no difficulty in hitting the expansive forehead of a giant. And as to the force required to cut through the bone of his skull, there is no improbability in this; for the force of a stone shot from a sling was almost like the force of a bullet from a musket, and often proved fatal at a proper distance.

There is a mark which it is all-important to hit, and that is salvation! Whatever other mark we hit; should we miss this one we are eternally undone!

One word to scoffers. A scoffing unbeliever, thinking to annoy a Quaker by ridiculing the Bible, said to him; "Do you think, sir, it is at all likely that a stone flung from a sling could sink so deep into the giant's head?" "Yes friend," said the Quaker, "I think it very likely, and all the more easily if his skull had been as soft as thine." Everyone who ridicules the Bible must have either a very soft place in his head or a very hard place in his heart. Young friend, avoid the company of the scoffer!

QUERY 3. Shall we know each other in heaven?

MR. EDITOR,—I shall be glad to have your opinion respecting a common inquiry—"Shall we in heaven know those friends whom we have known on earth?"

S. C.

ANSWER.—There is one question comes before this, and it is rather more important: Shall you, my young friend, be in heaven? and again, Will those you refer to be in heaven? Thank God, you may be there; but, solemn thought, you may not be there! Are you and your friends now walking in the way to heaven? If so, it is well; if not, the first duty is to enter the narrow way; and the second is to persevere to the end. Then heaven will assuredly be your eternal home! And as to knowing one another in heaven, I have no doubt of this. For the knowledge of each other is a means of holy enjoyment to the saints while on earth, and social happiness seems to be one element of the blessedness of heaven. Moreover, the rich fool, though in hell, knew Lazarus in heaven, and Abraham knew both. Paul in speaking of heaven says, "Then shall I know even as also I am known"; and Paul is here speaking of others as well as of himself; and the meaning is this—just as we are now known by angels

and other superior beings in the heavenly world, so shall we then know them; and if we know angels so perfectly we shall undoubtedly recognise each other in the world of glory. An aged minister, being asked by his wife whether he thought they should know each other in heaven, replied, "To be sure we shall"; but after a momentary pause, he added, "The first to attract my notice when I arrive in heaven will be my Saviour, and He will so long absorb all my attention, that I cannot tell when I shall be induced for a moment to look at any other object."

QUERY 4. How could Joseph divine by the use of his silver cup?

SIR,—From Genesis xliv., 5 and 15, it seems that Joseph practised divination by means of the silver cup in which he was accustomed to drink. It seems very strange that he should either be able or willing to do such a thing. It will please and profit some of your readers if you would clear up this matter.

C. R.

ANSWER.—It certainly was, and still is, a practice with people of different nations to pretend to divine by means of a drinking-cup. Jamblichus tells us that one custom was to pour clean water into a goblet, and then to look into the water for representations of future events; and another custom was to pour water into a goblet or dish, dropping therein pieces of gold, silver, or precious stones, and then by observing the water to predict therefrom future events. This custom prevailed in ancient Egypt, and thence passed on to Persia and many other countries. Even in modern times the Mahometans affect to foretell future events by the use of the cup. Oriental poets often make allusions to the cup of divination, and the gipsies and fortune-tellers in our own country still use the cup in pretending to know and make known the future lot of those who are silly enough to give them money for this purpose. Even the lowest savages in Africa do the same at the present day. Of course it is all deception.

But did Joseph practise this foolish and wicked art? He did not, for he was a good man, and would not thus sin against God; he was also a true prophet, and being divinely inspired he needed not to have recourse to this abominable art. The word *nachash* means not only to divine in a bad sense, but to search, inquire into, to learn by experience, and in this sense it seems to be used in the passages before us. This is the sense given to the passages in the Arabic version, and also in the margin of our own Bible. Joseph made trial upon his brethren, by causing this silver cup to be put into the sack of Benjamin, and by this experiment he brought them to realise their true condition, and by their humiliation to fulfil his own prophetic dreams.

QUERY 5. What is the meaning of the peculiar words, Selah, Maschil, and Higgsaion?

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to explain to us the words Selah, Higgsaion, and Maschil, which we find connected with some of the Psalms?

A READER OF THE "JUVENILE."

ANSWER.—These words are used in connection with sacred poetry and song. The word *Selah* means to raise or elevate, and was probably a musical term used to indicate to the singers and musicians when to raise or elevate their music. The word *Higgaion* means meditation; and it seems to be used also as a musical term to indicate the utterances of solemn thought and meditation by appropriate sounds. But we have previously explained these terms at length in our volume of Explanations (see page 372, &c.).

The word *Maschil* means instruction or an instructor, and its connection with some of the Psalms renders it probable that this also was a musical term, a note to indicate a peculiar melody suitable to the Psalm.

The word *Michtam* is another word which we find connected with six Psalms. It literally means gold, fine gold, pure gold, golden; and possibly might express the preciousness in which those Psalms were held by ancient readers and singers.

It is right to state here that there is much uncertainty as to the use of these words. They do not form a part of any sentence, but stand alone, and hence the difficulty of ascertaining their exact use; but as they are connected with poetry and sacred songs designed for use in public worship, it is highly probable they were written for the purposes we have stated.

QUERY. 6. What is the river that maketh glad the city of God?

MR. EDITOR.—In the 46th Psalm, verse 4, it is said, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Will you please inform us what city is meant, and what river is intended? I have read about the city of Jerusalem, but I find no river running through it; nor do I read of any river nearer to it than the river Jordan; but that was a number of miles away to the east of Jerusalem, and as none of its waters either flowed into Jerusalem or came any way near to it, I cannot understand how they could make that city glad. Be pleased, dear sir, to explain this for us if you can.

W. T.

ANSWER.—The city referred to is undoubtedly the city of Jerusalem, for this was called by way of dignity "the city of God," because God had chosen it for His habitation. There, also, was His sanctuary, the tabernacle and the temple; and hence it is called the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High; and there the shekinah, or glory of the Divine presence, was displayed between the cherubim in the holy of holies. It is true the river Jordan was at a considerable distance from Jerusalem, and equally true that there was no other great stream flowing by that city; and many persons have been puzzled to know how the city could be made glad by a river, when there was none to be seen. There was indeed the brook Kedron, but that was only a small stream. But if our correspondent had lived in Jerusalem in ancient times, and especially in the time of a siege, he would have well understood the language of the psalmist. Though no visible river ran outside the city, there was a never-failing stream which ran under the city and through it. Jerusalem was in

all ages remarkable for its supply of water—a supply so abundant that when surrounded by a besieging army the inhabitants had plenty, and by it were made glad. The city was indeed honeycombed with channels through which water ran copiously and continually, so that Tacitus said the city contained “*fons perennis aquæ*,” a perennial fountain of water. Modern explorers have discovered the source of this stream and its underground channels, and thus have enabled us to see how the unknown river made glad the city of God. And this discovery, while illustrating the passage before us, enables us to understand the meaning of 2 Chronicles xxiii., 14, which tells us that Hezekiah, when fearing an attack from the Assyrians, “stopped the upper course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David”; and again, “He fortified the city, and brought in water into the midst thereof, and digged the rock with iron, and made wells for the water” (Ecc. xlviii., 17). This flowing stream made glad the city, because it yielded an abundant supply within the walls, and inspired the inhabitants with confidence even in the presence of a besieging army. This abundant supply of water to Jerusalem is an emblem of the abundant supply of spiritual comfort which the Christian derives from the means of grace, when he with joy draws water from the wells of salvation.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE CIRCUIT.—The annual Juvenile Missionary meeting in connection with the above school was held on Sunday afternoon, May 18th, 1873. Mr. Isaac Kelsall, presided on the occasion. After the opening hymn had been sung, and the Rev. H. T. Marshall had engaged in prayer, the chairman called on the secretary to read the report. The report showed that although there were six schools in the circuit who contributed to the Juvenile Missions last year, this year there were only five, one having withdrawn and gone to another circuit, yet the amount raised in the circuit during the year is £89 5s., being £6 over last year's effort. Of this amount Stamford Street School contributes £44 13s. 6d.; Waterloo School, £25 2s. 7d.; Hooley Hill School, £9 6s. 11d.; Dukinfield School, £5 6s. 10½d.; Ryecroft School, £5 0s. 1½d; total, £89 5s. After the report had been read, the chairman gave his address in a few well-chosen words. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. H. T. Marshall, Messrs. J. Williamson, G. H. Kenyon, and J. Talant. Two recitations were well given, one by Miss M. Fildes, entitled, “The Stranger and his Friend;” and the other by Master J. W. Peart, entitled, “The Boy with the Five Loaves.” Also a dialogue by Masters A. E. Mills, T. Fildes, and G. Colbeck, entitled “Noah's Carpenters.” At intervals the scholars sang the Whitsuntide hymns, several of which were quite appropriate for the occasion. A collection was made at the close of the meeting amounting to £8 0s. 5½d., being the largest amount we have raised at any meeting hitherto. Votes of thanks to the chairman, &c., concluded a very successful meeting.—J. A. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.

OADBURY.—Dear Sir,—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday, April 29th, our large chapel being well filled. Mr. Charles Price occupied the chair. The report was read by Mr. J. Armstrong; after which interesting and encouraging addresses were delivered by our esteemed minister, the Rev. J. K. Jackson, and two of our Sunday-school teachers, Messrs. W. Owen and J. Barwick. Appropriate recitations were given by several of our Sunday-school scholars; and during the evening, hymns were sung by the children and choir; under their able conductor, Mr. G. Hinde.

The following is the financial statement:—

Collected by—	£.	s.	d.	Collected by—	£.	s.	d.
William King	0	2	0	Ben. Leakey Jackson ...	0	5	0
Joseph Hill	0	2	1	Percy Armstrong Jaak-			
Joseph Alexander Arm-				son	0	5	0
strong	0	2	8	Sarah Bagnall	0	5	0
Anna Sturges	0	2	6	Elizabeth Clift	0	5	0
John Powell	0	2	6	Elizabeth Millward ...	0	5	0
Polly Pardoe	0	2	6	Alfred James Holloway	0	5	6
Anne Fisher	0	2	6	Edw. Samuel Holloway	0	5	6
Lacy Crawford	0	3	0	Martha Sturges	0	5	6
Harriet Preston	0	3	0	Emily Pearsall	0	5	6
Ellen Franks	0	3	2	William Baker	0	6	1
Enoch Turley	0	3	4	Emily and Sarah Jane			
Percilla Millward	0	3	6	Holland	0	7	0
Maria Matthews	0	3	6	Ann Maria Farthorn ...	0	13	2
William Jesson	0	5	0	Miss Fanny Nightingale	1	1	0
Samuel Preston	0	5	0	Miss Elizabeth Millward			
Edward Thomas Mill-				and Miss Elizabeth			
ward	0	5	0	Bagnall	1	10	0
Joseph Matthews	0	5	0	Miss Sarah Ann Hol-			
Elizabeth James	0	5	0	loway	2	6	0
Harriet Ray	0	5	0	Sums under 2s.	0	19	2
Maria Roden	0	5	0				
Keziah Ray	0	5	0				
Joseph Matthews	0	5	0				
Emma Baker	0	5	0	Chapel collection	14	5	3
Polly Parkes	0	5	0		7	19	5
Joel Ezra Nickless	0	5	0	Making a total of	22	4	8

This being an increase on last year of, £8 6s. 9d.—Hoping that next year we shall be still more successful, and praying that God will crown our efforts with success, I am, yours truly, J. OSBORNE and S. HOLLOWAY; Secretaries.

SALEM; CHAPEL, STRANGWAYS, MANCHESTER, NORTH CIRCUT.—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, May 11th, 1873. Mr. R. Hankinson, one of our superintendents, occupied the chair; and after the reading of the report we had a few very interesting addresses by our esteemed minister, the Rev. H. Piggin, Mr. Alderman Jenkinsen, Mr. W. Derbyshire, and Mr. McNama. The meeting was a very good one, and on the whole I think it was the best meeting we have had for some time. The results of our year's exertions in the cause of missions amount to £28 13s. 5½d., which is very near the amount of the previous year.—J. B. BAKERLY.

ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE, LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT.—All lovers of the "cause of temperance" must, we are sure, feel gratified by the reports of Connexional Bands of Hope, which appear in the JUVENILE from time to time; and we take this opportunity of informing your readers of our efforts towards making the rising generation a sober one. The INSTRUCTOR for May, 1871, contains a report of our progress during the first few months of our history. Since then we have held twenty-eight meetings and taken 128 pledges, which give us a total of 223 members, of whom eighteen are (or have been) teachers and 168 scholars in our Sunday-school, the remainder being children and adults influenced by our teachers and scholars to pledge themselves against the use of strong drink. On Easter Monday, 1872, we held our first "Festival"—the previous Easter meeting being simply a demonstration—which was a decided success. About 120 partook of tea. The after meeting was presided over by our superintendent minister, the Rev. J. Hudston; and addressed by Mr. N. Smyth, agent for the Liverpool Band of Hope Union; the proceedings being varied by the singing and reciting of our juvenile members. Our second festival took place on Easter Monday (14th April) last; and although more successful than the former one the attendance was not so large as we anticipated. Dr. B. Townson, one of our leading temperance men, presided; and the Rev. Chas. Garrett, Wesleyan minister, late of Manchester, addressed the meeting. Several suitable melodies were sung by a juvenile choir; and the following recitations were given—"The Raindrop," by Elizabeth Parry; "The Children's Army," by John W. Davies; and "Rhymes for the Times," by Elizabeth Stephen. The meeting was very enthusiastic, the speakers, singers, and reciters being applauded to the echo.—CHAS. J. CAVE, President; GEO. BUCHANAN, Secretary.

12th May, 1873.

THE CHEERFUL FACE.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

NEXT to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at such a face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair, out of the mist and shadows, away from tears and repining into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions may lurk around the door, they may even look within; but they can never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight.

It may be a very *plain face*, but there is something about it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn towards it as the leaves of the plant turn towards the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell that

reaches into eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a very *little* face ; one that we nestle on our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby ; but it is such a bright, cheery little face ! The scintillations of a joyous spirit are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has over the household—binding each heart together in tenderness, and love, and sympathy. Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this little face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is never seen.

It may be a very *wrinkled* face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less brighter. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "God bless this happy face ! We must keep it with us as long as we can ; for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone."

And after it is gone how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our wayward natures ! When care and sorrow would snap our heart-strings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way less dreary, and the sorrow less heavy.

God bless the cheerful face ! Bless it ? He has blessed it already ; the stamp of heaven is on every feature. What a dreary world this would be without this heaven-born light ; and he who has it not should pray for it as he would pray for his daily bread. Dear children, get religion, for that will give you a cheerful face.

WHY HE SMOKED.

GEORGE COLMAN, in his "Random Records," tells a comical story of a parcel of school-boys in the time of James I. of England, who smoked to excess :—

"This, of course, was concealed, as much as one can conceal a smell, from the master, till one luckless evening, when the lads were all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapours of their own creation, lo, in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them !

" 'How now !' quoth he to the first lad, 'how dare you be smoking tobacco ?'

" 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I'm subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain.'

" 'And you?—and you?—and you ?' inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

"One had a raging tooth-ache—another the colic—the third a cough—the fourth—in short, they all had something.

" 'Now, sirrah,' bellowed the master to the last boy, 'what disorder do you smoke for ?'

"Alas, all the excuses were exhausted, when the interrogated

archin, putting down his pipe after a farewell whiff, and looking gravely into the master's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for coons." How ready a lie to those who do wrong!

"IT WAS MY MOTHER'S."

A COMPANY of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the starting of the railway, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The guard stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of a patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the guard, "what are you going to do with that piece of old calico?"

"Please sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear, dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom "to remember his mother by," hurried into the carriage, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye has moistened as the story of this orphan boy has been told, and many a heart prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child.

Will our little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try to show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys, especially, always be affectionate and kind to their mothers?

Will you keep in mind that if you should some day have to look upon the face of a "dear dead mother," no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience?

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

AN esteemed minister writes thus:—

Very recently, a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father from a public-house.

He found his parent drinking with some other men. One of them invited the little fellow to take some beer; firmly, and at once the boy replied:

"No, I can't take that; I am in the Band of Hope."

They looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said:—

"Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some 'bulls-eyes'"—a kind of sugar confectionery.

The boy took the penny, and said:

"I thank you, but I had rather not have 'bull's-eyes.' I shall put it into the penny-bank."

The men looked at one another, and for some moments were entirely silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words:—

"Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge, and put our savings in the penny-bank, the better."

The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the two wise speeches of a boy only six years old. How many old people have made much longer but less effective speeches! "A little child shall lead them."

THE KING AND CHILD.

WHILE William III. was living in Kensington Palace he was sitting one day in his private room engaged with his secretary, when they heard a light tap at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the King.

"Lord Buck," answered a little voice.

William opened the door, and found there a boy four years old, Lord Buckhurst, the Earl of Dorset.

"And what does Lord Buck want?"

"You to be horse to my coach," was the cool answer. "I wanted you a long time."

The King smiled, and taking the string, drew the tiny carriage up and down the hall till the little boy was satisfied.

William was a stern warrior, a resolute, uncompromising man, often perplexed and troubled; but this little incident shows another side of his character, and proves him capable of a gentle, fatherly kindness and sympathy. But look at the love of Christ! He died for children!

LIFTING BOTH HANDS TO CHRIST.

DURING the winter season a young lady while crossing the ice, came to a thin place and fell through.

A gentleman sitting by his office window, hearing a cry for help, hastened to the spot. He immediately put out both hands, saying, "Clasp my hands tightly, and I will save you."

She replied, "Oh, I cannot lift up both hands! One rests upon the ice; were I to raise it I should surely sink."

He answered: "Let go your hold upon the ice, trust me, and I will save you. Were I to take one I could not draw you out."

She then raised up both hands, he caught them, drew her out, and she went on her way rejoicing.

Are there not many who, while walking on the sea of life, come to some point, when they see their needy condition and cry for help?

The Saviour hears the cry and stands with outstretched arms to save them, but, like the young lady, they are unwilling to put up both hands, saying in their heart, if not in words, "Oh, were I to loose my hold upon earth I should surely sink, for He might not save me; then what should I have to lean upon?"

But the Saviour stands waiting, saying, "Trust me. You cannot cling to both. Let the fleeting world go. Look to Me. I will take you from the 'horrible pit and miry clay, and set your feet upon the rock,' where you can rest secure for time and eternity."

Some obey the voice, lift up both hands, crying, "Lord save me! I perish," are saved, and go on their way rejoicing.

But, alas!—too many would be saved by raising one hand to Christ, while cleaving to the world with the other, placing it either upon its riches, honours, or pleasures, feeling they cannot give up all for Christ.

And when Christ says, "Leave all and follow me," they turn back and sink deeper into worldliness and sin, and are lost; yes, lost forever.

Poetry.

—O—

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY WILLIAM L. WHITING, LL.D.

SWEET are the fragrant roses
That bloom in the morning sun;
Sweet the repose of evening,
When daily cares are done;
Sweet are the dreams of childhood—
Alas! beyond recall;
But a mother's love for her children
Is sweeter far than all.

Sweet is the robin's carol
As he sings in the apple-tree;
Sweet are the rippling waters
That run to the open sea;
Sweet is the schoolboy's laughter
As it rings through glade and hall;
But a mother's love for her children
Is sweeter far than all.

Dear is the friend who loves us,
As true devotion shows;
Dear is the word of kindness
That from his bosom flows;

Dear is the hand that saves us
From pain's oppressive thrall;
But a mother's love for her children
Is sweeter far than all.

Dear are the tender feelings
That spring from a loving heart;
Dear is the love that Cupid
Sends with his winging dart;
Dear are the germs of virtue
Which have survived "the fall";
But a mother's love for her children
Is dearer far than all.

True is the noble warrior
Who stretches forth his hand
And sheds his blood while saving
His own dear native land.
Forgetting all but country,
He braves the deadly ball;
But a mother's love for her children
Is truer far than all.



THE YOUNG BIBLE STUDENT AND PREACHER,—To Illustrate "*The Children of the Bible*,"
(See page 228.)

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

VI.—THE YOUNG BIBLE STUDENT AND PREACHER.



I have as yet only written about children mentioned in the Old Testament. There is, however, one in the New Testament who must not be overlooked.

If I had all my young friends round me, and were to ask the name of the one, I doubt not the answer would quickly come from every side, "Timothy! Timothy!" Yes, I mean Timothy. There is no continuous narrative given in the New Testament of Timothy's early life. Indeed, such accounts are seldom given of any of the Lord's servants. We find out all we know from short and casual references found here and there in the Word of God. We are informed how a man lived, what he was, and what he did, because these are the main things; but Bible writers are not so particular to tell where he was born, who were his parents, and what the circumstances of his early life. However, by seeking we shall be able to find some information on these points.

By referring to a map of Asia Minor you will see a range of mountains running along for some distance parallel with the southern coast. To the north of this mountain chain was a province called Lycaonia, and in this province were two places mentioned together in the New Testament as Lystra and Derbe. (Acts xiv., 6.) This seems to have been a region very little thought of in those days. The country was wild and barren; the people for the most part rude and barbarous. Among them the ancient superstitions still held undisputed sway. The heathen temple was there, and was attended by many. The ignorant people gathered round in silent awe while the priests offered daily sacrifice to the gods, and practised those secret rites which only tended to debase the minds of those who witnessed them. Strange to say, however, in Lystra there dwelt a family who took little if any part in the idolatry of their neighbours. The father of this family was a Greek, whose name we do not know; the mother was a Jewess named Eunice; the old grandmother Lois dwelt with them; and the only child that we know of was Timothy. His mixed parentage was a great advantage to this youth. Being both Greek and Jew his sympathies were confined to neither, but extended alike to the Gentile and Jewish world. The Greek was accustomed to despise the Jew, while the Jew in his turn regarded the Greek with

equal scorn. But Timothy was linked to both, and therefore in his heart this foolish enmity could have no place. Both at Athens and Jerusalem he was at home.

We are not told whether Timothy's father, being a Greek, was an idolator as well. It is likely he was not. He may have been what was called a "proselyte of the gate"—that is, a Gentile who had given up his heathen worship, and adopted in part the Jewish faith and ritual. Hence, though still living in a heathen city, he would attend the Jewish synagogue. For in those days the Jews had already in large numbers left their native land, and had established their own form of worship wherever they had gone. Still it is scarcely possible for a man to cut himself off entirely from the people to whom he belongs. Timothy's father was a Greek, and as a Greek he would be glad to tell his son all about the old forms of worship practised still by his neighbours, and especially to speak to him of the warriors, the artists, the poets, and the wise men who had made the Greeks a nation of renown. With what interest Timothy would hear of the battles they fought, and the cities they reared!—cities filled with monuments of human skill, such as have rarely been equalled since, and never surpassed. How gladly would he listen while his father told him of the sayings of the Greek sages!—men who, though they enjoyed not a Divine revelation, yet often spoke with wisdom most profound. As Timothy heard of these, the glories of his people, his young heart would swell with the feeling of patriotism, and he would surely rejoice that he belonged to a nation like this.

But through his mother he was born to a far more precious inheritance. His mother was a Jewess—a woman who, though not living in Israel, yet revered Israel's God, and clung to the promises made to his people. How soon she began to teach her little boy his "*Aleph, Beth, Gimel*"—that is, the Hebrew A, B, C—we are not informed; but we may be sure it was as soon as the little fellow could lip the alphabet. Do you ask why she was in such haste? Because she was anxious to fill his mind with the knowledge of that glorious revelation which was God's special gift to the Jews. When Timothy had gone through his first spelling exercises, it was not long before that great parchment scroll was unrolled, and he became a diligent student of its sacred words. A scene such as that represented in the picture was a frequent one in Timothy's home. Paul could well say of him afterwards, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim., iii., 15).

It was whilst Timothy was yet a lad at home receiving this two-fold education, that two men visited Lystra who at once attracted great attention. A cripple from his birth they caused to leap and walk. The people were astounded. They cried, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men!" It was Paul and Barnabas who had come to preach Christ's Gospel for the first time in that city. At Jerusalem the people welcomed Jesus like a King, and then crucified him like a murderer. At Lystra the people first attempted to do sacrifice to Paul, as though he were a god, and then they quickly changed their opinion and tried to stone him to death. "Having stoned Paul they drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead. Howbeit, as the disciples stood round about him he rose up, and came into the city" (Acts xiv., 19, 20). *The disciples*—who were they? Paul and Barnabas had only been here a short time, and there were no Christians in the place before they came. Who were these disciples? Whoever the rest were, Timothy was one. He and probably his parents had hailed with abounding gladness the coming of Paul. They had read the promises of Scripture in reference to the Redeemer, they had anxiously waited, and now most thankfully heard from Paul that these promises were fulfilled. And hence when Paul some time after visited Lystra, so wonderfully had this youth Timothy grown in knowledge of sacred truth, and in fitness for Christian service, that his brethren with one voice recommended him to the Apostle. And then took place that solemn service when he, probably not more than eighteen years old as yet, was consecrated to the work of a Christian pioneer. The little church assembles. Paul and the elders of that humble band of devoted Christians lay their hands on the young man's head. His father and mother, and dear old grandmother, it is likely, are there—there to make a surrender, the cost of which who can estimate? They give up their lad, as many a family has done since, their only but sufficient comfort being that he is given to the Lord. All present offer for him their parting prayer, "Lord, bless our Timothy; protect him in the perils he goes to encounter, and make him a valiant witness for the crucified One!" Henceforth he becomes Paul's almost constant companion, sharing his travels, labours, and sufferings, and serving with him as "a son in the gospel."

Boys and young men of our Sunday-schools, how much your advantages exceed those of Timothy! Do you study your complete Bible as he did the Old Testament Scriptures? You have a thousand more helps to that study. How do you use them? And then

another question. How does Bible truth influence your present life, and your plans for the future? Has the truth about Jesus led you to find peace and holy joy in Him? Perhaps you are looking out upon life and wondering what you shall do—what place you shall fill. Let me tell you the world is still hungering and thirsting and dying for the knowledge of God and his Christ. Timothies are urgently wanted! Have you enthusiasm enough in your hearts for the Saviour to lead you to forego worldly ambitions, to give up the tempting gains offered now by the business world, and to consecrate your intelligence, your affections, your life's service to toil for Christ?

There is much of professed attachment to the Saviour nowadays, but far too little practical offering up of self in it all. Bible-loving, Christ-honouring, home and business-forsaking Timothies, where are you? The Church is cramped and tied down in its efforts for want of you. Men are dying for lack of the Gospel knowledge which might be given by you. Christ's Kingdom tarries, millennium glories do not dawn, because you hold yourselves back from the work.

The age is calling, God Himself is calling for young men of intelligent fervour, faith, and self-yielding love! Where are the Timothies?

J. C. S.

UP THE RHINE, &c.;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. XI.

AT the close of our last, we availed ourselves of what some people have dignified by the euphonest name of an Englishman's privilege—viz., to grumble. Well, privilege or no privilege, grumble we did; and, as we thought, with good reason, for we had been duped, and the only gratification left was to let the steam off in the way announced. Yes, *this* was the only relief to our mortification that at the English Hotel, Strasburg, we paid for what we did not get, and got what we did not pay for, and certainly did not want. Still, it was a reputably respectable place; but things are not always what they seem. Hence on arriving at

METZ

we were careful to select what we thought a good hotel—"Grand Hotel de Metz." Nor were we disappointed. And, indeed, we think it cheapest in the end—everything considered—to go to first-rate hotels. Having then, selected our apartments at the above, we

proceed to the market-place, where we purchase a lot of good fruit at a very cheap rate. Thus laden we seek the esplanade—where stands the statue of Marshal Ney—sit down on a bench under the shady trees, enjoy our juicy repast, and watch the fountain play. It is a delightfully fine day, and the falling spray from the fountain makes mimic rainbows in the air, while a band that plays in a pavilion close by, lends the aid of its soothing music to the charm of the exhilarating scene. As we sit thus enjoying ourselves, our attention is attracted by the practice of the Prussian military in the street, over against the statue above referred to. And certainly, as we have observed the drill during the little time we have occupied the conquered and annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, we have been struck with it; it seems so thorough. While in the ranks, the soldiers seem as sharp as a needle. A single word from the drill-sergeant disperses them on apparently different errands, another word recalls them into closed bodies. And yet the men themselves to look at, seem nothing *extra*; certainly not superior to our militia, to say nothing of the regiments of the line; while to have seen the Prussian soldier at home, has divested him of that enchantment which the reports of his prowess, played upon by a morbid imagination, had thrown around him. They are mostly all of middle height—we speak of those we saw—young and strong to all appearance, but not the giants we thought them “in those days” of the war. Yet we saw no old men among them; but this is of course accounted for by the Prussian military system. But the officers *do* seem a superior race of men; mostly tall, well-built, and of fair presentable appearance. Herein, we think, we see the secret of their success. The officers are skilful workmen, in whose hands the rank and file were well-tempered tools. Let this, then, suffice.

Leaving the fountain we stroll to the end of the esplanade, and looking over the wall observe “the confluence of the rivers Seille and Moselle.” Raising our heads, in the distance, about two or three miles away, we descry Fort St. Quentin, which brings back with fearful vividness to the mind the tale of the late war. Suppose we go?—which after purchasing a map of Metz and the battle-grounds around, we do. Passing through the gate, through which the Germans entered in triumph, we journey some distance to the foot of a high hill. After a hard push up we prepare to attack the fort, but find it hard work enough without having anybody to annoy us by firing disagreeable bullets out of live pop-guns at the top. When up we wait to recover our breath, and take in large and long inspirations of the bracing mountain air. When rested and cooled—for it is no joke to conquer a fortress of this stamp—with the aid of our map we proceed to study the relative positions of the contending armies during the same war. Metz lies in the bed of a large dish, so to speak, while for its protection numerous forts are built at different distances round the edge—that is, on the hills. Hence the one we occupy, St. Quentin, Fort Plappville, Fort St. Julian, and

others farther off; whilst Fort St. Quentin and Plappville are those under which more particularly the French sought shelter during October, 1870. Now as we call to mind that on the day of the cruel capitulation—October 27th—under Marshal Bazaine, an army of over 170,000 men, 6000 officers, more than sixty generals, and three marshals surrendered to an army under Prince Frederick Charles, numerically only a little larger, we say, as we remember the facts and circumstances of the case, however hard it may seem towards one who is so disgraced as Bazaine, we can scarcely quell the feeling of suspicion that rises spontaneously in the breast, and casts itself upon the unfortunate commander. And we think—as we thought at the time, and now that we have seen the place, more firmly than ever—that Bazaine's Bonapartist predilections had supplanted his patriotism, and the result is a capitulation, the like to which history affords no parallel except that of Sedan. Still it is not ours to write the history thereof. But at Thionville we fell in with a young lieutenant of the Prussian landwehr, who told us a circumstance respecting this same Fort Quentin and himself. The story is so singular that some of you will require to take it as the newspapers learnedly write, *cum grano salis*—or with a grain of salt. Perhaps some of you won't be able to take it at all; well, leave it. Anyhow here it is. He and his regiment were part of the besieging army before Metz. One night over their cups the officers made a bet, challenging one of their number to visit the post in question, and leave there his visiting card. He accepted the challenge, and as they dared him to the deed he vowed to go. So saying he selected fifty of his own company, the most tried, brave, and trusty men, and sent them two and two, different ways. And so, winding themselves as best they could through the French lines, thirty-four arrived safe on the top of the fort. But if a fact it was a most daring and foolhardy deed. But, then, men when in wine do many foolish and wicked things. Well, he nailed up his card, but on his return journey had a narrow escape of being caught. However he won the bet. But what of the sixteen missing ones? To this no answer. Such, in brief, is the story; perhaps you say, "Ay, story enough." Leaving this awfully formidable fortress we descend by another route the hill, the sides of which are clad with luxuriant vines. Returning to the city we visit the cathedral which, architecturally considered, is very good, also other places of interest, with a description of which we shall not trouble you, but pass on by an early train to

THIONVILLE.

This place is not in our programme, so that we are indebted to an accident for our acquaintance with it. However the accident came about, we were left at the station of Diedenhofen, on the line from Metz to Brussels, *viâ* Luxembourg. So having several hours to spare, we spent them as best we might by visiting the town of Thionville, which is about half a mile away, or less. This town, you remember,

played a part in the Franco-German war, and gives unmistakable signs of having so done. All the trees in the neighbourhood have been cut down so as to give no shelter to the enemy, while the walls of the town are battered and broken, in some cases most frightfully. We wander through the town, out past the cavalry barracks to a French village—a dirty, miserable-looking place, where one of the most prominent objects is a crucifix. Think you the latter will account for the former, or Romanism for the misery and the dirt? Thus revolving sundry subjects we perambulate the place, loitering away the time till it is time to return, which we do, strolling down the Rue de Luxembourg. Rambling about, we gather that the town stood only fourteen hours' bombardment, and surrendered on the 24th of November, 1870. The "fact" being duly jotted by the way, we throw ourselves upon the grass near the station, and, whilst giving our fancy the rein, leisurely wait for the train for

BRUSSELS.

Passing through the annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine we are struck with their richness, fertility, and beauty; and our thoughts are stirred. That Prussia wanted them there can be no doubt; that she means to keep them no one questions. But that we shall see no further fight, no other desperate, deadly struggle on the part of France to recover what she, nearly two hundred years ago, stole from Germany in a moment of her depression and weakness, we have no assurance. Only let the opportunity offer, France will not scruple to rush in and use it. And when the time shall come, if it ever do, the struggle will be determined and deadly, long and bloody. Such is our thought after seeing the conquered territory, and mingling somewhat with the two peoples. It is a happy thing, is it not, that whilst one is thus reflecting he is approaching nearer his destination? So away we rattle. Through Luxembourg. Calling at Namur, we have just a few minutes, which enable us to look out from the station and observe it to be a fine-looking town, with a number of nice buildings. The most prominent object we see is the citadel up there on a rock, for the protection of the city which lies quietly below. This place is the capital of the Belgian province of the same name—Namur; while the fortress is said to be the strongest which Belgium can boast. Another smart run brings us "latish" on in the evening of Friday, June 29th, to the capital of this little kingdom. And we soon find ourselves comfortably housed in the Hotel de Saxe.

Having slept well, we rise much refreshed and ready for a hard day's work. Breakfast over, then we set out to "do" the town, and visit the Church of St. Gudule. This is a magnificent structure, dating, tradition tells, from 1047. In 1839 it began to be restored. It has two splendid towers, which become grander and more imposing the longer you look. The fee for entrance is two francs, but we get in cheaply—for nothing, in fact—because mass was being performed

for the repose (?) of somebody's soul, so the church was open. The priest mumbled his prayers, walked rapidly round the covered corpse, carrying in his hand a peculiar brush, not unlike in shape and size the plume which the leading horse often wears at a funeral. He seemed to be busy brushing off the naughty little imps who wanted to steal away the soul of the departed down to the regions below. After this he incensed the poor fellow, and filled the place with disagreeable fumes. So that getting what we didn't bargain for, we began to feel a little *incensed* too—ay, and in more senses than one. In a conversation with a student respecting such like we gathered that for such performances the priests *sometimes* receive 3000 francs. Indeed, but a short time ago "they paid 2000 francs for an uncle." "Do *you*, then, believe in it? or the people?" we asked. "Very few; it is the custom. And if you take a hundred young men" (speaking, we suppose, of his own class and circle) "you will not find more than two *believers*; that is, those who scrupulously observe the ceremonies of religion, and practise its precepts." As to infidelity, amongst *them* he thought it on the increase. Such the gist of our conversation. But we have wandered a little. The interior of St. Gudule is very beautiful. Its pictures, stained glass windows, images, &c., it would be vain to attempt to describe; but leading Romanists know their value to the faith. One thing, however, should not be omitted—the pulpit of Verbruggen. As a work of art it is a most magnificent production. It is of carved oak, and was finished in 1786, the subject being the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. Eve stands in a pitiful attitude, appealingly, as if she would excuse herself for a deed of which she feels herself guilty, but which she refuses to own as hers; at the same time she holds an apple in her hand. Adam, on the right, hides his head in shame and sorrow, while over him appears an angel, with drawn sword in his outstretched hand. On the angel's face is depicted pity and intense horror at the deed committed. Along the back of the pulpit, its base, and up the steps is seen a variety of vegetation, including, no doubt, "the tree in the midst of the garden." A serpent, with his tail close to Eve, winds round the body of the pulpit right to the top, where stands the Saviour, with his foot bruising the serpent's head. The pulpit is, indeed, a marvel of workmanship—a perfect study. Having satiated our eyes we retire, ramble round the town, see sundry other objects of interest; but nothing "takes us" so much as this famous pulpit of Verbruggen. It is no part of ours to write a "guide-book," but simply record personal experiences, as we have hinted before. So we take train for Groenendaal, where we find a coach waiting to convey us through the beautifully cool shade of the forest of Soignies to the battle-field of Waterloo. But for want of space our "facts and fancies" relative to this interesting and attractive spot must be reserved till next month.

E. H.

NAOMI AND RUTH.



HERE is something to grieve and something to please in this story: something to make us sad, and something to make us glad. It is a double picture, one of desolate widowhood, and one of domestic affection. You, my young friends, scarcely know anything as yet of the bitter troubles which those older than yourselves have to pass through.

It is morning life with you—life in its first bright flush of gladness. Still there is in your hearts a deep well of tender sympathy which is ever made to flow at the mention of human suffering. You will, therefore, feel for Naomi. Hers was a specially painful case. Naomi's home was in the favoured city of Bethlehem. Her husband held a good position there, and they dwelt together in comfort and peace.

They had also two sons, who promised well to attain positions of honour in the land. But one of those fearful famines, too well known in eastern countries, occurred. Bethlehem was specially likely to suffer from this cause, standing, as it did, high among the Judæan hills, and having but a scanty supply of water in the best of times. This was the beginning of Naomi's distress. She had been accustomed to spread the table with plenty, she saw this plenty give place to scarcity, and then to absolute want. What were they to do? To remain at home was death. They will seek in Moab the living it is impossible to secure in Bethlehem. So Naomi leaves the home of her childhood and early married life, that she may accompany her husband and sons in seeking their fortune in a foreign land. She would not have thought so much of this, because though it was very painful to break the ties of early association and fellowship, she had still her dear ones with her, and it was home to her to be with them. But their stay in Moab had not been long when "Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died, and she was left and her two sons" (Ruth i., 3.)

She was now a widow among strangers. Still there remained her sons. How she would cling to them! How fondly this poor mother would find her joy in seeking to be of use to them. Surely they will be spared. But no: with them also she must part. After about ten years they both, by a strange providence, are taken away, and she is left desolate indeed.

Poor, poor Naomi! thy sad widowhood and childlessness touch our hearts, and call forth our deepest sympathy!

But this story gives us also a pleasing picture of domestic affection. The sons of Naomi had both married women of Moab. When their husbands died Naomi begged them both to go back to their own homes, while she would return to Bethlehem. One of them, Orpah, kissed her mother-in-law, and returned as she was advised. But the other would not do so. "Ruth clave unto her. And Ruth said entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after

thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God, &c." (v. 16.)

In thus becoming the companion of her bereaved mother-in-law Ruth showed what a noble woman she was. In former days Naomi had doubtless shown great kindness to her. This was the time to return it. She did not forget her obligations. But by becoming a friend in Naomi's need she showed she was a friend indeed. Her deep love for Naomi was shown in the sacrifices she made. Moab was her home, not Judea; her friends were here, not there. But she gladly forsook her home for her adopted mother's sake.

When Naomi came she had her husband and sons to protect her.



In returning there was no one. How could two lone women travel there with safety? But Ruth did not heed the dangers of the road. She was young, her mother was growing old. At least she might be a helper and comforter by the way. But there was one other thing which gave Ruth confidence. She had been an idolator; but from her husband and Naomi she had learnt a better faith. She now trusted in the God of Israel. That God has a special care for the widowed and desolate ones. Surely in this long journey, Ruth would say, He will care for us.

What a beautiful sight! Ruth, who was herself a widow, ministering to one who was a sadder widow still! And both together resting in the special goodness of their God!

The poorest shelter by the wayside would be a happy home with love and faith like this. My dear reader, these two things are together the secret of all blessedness. Not fine houses with costly furniture, not rich clothing, nor great wealth. Many have these, and yet are miserable.

Faith in God, and that supreme love for Him which makes us love all our fellow-men; my reader, get these, then you will be happy, though, like Naomi or Ruth, you are only a poor wayside wanderer.

There is one incident which always links the story of Ruth with this season of the year. I mean the gleaning in the fields of Boaz. Harvest time has come again, and, thank God! there is again a harvest to gather. Two or three weeks ago I was looking at a wide field of wheat. The stalks were long, the ears large and well filled, and as the gentle breeze passed over it I saw the sun was already turning the green to gold. It was a lovely sight! But as I looked more closely I perceived the field was dotted here and there with ears that were neither green nor yellow, but black. I plucked one of these, and found that, although the stalk had shot as high as the rest, instead of the firmly-set rows of grain, each grain in its little shield of husk the ear had borne only a brownish-black powder which shook out upon my hands and clothes like so much soot. It was a disease which farmers call "the smut." Happily it did not extend far.

And I thought these black ears scattered over the otherwise fruitful field seem just sent to tell what might have been. Instead of wholesome food we might have had only soot-like dust to mock the toil of the husbandman. But through the goodness of God it is not so. The harvest has followed the seedtime again according to His promise. (Gen. viii., 22). All over our land the fields are busy with reapers whose pleasant labour it is to cut and bind into sheaves the rich grain our Father has ripened for our use. The sowers who scattered by handfuls are now gathering by waggon-loads. Perhaps some of you, my readers, will be gleaning in these fields; collecting together the loose ears of corn, that none of God's precious gift may be wasted. As, with downcast eyes, you pass from place to place, ever adding to your store, think of Ruth, the poor gleaner of Bethlehem.

For Naomi had returned with her daughter about the time of barley harvest (chap. ii.) Ruth, glad of the chance of getting a little food for her mother and herself, goes forth to glean. Under the hot sun she gathers all the day, nor tires till evening comes. In that field she began to receive the reward of her filial love. You can read for yourselves how she gained the goodwill of Boaz, and how afterwards she became his honoured wife.

Honoured because of the character of Boaz. For he was not only a rich, but a good man. And honoured because as his wife she became one of that specially favoured line of which at length Christ was born. Boaz and Ruth were the great grandfather and great grandmother of David, and from the family of David afterwards

came Jesus. My children, Naomi was not Ruth's own mother, and yet how kind she was to her! Are you as thoughtful and good to the parents that are your own? Again, Ruth gave up her heathen gods, and broke off all early companionships of her life that she might serve the true God. What have you given up to be a servant of the holy Jesus? "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." J. C. S.

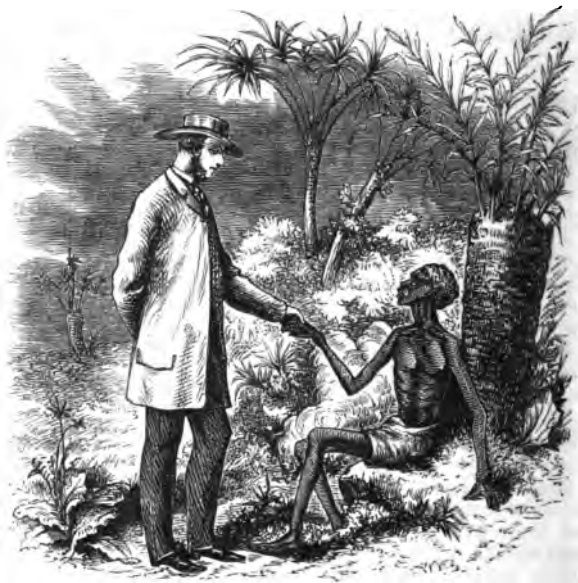
THE GOOD MISSIONARY AND HEATHEN CRUELTY.

I SUPPOSE all our young readers have heard of the good missionary, the Rev. Robert Moffat. About sixty years ago he went out as a missionary to Africa, and after labouring there above fifty years he returned to England. He is still living, and a fine old man he is. Many long years ago he published an account of his labours in South Africa, and he gives us many interesting facts respecting the natives of that country—their manners and customs, their dark superstitions and bloody wars, and the blessed change which some have experienced through the Gospel. You see the picture along with this article; well, it represents the good missionary helping a poor woman dying of starvation. I will tell you the story. Mr. Moffat and his party were crossing a wild sandy plain in Africa, when they saw in the distance a little smoke rising among some bushes that skirted a ravine. Being almost ready to faint for thirst they hurried forward, in hope of finding someone who could direct them to water. On reaching the spot they found a venerable-looking old woman, sitting with her head bowed down upon her knees, looking like a living skeleton, all alone in the desert. The footprints of lions in the sands were near to her, and perhaps those savage beasts would soon have devoured her. The wretched woman tried to rise and flee, but sank down trembling and faint with famine. She had been there four days, and was slowly starving to death; and, sad to say, her own children had left her there to perish. The missionary asked her why her children had done this. She said, "Because I am old, and no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too weak to carry it; I am not able to gather wood to make fire, and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to carry them when they were little."

The kind missionary offered to take her in his waggon, but she was too terrified to trust herself in the hands of strangers; besides, she thought the waggon was some great animal, and when they tried to lift her into it she became so convulsed with terror that they thought she would die. She said it was of no use for them to take

her, for if they took her and left her at the next village the people would do the same thing again. "*It is our cus tom*," said she. "I am nearly dead. I do not want to die again." The sun was blazing hot, the oxen were raging for water, and the party of travellers were also nearly delirious with thirst and burning heat. So at last they left her; but before doing so gave her a good supply of dried meat and fuel, a knife, and other things, and then told her to keep up a good fire to frighten away the lions until they returned.

On their return she was gone. Some month s afterwards they



learned that her three sons had seen from a distance the waggon halt at the spot where they had left their poor mother, and they came back to see if she was dead. Finding her alive, and well supplied with food, they thought the missionary must be some great chief, who had taken their mother under his protection; and so, fearing his vengeance if they neglected her any longer, they had taken charge of her; and the missionary was glad to learn from a man who visited them in the mountains, where they lived, that they were taking more than usual care of her.

Now in this case we see the selfishness and cruelty of the heathens,

and the awful state to which mankind sink when left to themselves without the true knowledge of God. The case before us, alas! is not a solitary one. The Rev. J. Read, another missionary to South Africa, gives the following fact:—

“The second evening after we arrived we heard that an old man and his wife had been carried away by their friends to the top of a precipice, and there left to die from hunger and cold. Early next morning I went to Pala, to request permission to try and save them. Nothing in the world could surprise him so much; he said their friends had nothing to give them, and there was a law that such persons should not die in one of their houses, nor near the kraal. The next day their son came to expostulate against our conduct, saying that he wished to leave home, and could not go until his father and mother were dead, and that we were preventing them from dying by giving them food. Here we have another striking proof that “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

Formerly the natives of the South Sea Islands were equally destitute of natural affection in their treatment of the infirm. Sometimes the unhappy invalid was buried alive. When this was designed a pit was dug, and then bathing was proposed as a cure for the sufferer. The attendants proffered their services, pretending to convey him to the beach. Instead, however, of showing him this kindness they bore him to the pit, and cast him therein. Stones and dirt were then hurriedly thrown into the grave to stifle the voice of the unhappy man. The work of murder was soon performed, and the relatives returned home, glad that they were now freed from the cares which humanity enjoins.

Sometimes the wretched invalid was destroyed in a more summary manner. Having called out all the visitors, the friends or companions of the sick man armed themselves with spears for their savage work. In vain the helpless victim cried for mercy. So far from being moved by his entreaties they would amuse themselves with deliberate cruelty, by trying to surpass each other in throwing the spear with dexterity at the miserable suppliant, or, rushing upon him, they would transfix him to the couch. So true it is that “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

Dear young friends, be ye thankful for the blessed Gospel, and do all you can by your prayers, your gifts, and your efforts to send that Gospel unto the ends of the earth.



SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VI.—ASTRONOMY.



DO not know whether the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have given any attention to astronomy or not, but I can assure them it is a most delightful study. It tells us so much about the dazzling sun and the gentle moon, the bright stars and strange-looking comets that after studying it we see far more beauty in the heavens than we even dreamt of before. It reveals such perfect order in the movements of the heavenly bodies, and makes known so much about their great distances from each other, and the wondrous speed at which they travel, that our minds are drawn again and again to think about the power and wisdom of God. He by His great might formed them all and appointed their limits. His hand still guides them, and as we think of their vast number and rapid motions they excite our admiration of His wondrous skill. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

Now it is for the purpose of showing how the heavens declare the glory of God that we wish to say a little about astronomy, and as there are some very young people amongst the readers of this magazine we will adopt the method of questions and answers. I have a party of young friends whose names are Annie, Herbert, and Bertha; sometimes when I go to see them they ask me questions, to which I try to give answers. Let us suppose that they ask questions about astronomy, and as it is quite proper for the boy to make the first advance we will allow Herbert to put the first question:—

HERBERT. "Will you please tell us something about astronomy?"

"Yes, with pleasure. But what shall I speak of first? Astronomy treats of all the heavenly bodies—the sun, moon, stars, and comets, and even the earth itself."

ANNIE. "Well, you know, we wish to hear about all of them, so please begin with the earth to-day, because we live on it."

"Very well; you will of course like to know what is the shape of the earth and what is its size, so you will have no difficulty in remembering that it is nearly round, or globe-like."

BERTHA. "Some one told me it was shaped like an orange. Was that correct?"

"Yes; for you know an orange is not exactly round, it is a little larger from side to side than it is from top to bottom; the part where the stalk fitted in and the opposite end are a little flat, while the sides bulge out; just so it is with the earth, for it is a little larger one way than the other. The two parts of the earth which are rather flatter than the other parts are called the poles; one is called the north pole, the other is called the south pole."

HERBERT. "Will you please tell us now what is the size of the earth?"

"Its diameter from pole to pole is seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine miles, but its diameter the larger way is twenty-six and a-half miles more."

BERTHA. "What does diameter mean?"

"It means the measure right through the centre. If you were to push a piece of wire in at one end of an orange until it came just out at the other end you might then draw it back and measure what was the diameter of the orange."

BERTHA. "But if I get a tape and measure quite round the outside of the orange that will not be its diameter, will it?"

"No, that will be its circumference, and the circumference of a globe is rather more than three times its diameter. The circumference of the earth is about twenty-four thousand eight hundred and ninety miles."

HERBERT. "How long would it take me to walk all round it?"

"No one can walk round it, for you know some of its surface is covered with water; but if a man could walk directly round it at the rate of thirty miles each day, resting only on Sundays, he would require more than two years and a-half before he completed the journey."

ANNIE. "But if the earth is round, how is it that it does not appear so? It looks to be quite flat excepting where there are hills."

"That arises from its great size; if the earth was smaller its roundness would appear; indeed it does appear even now, for if you stand at the sea-side and watch a ship going away you will lose sight of the hull, or lower part of the ship, before you lose sight of the masts; and if you watch for a ship returning you will see the masts first."

ANNIE. "Then can we not have a proof of it without going to the sea-side?"

"Yes, you can have many proofs. If you were to watch the sun set some evening and then go up rapidly in a balloon you would see the sun again for a short time, and might watch its setting a second time. You know, also, that when you are on the top of a hill or high up in a church steeple you can see much further than when you are on the level ground. When you are on the ground the earth's roundness interferes with your sight just as a gently rising hill would; but when you get on some lofty height it is like seeing over the gently rising hill."

HERBERT. "Is the earth quite still, or does it move?"

"It is constantly in motion, travelling rapidly along and turning quickly round; it turns quite round once in every twenty-four hours."

BERTHA. "How is it that we do not feel its motion?"

"Because it carries along with it the atmosphere and everything else there is on its surface. When we feel a cab going it is because the cab jolts over the pavement; but the earth goes smoothly along, without grinding against anything."

ANNIE. "Where is it travelling to?"

"It is travelling round the sun. It is an immense distance from the earth to the sun, so that though the earth moves very swiftly it requires rather over three hundred and sixty-five days to get round it, and you know this is called a year."

HERBERT. "How swiftly does it move? Does it travel as quickly as a railway train?"

"Oh, yes; over a thousand times more swiftly; even an express train does not usually go more than about forty miles in an hour, but the earth travels one thousand and eighty miles in a minute."

ANNIE. "Nay, that must be a mistake, for when I am skipping I jump up off the ground and drop down again just in the same place; but if the earth moved so quickly as you say then it would be moving while my feet were off the ground, and I should drop down ever so far from the place where I jumped up, should I not?"

"Oh, no; for the earth takes with it the air and all that belongs to it, so that while you are jumping up you pass along just as you do when standing on the ground. If you were playing with your skipping-rope inside a large railway carriage when it was in motion, the carriage might move about five yards while you were jumping up, but you would come down in the same place on the bottom of the carriage as you would if the carriage was still."

BERTHA. "Did you not say that the earth turns quite round in each twenty-four hours as well as travels round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days?"

"I did; it has two motions one round the sun and one round its own axis."

ANNIE. "Will you please tell us what is meant by its own axis?"

"If you were to push a piece of wire through the centre of an orange and then turn the orange by making it revolve on the wire you would have an illustration of the earth's daily motion, for the wire would represent the axis. Of course there is no wire through the earth, but we speak as though there was, and when we say the earth revolves on its own axis we mean that it revolves on its own centre."

HERBERT. "But if the earth is round there must be people at the other side of it underneath our feet, and with their feet towards ours. How is it that they do not fall off?"

"Because the earth draws them towards itself; if you throw a ball up it comes down again, because the earth attracts it. This attractive power is called the attraction of gravitation, and it matters not on what side of the earth we are this gravitation holds us down to it so that we cannot get away. Australia is at the other side of the earth, but the people there are no more likely to fall off than we are, and the clouds are over their heads just as they are over ours. Besides, you know, as the earth is always turning round that side of it which is turned towards the sun during the day is turned in quite

another direction during the night, but nothing falls off at any time because the earth draws or attracts everything towards itself."

HERBERT. "Do the people at the other side of the earth see the same stars at night that we see?"

"Not all of them; we see the stars of the north, the people who are south of the equator see the stars of the southern heavens."

ANNIE. "What is the equator?"

"It is all round that part of the earth which is equally distant from the north and the south poles. If a person were travelling from the south pole to the north he would be at the equator when half over his journey."

BERTHA. "I did not know the earth moved so rapidly as it does. Do you think it will ever get out of the way and be lost?"

"There is no reason to fear a calamity like that, for God has arranged everything about it so wisely and well that though it has been travelling for thousands of years it has not yet changed from the course to which He first appointed it; nor is there any likelihood that it will do so for thousands of years to come."

Editor's Table.

QUERY 1. How could our Lord enter into Paradise on the day of his death, when He said afterwards He had not yet ascended to His Father?

In Luke xxiii., 43, Jesus said to the penitent thief on the cross (in answer to the thief's appeal to Him) "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Then in John xx., 17, first day of the week, Jesus appearing to Mary, says, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father;" verse 19 He appears at even to His disciples. Again, verse 26 says, eight days after that He appeared to His disciples. Here we have an account mystified apparently to the writer. One seems to contradict the other. Again we have it, "He rose from the dead the third day." Your view on the matter will be esteemed by An Inquirer.

ANSWER.—When our Lord said to the dying thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," He spoke not of His body, but of His departing spirit; hence, just before His death, He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii., 43). But when He said to Mary, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father," He referred to His body, which did not ascend until about forty days after His resurrection. There is no contradiction or mystification here, for the spirit is distinct from the body, and can live apart from it. The spirit of the penitent thief therefore went to Paradise on the same day that our Lord's spirit entered there; but his body was left behind, even as the body of our Lord; yet it will be raised again as certainly as the body of our Lord

rose from the dead; and both body and soul united will be for ever with the Lord. But the thief was a sincere penitent, and therefore obtained mercy. Reader, dear reader, have you repented? There is no Paradise for you without repentance and faith in Christ. Repent and believe this very day.

But the question of our friend involves another, namely:—

QUERY 2. How are we to reconcile the different accounts given by the Evangelists respecting the appearing of our Lord to His disciples after his resurrection?

ANSWER.—There may be circumstantial difference without contradiction; and this applies to all narratives. Indeed, slight differences, with general harmony, are evidences of true and independent testimony. Mere copyists may give the same words; and witnesses who are in collusion with one another are very careful to say the same in every particular. But persons who are conscious of sincerity, and give a separate and independent testimony, are not particular about minor circumstances; and when the evidence is abundant they may not care to give the whole, but just as much as appears sufficient to establish the fact in question. This is the case with all honest historians; hence there is variety in their mode of stating facts; and this is the case with the Evangelists. They all attest the resurrection of our Lord; but, as honest historians, there is some variety in each, but substantial agreement in all. It is remarkable that not one of the Evangelists gives all the facts; and you have to search, and combine the records of all together, in order to get the whole; and, indeed, it is needful to go even beyond their writings, to the Acts of the Apostles, and to Paul, in 1 Corinthians, xv., 1—8, to obtain a complete list of all the recorded appearances of our Lord after His resurrection. Now, looking at the whole, we find the following facts:—Our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalen, and afterwards to Mary again and her companions with her; afterwards He appeared to Peter, to the two disciples at Emmaus; then to the ten disciples, Thomas being absent; again to the eleven disciples, Thomas being present; again to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias; to James; at one time to about 500 brethren at once; again to the eleven on the Mount of Olives before and at the moment of His ascension to Heaven; again, after His ascension He was seen by the martyr Stephen; and again by Saul of Tarsus when on his bloody errand to Damascus; and repeatedly afterwards by Paul during the course of his ministry. Nor do all these occasions taken together exhaust the number of the appearances of our Lord in evidence of his resurrection; for St. Luke, in Acts i., 1—3, affirms that the Saviour “showed Himself alive (to His Apostles) after His passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.” Surely no event in history was more fully, more circumstantially, and completely established than that great fact on which our faith in Christianity is built—the glorious resurrection of our

Lord. We bless God as well for the variety as for the abundance of this evidence; for both together afford "*infallible proof*."

For further explanations respecting the facts of our Lord's resurrection, His entering into Paradise, the dying thief, &c., we refer the reader to the volume of "Explanations" on pages 227, 255, 256, &c.

QUERY 3. On the tendency of novels.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—This day is a remarkable one for writing and reading novels. Will you please give me your opinion about the practice, and oblige yours,
E. P.

ANSWER.—I suppose our inquirer means by Novels, works of fiction. Well, as an author, I must say that there is so much truth,—precious, instructive, admonitory, profitable truth—to write about that I have no time to *write* fiction; and the world and the Word of God is so full of truth to instruct me, that I have neither time nor inclination to *read* fiction; nor should I think fiction worth reading, if I had much more time than I have at my disposal. I believe, if I were sure that I should live to the age of Methusaleh, I should neither write nor read fiction. What is "fiction?" It is something not real—but feigned, or imagined; not true—but false. If I began to read it I should immediately say to myself, "This is not true, it is false; it is as unreal as a dream; why should I cry, or laugh, or feel any emotion at a thing which I know is unreal?" This would be to impose upon my own nature; and a moment's reflection would convict me of folly. No, my young friend, don't read fiction. Read the Holy Scriptures; read history, read travels, read the biography of good and great men; read works on theology and science; study geography, languages, mathematics, &c. Here are realms of real knowledge; explore them as far as you can. Here are mines of truth—eternal truth; dig deep into them, and enrich your mind with their treasures. Don't live in the region of imagination when you have the high duties of life to fulfil; don't fill your souls with other people's dreams when you have truths of infinite rarity and grandeur inviting your attention. God's holy Word says get wisdom, and wisdom is not fiction, but consists of the knowledge and use of real truth.

As to the prevalence of fiction in this day, that must be admitted; but it is an evil—an evil to be lamented, because it is dangerous and very inimical to experimental and practical religion: like too many other usages of the present day, which are not to be followed, but to be shunned as we would shun a plague.

Novel-reading tends to enervate and corrupt the mind. Do you require examples? I will give you a few:—Robert Hall says he once read nine volumes of the novels of Miss Edgeworth, and the effect was he could not preach with any comfort for six weeks after reading them. "I never felt so little ardour in my profession, or so little interest in religion." Dr. Goldsmith, though he had written novels, afterwards saw the evil of such writings, for in giving counsel to his own brother he said, "Above all things, let your son never touch a novel or romance. Such writings are delusive" and pernicious. "Take

the word of a man who has seen the world, and studied it more by experience than by precept." A good man, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, when about to die, summoned his family around him, and then desired his brother to mark out a place for his grave. This being done, he desired them all, in the presence of each other, to take out of his study three large hampers full of books, which had been locked up many years, containing comedies, tragedies, romances, &c., and to burn them all upon the spot marked out for his grave. When this was done, and all the volumes were consumed, he said he desired this to be his dying testimony of disapprobation of such books as tending to corrupt the mind of man, and therefore improper for the perusal of the serious Christian. A young lady, who had been a great reader of novels, but who became converted to God, said, "Were it in my power I would make any earthly sacrifice to gain the thirst after the Bible I had after novels. I would say it as a warning to all my sex, beware of wasting not only days, but nights, to make yourselves fools all the rest of your days, if not absolutely wretched."

QUERY 4. Why do we reject the Apocrypha?—M. G.

ANSWER.—The term Apocrypha means hidden; and it is applied to certain ancient books, because, as they were not admitted to be of Divine authority, they were hidden, or kept back from the common people. The books comprising the Apocrypha are the following:—The Book of Tobit, Wisdom, Judith, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the Prayer of Manasseh, the Third and Fourth Books of Esdras, an addition at the end of Job, the 151st Psalm, the Epistle of Jeremiah, the Song of the Three Hebrew Children, the Story of Susanna, the Story of Bel and the Dragon, and the First and Second Book of Maccabees.

These books are rejected for the following reasons:—1. They are none of them written in Hebrew: all of them are in Greek, except the Fourth Book of Esdras, which is extant only in Latin. 2. They were not admitted by the Jewish Church into the canon of the Old Testament. 3. They are not quoted by our Lord or his Apostles. 4. They were written for the most part by Alexandrian Jews, not one of whom in direct terms claims Divine inspiration. 5. Some of them teach unsound doctrine—doctrine at variance with the inspired Word. Though most of these writings are acknowledged by the corrupt Church of Rome, their rejection by the true Church of God proves how careful the Church has been in all ages to guard the sacred Scriptures against all human additions and corruptions; and this fact should strengthen our confidence in those writings which are acknowledged to be the Word of God.

QUERY 5. On the derivation of the names of towns and other places.

SIR,—I find many names of towns and other places which end very much alike, such as Ham, Ton, Wich, Bury, Thorpe, Ville, Cester, &c. I should be glad to know what these endings mean.—Yours truly, P. G.

ANSWER.—All these endings in the names of towns and other places had some definite meaning when they were first applied. *Ton*

is the word *town* shortened; as *Newton* is formed of the two words, *new* and *town*; *Castleton* from the two words *castle* and *town*. *Ham* is the Anglo-Saxon word from *home*; and hence it became applied to a number of homes which together formed a small village or hamlet; and here *let* is part of the word *little*, and therefore *hamlet* means the little place where our home is. This word *Ham* is often joined with other words, making the compound of *Trentham*, the home on the Trent; again, in the name *Southampton*, we have the *home town* in the south; and in *Northampton*, the *home town* in the north. The word *wich*, sometimes *wick*, is the old Saxon word *wic*, meaning village, and is probably represented in the Latin word *vicus*, rows of houses or a street, and hence we have the compound *Middlewich*, *Nantwich*, &c. The word *Bury* is the Anglo-Saxon *Buruh*, a borough, a manor, and hence we have the compound names *Shrewsbury*, *Canterbury*, *Bury St. Edmunds*, &c., and *Loughborough*, *Scarborough*, *Knaresborough*, *Edinburgh*, &c. *Thorp*, an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning a crowd, a throng; and hence the name *Ravensthorpe*, and various towns in *Yorkshire*. *Ville* is, of course, from *villa*, a house, a residence, and is applied to a number of houses, as a village, or a town, and hence we have, especially in *France* and *Spain*, numerous compound names of towns formed with this termination. *Cester* and *caster* are from the Latin *castrum*, a castle; which in the plural is *castra*, a camp; and hence the compounds of *Leicester*, *Gloucester*, *Worcester*, &c., and their names indicate that they were once places occupied by Roman castles, or camps, or both. And thus we might go on tracing the origin of names almost without limit.

The names of most counties end with the word *shire*, which is another form of the word *share*. Thus *Staffordshire*, *Derbyshire*, *Yorkshire*, &c., mean the shares or spaces of country allotted respectively to *Stafford*, to *Derby*, *York*, &c. Sometimes, however, the name of a county is otherwise formed, and indicates both its local situation and the people who once possessed it. Thus we have *Essex*, the first part of the name being an abbreviation of the word *east*, and the second being an abbreviation of the word *Saxon*; so that *Essex* means the Saxons in the East; *Sussex* the Saxons in the South; *Middlesex*, the Saxons in the Middle part; and formerly, when these counties were petty kingdoms, we had *Wessex*, meaning the Saxons in the West; but *Wessex* is now called *Hampshire*. Thus from the names of places we may often gather hints of their position, their origin, and even the facts of their early history. Here is an interesting study for young people.

QUERY 6. The query of J. H. on Moses seeing God face to face, (compare *Exodus xxxiii.*, 11, with verse 20) has been answered before. (See volume of "Explanations," page 58.) The first text means that Moses should be permitted to enjoy the privilege of the most intimate intercourse with God that could possibly be enjoyed by man while in the body, but to see God in all His glory would totally overpower human nature in the present state, and cause the death of the

poor, frail body. We must go to heaven to see God in His glory, and even then the manifestation will be an ever unfolding revelation of the Divine glory. Dear young friends, would you like to see God? Then prepare to see Him, for only the pure in heart shall see God.

Memoirs.

—O— FREDERICK HOWIT.

FREDERICK, son of William and Naomi Howit, was born at Hucknall Torkard, Nottingham Circuit, 30th January, 1857. He grew up amid religious influences, and, at an early period, showed an attachment to the House of God and the Sabbath-school. He possessed an amiable disposition, and even before his conversion, was admired by all who knew him. He displayed wisdom far beyond his years, and while he enjoyed the pleasures of boyish sport, showed no inclination toward the follies in which so many youths delight. His attention to duty and love for self-improvement are deserving of all praise.

In the summer of 1868 a change came over him. Revival services were then being held, and he attended them. Here he found a new blessing, and he rightly called it *conversion*. Before, there had been a lovely exterior, and religious influences had formed in him good habits; but now he found a new heart, caught a new inspiration, obtained a new peace, and experienced a new joy. From this time onward he lived in the enjoyment of God's favour.

Frederick was fond of music, and connected himself with the Temperance and Band of Hope choir, and also with our chapel choir. His youthful efforts as a composer of music would have done credit to one of riper years.

We saw how character was forming; we noticed his diligence in discharge of every duty, and we began to picture a bright future for Frederick. Nor has our fancy proved a delusion. No, no. That future now is bright as heaven can make it, and his musical talents are employed in a glorious service. He has joined the chorus of the glorified. Still we had a hope which has been cut off. We hoped for him a long life of active service in the Church on earth. God has willed it otherwise, however, and our faith tells us that He does all things well.

The fatal disease which took our treasure was often painful, but he bore his sufferings with remarkable patience. He often tried to comfort his friends when he saw them sorrowing on his behalf. He was watched over for a time with hopes and fears, but soon it became evident that his affliction was unto death. He was visited by his Sunday-school teachers and by many of his young friends. One of these visits is specially memorable. Several of his favourite hymns were sung. Just before parting he requested them to sing the one commencing:

"I am waiting by the river."

They did so, but their emotion almost overcame them. They saw one whom they loved standing on the banks of the river that skirts the glory land, and ready to launch away. Language is too poor to express

their feelings, as amid sobs and tears they sang that hymn. When they came to the second verse Frederick's voice chimed in; he was heard singing:

"Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping,
Through the bright and changeless years.
Oh, I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest:
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!"

The Apostle speaks of death being swallowed up in victory. It was so to the subject of this memoir. The grave had no terrors to him. He lost sight of it in view of the home beyond. On the 8th of December, 1870, he passed through that gloomy portal which we call death, but he knew it to be the gate of life, and when on its threshold he was heard to say—and these were his last words on earth—"Glory! I am going home." We pass through death to life. G. F.

SCARS NEVER DISAPPEAR.

"JIM, how came that scar on your little finger?" inquired a young friend one day.

"When I was a little fellow," replied Jim, "my father left me in the field while the reapers went to dinner. He told me not to touch the sickles, but, boy-like, I soon felt lonesome, and took up a sickle, just to look at it. I felt its edge, and thought I would cut just one handful. In doing this I cut my finger, and this is the scar of the wound."

That scar lasted a long time. It went with Jim to his grave. So you see that a wrong act may last a long time in its effects. Did you ever think that wrong acts make scars on the soul? Well, they do. You may repent and your sins be washed out, but their scars will remain like the mark on Jim's finger. Don't touch sin, therefore; for, like the sickle, it cuts sharp and deep.

CHILDREN GIVING.

CHILDREN should be taught to give, just as they should be taught to love or to pray. Giving is as clearly a duty as it is a privilege. But children in the Sunday-school should be trained to earn or save what they give; not to ask it from father or mother, as if it was a tax on Sunday-school attendance. Children usually enjoy giving of their own little treasures a great deal more than their parents enjoy giving out of their abundance: for avarice is not a child's vice. Calls to giving judiciously made increase the attractiveness to children of any Sunday-school, even among the very poorest in the community. It is a great mistake to refrain from asking poor children to give into the Lord's treasury, through fear that they will be repelled from the Sunday-school where they are thus called on. The proper way is to make giving a part of their training in life, as surely as cleanliness of person, decency in speech, or uprightness in conduct.

SAYING AND DOING.

"If you love me, keep my commandments," the Lord Jesus says—that is, try to please me by your *conduct*.

I know a boy and a girl in a family where I often go, whose different ways of showing their affection I will describe.

The boy hangs about his mother, and often says, "Mother, I love you so dearly. Mother, I love you ten bushelfuls"; but he is stubborn and disobliging, and does not go on errands with a willing heart.

His sister, on the other hand, as often says, "Mother, send me. Mother, what can I do for you? Mother, let me do something for you." She thinks it a great pleasure, perhaps her greatest pleasure, to be doing something to help her mother and make her happy.

Which child, do you think, gives the best proof of its love? which comforts the mother's heart most? Saying and doing are excellent when they go hand-in-hand; but if we can have only one, let it be *doing*, by all means. "If you love me, keep my commandments." Love, to be worth anything, must show an obedient and willing heart.

LITTLE MOLLY'S ANSWER.

"WHAT has my class done for the Saviour since last we met?" asked the teacher of a large infant class one Sunday morning.

One said, "I have earned some money for the heathen by doing errands"; another, "I tend our sick baby"; another, "I fetch hunchback Billy to school." One after another told, in a half-bashful, half-exultant way, of the little activities and self-denial of the week, so pleasing to the teacher, and still more to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

At last a little four-year-old hand was stretched up, and moved hastily to attract the teacher's attention.

"Well, my dear, what are *you* doing to please Jesus?"

The little eager face flushed with excitement as the unexpected reply came, "I scrubs, ma'am!"

Some of the other children tittered, but the teacher sobered them at once by saying—

"Yes, little Molly's share in the work my class are doing for Jesus is as important as any. If she tries to help her mother by scrubbing a bench or table, even if it has to be done over after her, she earns the same smile of love as the older ones who can do errands and earn money for the missionary box."

"She hath done what she could" is the highest praise that can be spoken of any one, and little Molly has done that.—*American Messenger*.

THE BIBLE IN THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

THE Bible gives guidance and comfort in life to all who love it, and in a dying hour it gives support which can be had from no other source. The following incident is a beautiful illustration :—

In one of the coal-mines in England a youth about fifteen years of age was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family according to the word of God.

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket-Bible, and the son, who had received one at the Sabbath-school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever enjoying a season of rest from labour he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly-opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool when the arch above suddenly fell between them, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran towards the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"

"Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Where is your lamp, my son?"

"It is still burning, father."

"What are you doing, my dear son?"

"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of that Sabbath-school scholar; he was suffocated.

WINGS BY-AND-BY.

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but, after hesitating a moment, he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart: "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady."

Happy Walter! poor cripple, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall by-and-by "mount up with wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

Walter's hope of heaven made him happy, as it will make anyone happy who possesses it.

I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO.

"I've got orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a drinking and gambling saloon!

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can. Show us your orders?"

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly-folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys.

They looked, and read aloud—

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and, by His help, I don't mean to break them."

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

We have lately received reports of several Juvenile Missionary Meetings held in April and May. But the proceeds of the same are already published in the General Missionary Report. We appeal to our young people—is it not too late to send in July reports of meetings held in April and May? At the same time we would heartily praise our Juvenile Societies for their efforts. They have done nobly, and we hope they will persevere in their worthy efforts. But when reports of meetings are sent let them have two qualities—*brevity* and *freshness*.

Poetry.

LINES FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

"When we go home from school, 'tis an excellent rule
To take to our homes what we learn in the school,
And so become teachers to fathers and mothers,
And sisters and brothers, as they may to others.
And thus shall our learning be scattered abroad,
Like seeds from the thistle, or peas from the pod.

And so every house may become like a college,
And good boys and girls be professors of knowledge;
And they who know most and can teach it the best,
Will be honoured and loved even more than the rest.
And no one can doubt 'tis an excellent rule
To be teachers at home and learners at school."



THE DIRTY BOY.—To Illustrate "Little Charley's Temptation."
(See page 273.)

OUR CUT—"THE DIRTY BOY."

DOES any one of our little friends ever get into such trouble as the little boy seen in our cut? No doubt his mamma had put a clean pinafore on him in the morning, and turned him out a nice little boy. But, like many other little boys he has been wading in some dirty pool of water, or else he has tumbled down in the mud; and so he comes home as you see, and has to be washed as you see, while the other boy, holding the pump-handle, is making fun of him. The cut teaches this lesson—let little boys be careful of their clothes when they go out, and not come home as this little boy did, to be washed at the pump and laughed at by his companions. This cut will illustrate "Little Charley's Temptation," in the present number.

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER XIV.

A MUTTING EXPEDITION.



FEAR some of the readers of the JUVENILE will begin to think that the boys who went to Cepaley school cared for little besides play and fun, since so many chapters have been taken up with descriptions of their sports and amusements. And although I do not wish to set these boys up as models of what school children should be, I must own to feeling a very considerable amount of respect for them. I think they were as good and as fond of their books as young folks usually are, and that my readers should share any good opinion of them, is one of the reasons for my writing this story. I have only to say in justification that play should in all cases occupy a considerable portion of childhood, and further that, were I to confine myself to describing merely the various lessons and school work generally, I should get very few boys, at any rate, to read what I had written. But to my story.

On the Friday dinner-time, after Squire Brownlow's visit, an attentive observer could not fail to notice that something of importance was being discussed. The bigger boys were walking slowly to and fro in the playground, three or four talking together earnestly, and when any of the smaller fry, prompted by curiosity, ventured near to them to listen, they were summarily sent about their business.

Whatever could it be that excited such interest, and yet demanded so much secrecy? Were the lads plotting an insurrection against Mr. Stanton? Certainly not! They were too fond of him. Could it be possible they were planning to play truant together? No! Some of the steadiest boys were among them. You might go on guessing till to-morrow without discovering the cause of their excitement, so I will be merciful and tell you. The interest evident in the faces of all the boys in the first four classes was the result of news which had been brought to the school that morning. Where the intelligence originated, or who was the bearer of it, I cannot say, but of its importance there could be no doubt, seeing the interest it excited. It was this: One of the boys had brought word from some one, who had been told by somebody else, that the nuts in Bushbury Wood were ripe, and that they were finer than had been seen for years; and the incessant chatter among the boys was caused by their making arrangements to meet, and proceed together to Bushbury, and bring back as many nuts as they could carry.

Now Bushbury Wood was at least eight miles from Copsley, and as there was no railway in that direction, the boys would have to walk if they were to go. Some wanted to start at six o'clock in the morning, so as to finish their walk before it was hot, while others, who were fond of their beds, protested that it would be soon enough to start after breakfast. They were still undecided as to the time of starting, when the master's whistle summoned them, and they went into school to resume their studies. But even here the nutting excursion was uppermost in the thoughts of many of them. Bob Johnson, catching the eye of a companion on the other side of the school, reminded him of the pleasure he anticipated in the expected trip, by imitating in dumb show the operation of pulling nuts from the trees, clearing them of their husks, and then cracking and eating them with an apparent relish which made his friend's mouth water with expectation. And many of the quicker lads, who had for obvious reasons studied the deaf and dumb alphabet, and who were tolerably clever at it, spent a great deal too much of their time in further discussing the time of starting, arguing each side of the question on the tips of their fingers, as if they were really speechless.

School over, another long meeting was held in the playground, and at last the question of starting was put to the vote; and as the majority were for going early, it was decided to meet at Copsley toll-gate at six o'clock punctually, and not wait more than five minutes for anyone. A few of those who preferred starting after breakfast turned sulky and would not go at all, but most of them fell in with the general arrangement, and promised to go.

Accordingly at six o'clock the next morning Giles Jones, who kept the Copsley toll-gate, was awakened out of a rather unpleasant dream by curious noises and strange tongues outside. Peeping cautiously through the window he was surprised and bewildered to

see from twelve to fifteen youngsters sitting about the gates in every variety of posture, each of whom had a bag over his shoulder or hanging in his hand. While, perched upon each of the huge balls surmounting the gate-posts was a lad, seated in a grotesque attitude, and in the early light looking not much unlike one of those "griffins" which ancient families delight to set up to watch the gates of their demesnes. Poor old Giles rubbed his eyes and wondered whether or no he was still dreaming. No! those were surely the turnpike gates, for he could recognise the peculiar bolts and lock. Then those lads must have been engaged in some housebreaking exploit! But then, he thought, they would not be likely to attract public notice by such singular behaviour. Giles was getting more wide awake every minute, and as his wits returned, he recognised one after another of the boys, and resolved at once to revenge himself for his fright by driving them off his gates. There was, however, no need for him to trouble himself, for just then the finger of the gatehouse clock reached five minutes past six, and off jumped the lads, as if worked by springs, and away they went to Bushbury.

Those who have never tried it, can have no idea how pleasant it is to take a walk in the country early on a fine autumn morning, in pleasant company, and with light hearts and high spirits. How queer it seems to be rambling through little villages while most of the villagers are still wrapped in sleep, hearing now and then the shrill crow of the cock as he loudly publishes his adherence to the practice of early rising, and meeting no one, except it be a farm labourer, walking sleepily along with a team of horses, or a herd of cows looking as drowsy as himself. There were many objects of interest on the way to attract the attention of the boys, and as there was no reason for hurry, they sauntered carelessly along, walking or pausing at their own sweet will, and thus it was that by the time they passed the little square tower of Bushbury Church, the solitary bell, which had to do duty at weddings, funerals, and on all other occasions, was dolefully tolling nine. Another five minutes' walk brought them to the entrance of the wood, and as the grass was still wet with dew, the boys took advantage of some felled trees lying near, and sat down to have a rest and to eat their breakfasts.

I am pleased to be able to claim for the Copsley boys a peculiar evidence of wisdom which some men never possess to their dying day, and that is that they had the good sense to profit by experience. On their trip to Clent they had bitterly felt the agonies of a half-empty stomach, and so now they took particular care to provide a plentiful supply of meat sandwiches and cake, and as they had to take bags in which to carry back the nuts, it was very convenient to store the provisions within, and these it was that suggested to Giles Jones the idea of a burglary.

Breakfast finished, the lads set busily to work to pick nuts, but for a long while none found their way into the bags, for the lads cracked and ate the sweet juicy filberts as fast as they could pluck

them from the trees. But boys will in time get tired even of nuts, if they have an unlimited supply before them, and so at last they began to stock their bags, and when they saw by the sun that it was near mid-day, they sat down and ate their dinners to make a little room in their bags for more nuts. This good resolution they might doubtless have followed up with more nut-gathering, but while they were lounging about after dinner, Sam Townley caught sight of a squirrel sitting on a branch, with his tail curled over his back, and he busy eating nuts. Of course the lads set off in instant pursuit. Sam began climbing the tree, while the others waited for the little animal if it came down. The squirrel seemed to treat the affair with supreme contempt. He sat very demurely munching his fruit until Sam Townley's hand was on the next branch to the one which served him for a seat, when, with a little scornful toss of its pretty head, it lightly skipped off to another. Poor Sam, in his disappointment and his hurry to get down and join in the further pursuit, forgot some awkward off-shoots from the tree near the ground, and the consequence was he had a clumsy fall, with fortunately no other damage than a torn coat-sleeve. Again and again did the lads climb trees, but with no other result than to make the squirrel spring to another one. Do what they would they could not get the animal to descend to the ground, and at last, after a chase of at least half-an-hour, the little rogue got up into the higher branches of a lofty tree, where he was hid altogether from the view of his pursuers, and there they left him.

The lads now started back, but it was no easy matter to find their way, for they had scrambled over brushwood and bramble in their eager pursuit of the squirrel, and so it was some time before they found a beaten track which would lead them to the spot where they had left their bags.

Before they reached it, however, they came upon something else which drew them aside from their purpose. By the roadside they found quite a forest of brambles almost covered with fine juicy blackberries. This was quite irresistible, and so the lads fell to, scratching their hands with the thorns, and discolouring their mouths with the juice. As they cleared one bush they passed on to another, and by the time they were quite satisfied the sun was already below the trees in the west. The lads had still some food left, so they got their bags, and finding a little stream of clear water, sat down by its side and finished their provisions, quenching their thirst at the brook.

They had fully purposed to fill their bags with nuts before returning, but every one of them was well tired, and it was getting time to start; and as there was a walk of eight miles before them, they agreed to set off with the few nuts they had. Even these seemed too heavy for them to carry, for some of them kept lightening their bags by eating the nuts.

However merry they had been in the morning, they were a very

sober company as they rested by the roadside after walking two miles, and thought drearily of the other six. But their case was better than they thought, as indeed our circumstances generally are if we could know all. They had not gone much farther when an empty waggon and a team of fine horses came rumbling and jingling behind them, and with a shout of delight Gus Brookes recognised the waggon from Rudham Mill, which had been out to deliver a load of flour. In less than three minutes the whole of the nutting party were inside, and as they could now well afford to be merry, they laughed and sang to their hearts' content. Most of the boys still continued to eat their nuts, and by the time they reached home the parents of more than one had to take upon trust the tale of their success, for not a single filbert could they produce in proof of it. That they had returned home in a flour waggon, however, no one needed to be told, for all their coats were marked very conspicuously with patches of white.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EMPLOYERS' PRIZE SCHEME.

THE Copsley boys were now in earnest preparation for the Christmas examination, in which every lad from the first class to the last felt interested, and to which they looked forward all through the year. But the boys of the first class had another object in view. A number of gentlemen of the district had about twenty years before established an Employers' Prize Scheme for competition, under certain regulations, by scholars who attended any school within a circle of five miles round Rudham.

Towards the funds of this scheme every school had to contribute a certain sum for each scholar sent for examination. Of course, under these circumstances, it was not likely that a schoolmaster would send any boy unless there was a probability of his being successful. So Mr. Stanton examined the first class himself, and then chose the first twelve on the list as candidates for the prizes.

The candidates were divided into three grades, a different standard of excellence being fixed for each. Those who had never tried before were open to receive a prize of a guinea's worth of books; those who had already won that, contended for a prize of three guineas in money; and those who had already carried off the two former, tried for a money prize of five guineas; while the one who gained the highest number of marks had a scholarship for two years, worth twenty pounds a year, at a local college.

These prizes, as will readily be believed, were greatly coveted by the youths of the neighbourhood, and not only on account of their intrinsic worth, but because they were valuable as recommendations in obtaining situations under subscribers to the scheme. There was also considerable emulation among the schools in the neighbourhood,

for the simple reason that the schoolmaster whose pupils carried off most prizes became very popular, and vacancies in such a school were eagerly filled up.

Mr. Stanton had hitherto been very successful, for his boys each year carried off more than their proportion of prizes. It was a rare thing for more than two of the candidates he sent to prove unsuccessful in trying for the first prize, and many were the three guineas awarded to his scholars. He had on two occasions sent youths who had carried off the five guineas; but it was not often a boy stayed long enough at school to entitle him to contend for that. But on this occasion it must be owned that Mr. Stanton felt anxious for the reputation of his school. Three or four first-class boys had left school immediately after the employers' examination last year, and he feared the possibility of falling short this time in the number of prizes. But though anxious, he was not disheartened, and so he tried his best. Having chosen the twelve candidates, he gave them an extra hour of study every day, taking half-an-hour of their dinner-time, and keeping them half-an-hour after the others at night. This might appear tyrannical, only that the lads were as anxious as he for success, and were glad to sacrifice part of both leisure and pastime to obtain it.

The examination was fixed for Saturday, so that the candidates might attend without interfering with regular school duties. It was to begin at ten o'clock in the morning in Rudham Church Schools, which were not only the most central but the largest in the neighbourhood, and the best suited to the purposes of an examination.

At last the important day arrived, and the twelve lads on whom lay the responsibility of keeping up the honour of Copsley School, met there at nine o'clock. Mr. Stanton gave each a supply of pens, ink, and blotting-paper, to say nothing of good advice, and then they walked quietly on towards Rudham. At half-past nine the town was all alive with little groups of boys and girls (for girls were admitted to the competition) from the various schools in the neighbourhood, eyeing each other half shyly, half curiously, as if trying to estimate their chances in the examination.

By ten minutes to ten all the candidates were seated a yard apart along the desks, each with pen, ink, and blotting-paper in front of him, and a good supply of foolscap paper by his side. Precisely as the church-bell rang out the first stroke of ten the genial, white-haired old vicar—the Rev. James Gray, who, together with an examiner from the London University, was entrusted with the carrying out of the Prize Scheme—ascended the desk, and read out the regulations that would have to be complied with. Then the first printed paper of questions was handed round.

After a slight rustling of papers there was a dead silence while the lads read over the questions. Varied was the expression on the faces of the candidates. Some grew blank with bewilderment as they saw question after question which they could not answer; while

others grew bright with the radiance of conscious ability. But there was no time to throw away, and all alike began to do what they could. And now the staff of inspectors walked quietly round among the competitors to answer any proper question, or with quick eye to detect any attempt to break the rules of the examination. Very soon a lad was found copying from his neighbour, and was of course sent out of the room, and a little later a lad was expelled for referring to a memorandum brought on a scrap of paper in his pocket. The downcast looks of these two scapegraces as they left their places were a very salutary caution to any others who might be tempted to disregard the regulations.

At eleven o'clock all the answers were taken up and a fresh set of questions served round, and at twelve the answers to these were collected, and the examination adjourned for two hours for dinner. Of course all the competitors were hungry, and very few of them had brought any provisions with them. Now, there were only two confectioners' shops in Rudham, and the people not having thought of the examination had made no more preparation than on any other Saturday; the consequence was that there was a run on cakes of all sorts—custards were scarce, and porkpies were at a premium. One of the confectioners, who proved to be an enterprising man, equal to such an emergency, took in the situation at a glance, and long before the time allowed for dinner was expired he provided custards and rice-puddings enough to satisfy all comers.

Mr. Stanton and his boys got such eatables as they could, and then sauntered round the town, through the old churchyard and back by the mill. On the way Mr. Stanton tried to learn from the boys their prospects of success by asking what they had answered to each question. William Parson and Bob Johnson, who had won the first grade prize last year, were now trying for the three-guinea prize; and Alec Gordon, who had previously gained the first and second grade prizes, was trying for the five guineas; and, though he had not whispered a word of his intention to anybody, he purposed if possible to win the scholarship in addition. Mr. Stanton was very well satisfied with the reports the boys gave of their papers, and especially so with regard to Alec Gordon's. He had answered every question, and there was only one of his answers of which the master was rather doubtful.

At a quarter to two the boys went in for further examination, while their teacher stayed outside chatting on various congenial topics with other schoolmasters of his acquaintance. The examination was over at four o'clock, and then the lads walked home, feeling very anxious as to the result, but knowing there would be at least a fortnight of anxious suspense before the returns would be published.



UP THE RHINE, &c. ;

OR THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. XII.



BATTLES, the issues of which have been fraught with mighty moment to nations, have ever played a prominent part in history. A notable instance is the Battle of Waterloo. You will not wonder, therefore, that we—three Englishmen—desired to see the place where Englishmen so distinguished themselves for bravery and fortitude as on the field of Waterloo; so we set off for the famous field. On arrival, we again find ourselves pestered by the everlasting, self-recommended guides. But, discarding the proffers to do it so much less than “’im, sur,” we push our way up the steps of the pyramid, at the top of which stands the Belgian lion, cast from the cannons taken by the allies. A number of natives on the top excite our risibilities. They having an eye to business, we are asked unexpectedly in broken English to buy a “ship of ole block,” meaning, no doubt, will we purchase a lithograph of the lion, or photographs of the principal places and scenes in the immediate vicinity. We make our purchases, and dismiss the troublesome vendors. Next we consult our map and plan of the battle-field, picking out the most noted places, getting such help as we may—“La Belle Alliance,” “Haye Sainte,” the “Chateau de Hougoumont,” &c.; but Rossomme, where Napoleon is said to have been sitting studying the geography of the country when the battle began, we could not see, or at least identify. Taking a general survey of the plains, on which now wave wheat and other cereals, and having but a limited time at command, we make a hasty descent, cross the road that leads to the village of Mont St. Jean and which runs right through the plains, we soon find ourselves at the farm of Hougoumont. Yes, here we are at the Chateau de Hougoumont, the very place round which raged the hottest of the conflict. It was taken and retaken and kept till death by many a brave fellow whose blood soaked the soil beneath our feet on that dreadful day of slaughter, the 18th of June, 1815. Here the strength of the battle concentrated, and Wellington contended with Napoleon the Great in the great cause of liberty against despotism, and where the power of the tyrant was dashed to pieces as a potter’s vessel. So runs the thought as we look again and again at this dilapidated old farmhouse and yard, greedy of the sight. But being reminded that the “time’s up” we feel antiquarian enough to desire some souvenir of our visit. So breaking away a piece of the old wall we put it in our pocket and walk quickly away. As we return, the imagination is busy—as how could it be otherwise? We see the contending armies in their respective position; try to trace the place where the

mowing down was done, and the little hollow in which lay the guards who heard and obeyed with unfailing promptness the order, "Up, guards, and at them!" Thus I muse, and observe, and loiter, when finding myself left by my companions I start at a run to catch them up. So good-bye to Waterloo, at least we should say the plains; for Waterloo village is some little distance away, while the battle-field is close to Mont St. Jean. Why, then, is it called the Battle of Waterloo if fought at the village of Mont St. Jean? We understand this: the Duke of Wellington made his head-quarters at Waterloo, and dated his despatch from there; and so history has given a "local habitation and a name" to the conflict, which she refuses, in spite of efforts to induce her, to give up for another. Be it so. The battle was fought and the victory won, and now that pyramid commemorates the fallen, while mausoleum and tablets rear themselves at Waterloo and around in memory of the departed brave.

An invitation to spend a little time at Waterloo, with a young gentleman whose acquaintance we had made must be foregone; not however, from the want of a disposition, but from the want of time. So returning to Brussels, we seek out No. 87 in the Rue de Madeleine. Why? Because it is said at "No. 87 in this street stands the house in which the Duchess of Richmond gave a grand ball to the Duke of Wellington while the terrible battle of Ligny was being fought between the French and the Prussians"* on the 16th of June, 1815. We have read of that night and that ball more than once. Byron has celebrated the same in "Childe Harold"† in his own inimitable way; and as we stand right in front of the very house, only a few yards off, and read his stanzas, the whole circumstances seem to have more reality about them than heretofore. We give two stanzas only relating to the above:—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily: and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

* * * * *

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings such as press

* "Guide to Brussels."—[So it was when the Deluge of God's wrath came in the days of Noah, and so it will be at the end of the world, when the Judge shall come.—ED.]

† Canto iii.

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise

Leaving the Rue de Madeleine, we ramble where we will: visit the Galleries of St. Hubert, see things which may not here be told, and late in the evening wend our way to our hotel, but not without some misgiving as to Sunday in Brussels. This is sad to see. What we said of Sunday at Coblenz we say with increased emphasis of Sunday at this place. The best use to which it seems devoted is that of a holiday, and as such must exert a vitiating influence on the minds of visitors. Shops of every description are open, and business of all kinds is transacted; while only here and there a solitary shop with closed shutters silently protests against such regardlessness of God by the curt announcement, "Not open on Sundays." So that God hath not left Himself without a witness. The Hotel de Ville is a magnificent structure, with a fine Gothic spire. In front of it is a square, at the side of which, in front of the hotel, stands the Egmont and Horn monument. Of these brave men you may read in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and elsewhere. But our purpose here is to see what is "going on," for here are crowds of people—men and women. There is a fair being held. Dogs are here offered for sale—dogs of all shapes and sizes and breeds—from the tiny lap-dog to the strongly-built dog that people hereabout put into harness to do the work of a donkey. Here, too, are pigeon-fanciers, and people with their flower-pots. It is a strange medley on a Sunday morning. We mix amongst this motley multitude, and mark the rags of some, the respectable dress of others, the fierce, angry scowl, awful oath, and doubtful gesture of others, till, sickened at the sight, we turn away to seek relief elsewhere. We find quiet and rest in the park—a pretty place, tastily laid out and well supplied with fountains. Here we watch "the better class" of society, who flit past us like butterflies in pursuit of the next sweet, while the familiar sounds we occasionally hear from the passers-by tell us that such and such an one is from "over the water."

As it was Sunday we sought to keep it as best we could by going to service as at Coblenz, but were disappointed; though we were "in" at more than one Romish service, till we had had enough, and came out. Still, in our gentle walks on the boulevards, &c., we pass several places and objects of interest—"The Palace," "The Place of Martyrs," "Colonne de la Constitution"—till we find a quiet resting-place in the Botanical Gardens, having them almost to ourselves as we sit and muse before the playing fountain. We like Brussels. It is a fine city; fine streets some, fine buildings. Its shady retreats, its pleasant boulevards and sparkling fountains, live in our memory. It is a delightful resort for a week or so, though our visit is much shorter. Still, we do not regret visiting, if only

for two or three days, this "Paris in miniature." One thing, however, weighs us down on leaving Brussels—you have no Lord's-day. And thus thinking, the lines we learnt at home in childhood run through the mind:—

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow."

So saying "Adieu!" we set out on the RETURN by way of

OSTEND

—our best route home. Through Alost, Ghent, and Bruges, of which places, seeing them only for a minute or two "on the line," we say nothing, save this of Bruges—you can see the antique belfry of the Church of Notre Dame plainly; ay, the very same where Longfellow had such visions of the past, and of which he tells us in his poem, "The Belfry of Bruges." Poet-like he seems to have been rapt with the scene, and unconscious of the flight of time. Hence the two last lines—

"Hours had passed away like minutes, and before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square."

Here, however, we are at Ostend. Trumpets blowing, flags flying, bands playing, people carousing, and ships in the docks dressed out in gayest colours. The place is evidently in holiday attire. Being curious, we ask "What is the matter?" Answer: "To-day the priest has been blessing the water, and having processioned the place the people are holding a fête in honour of the occasion." Let us go see. We observe on an open space two stout poles erected at a respectful distance from each other. Four feet from the ground runs another, uniting the other two, this last one being greased for a particular purpose. On each side of this cross-pole runs the sail of a ship, so supported as to form two immense bags, one on each side. The bag on the left contains a quantity of soot, that on the right flour, or something white. For the amusement of the multitude, a number of young men, one after another, walk along the greasy pole with bare feet, from one side to the other. If successful, which is rare, he takes from a little bag affixed to the upright pole a tiny ball, and holds it up, as if he meant "That's one to me." Seeing this the crowd applauds, while he dances like a monkey, as if he were really a descendant thereof, round the pole, the band meantime striking up some appropriate tune. If the pole-walker was unsuccessful he fell souse into the soot or flour, and came up accordingly, when a shout of glee greeted his appearance. We stayed till disgusted, and then rambled round the town. But we

found sports of a similar character in full operation. We will not speak of them further, but it corresponded to what we call "the wakes" precisely. We could not, however, forbear the reflection, "All this under the auspices of Rome!" Yes, such was Sunday as we saw it on the Continent—a disgrace to the much-vaunted civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Many other things have we to say, but not here in these pages, and not now. To sum up. The "OUT" has been a most enjoyable one, with fine opportunities and fine weather—good health and good spirits to boot. It has been a new experience, and we return with a deeper reverence for the Sabbath after witnessing its profanation and systematic desecration out here, prizing our Protestantism more than ever; while the endless display, gorgeous ritual, scenic manifestations, in the professedly holy place, with the lighting of candles, counting of beads, genuflecting, gesticulating, and prostrating before the upraised host, &c., &c., will make more precious than ever the worship of the Spirit.

On the evening of June 30th we left Ostend bound for Dover. Soon after leaving the harbour the sable shades of night began to close over and fold us in, while a refreshing breeze fanned us cool as we reclined against the bulwark of the vessel. We watched the seaman bring forth his white light, and lift it aloft to the highest mast, one reason being probably to warn others against the danger of immediate neighbourhood. For awhile we retire to sleep, for darkness is upon the face of the waters. As we near our port of Dover we peer out into the darkness for the tall white walls of Albion; but see nothing as yet but a light ridge of unseemly shape, for the day is young and it hath not been said "Let there be light." And so in the darkness we step out of the ship on to the shore. The feeling which now animates the breast must be experienced to be understood. Will you understand me better if I say you feel at HOME—amongst your friends? What more can I say? And now the emotion heaving in the heart enables us to understand the feelings of Sir Walter Scott when he penned the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." And as we thus come HOME, and approach the scenes of our early youth and boyhood the lines spring almost involuntarily to the lips—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite his titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all on self,

Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

And now "what?" We must part. My fear is lest you have been detained *too long*; but "fond regrets, alas! are vain." This, however, we hope—that "A Two Weeks' Tour" has not been without some little pleasure and profit to others besides the **THREE** more immediately concerned. We may not meet together more here; it may not belong to us. But let us pray that when life's wanderings are done and life's record closed, through the grace and good guidance of our God, we may all meet in that place of infinite, unsurpassable beauty and splendour, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

ENOCH HALL.



BEATING THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES.

Isaiah ii., 4.

THIS is to be the employment of the nations when the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ becomes the law of their policy. War is a cruel thing, and in God's "holy mountain" they shall not hurt or destroy. They can do without swords and other implements of war; for universal justice will prevail, and men will have no need to fight for

that which will be yielded as a matter of right. Oh, let us all pray and labour for that happy time.



SHAPHAN READING THE LAW.

2 Chronicles, xxxiv., 18.


JOSIAH, one of the good kings of Judah. He was only eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one-

and-thirty years. In the eighth year of his reign, while he was yet young (only sixteen), he began to seek after the God of David his father, and to purge Judah and Jerusalem, from the high places and the groves, and the carved images and the molten images. And they brake down the altars of Baalim in his presence, and the images that were on high above them he cut down, and the groves, and the carved images, and the molten images, he brake in pieces and made dust of them, and strewed it upon the graves of them that had sacrificed unto them.

When religion is revived the Word of God is more precious and more generally read; and so here Josiah caused the Word of God to be read to him, that he might be further instructed in the ways of the Lord. Let us in all our ways consult God's Word; for it teaches kings how to reign, families how to conduct themselves, business men how to carry on their business, and even children how they may behave so as to be loved of God and man.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VII.—ASTRONOMY.

T our last conversation about astronomy our attention was given to the earth, but we must say a little about the moon this time, if my young friends would like to know anything concerning it.

HERBERT. "We shall be very glad to know something about the moon, so will you please tell us how large it is?"

"Its diameter is two thousand one hundred and eighty miles, or a little more than one quarter the diameter of the earth."

BERTHA. "If it is so large as that, how is it that it appears so small?"

"On account of its great distance. Have you not observed that when anything is a great way off it looks much smaller than when it is near? A chimney-pot looks small when on the top of the chimney, but it is found to be much larger when seen on the ground than it appeared when so high up. If you observe a kite also, you will see that as it rises and gets further away, it appears to become smaller, until it is little more than a speck in the sky. So the moon appears small because it is very distant."

ANNIE. "What is the distance from the earth to the moon?"

"It is two hundred and forty thousand miles."

HERBERT. "Why that is nearly a quarter of a million miles; how long would it take a railway-train to go all that distance if it was an express?"

"Well, supposing it could travel at the rate of forty miles an hour, night and day, without once stopping for water or coals, it would have to go on and on for two hundred and fifty days before it

could accomplish the distance at which the moon travels round the earth."

ANNIE. "How long does it take the moon to travel round the earth?"

"Nearly twenty-eight days."

BERTHA. "Does the moon revolve on its own axis like the earth does?"

"Yes; and it requires just as much time to turn round on its own axis as it does to travel round the earth."

HERBERT. "What is the reason why the moon does not give us as much light as the sun? Is it because the sun is larger?"

"No, that is not the reason, for though the moon is smaller, it is much nearer than the sun; but it does not give us so much light because it has no light except that which it receives from the sun. The sun gives light to the moon, and the moon reflects the light or throws it off to the earth."

ANNIE. "How does it do that?"

"Just in the same way that a mirror or a window reflects light. On a clear evening when the sun is setting, if you just turn your back to the sun, and look at the windows of houses on which the sun is shining, they appear very bright by reflecting the sun's rays; so the bright appearance of the moon is due to the light it receives from the sun."

HERBERT. "But how does it happen that we sometimes see only half a moon, and sometimes only a quarter?"

"It happens in this way: that side of the moon on which the sun is shining is sometimes turned half away from us, and when it is so we can see only half the bright side. The dark side is there all the time, but we cannot see it, simply because the sun is not shining on it, and therefore it cannot reflect any light."

BERTHA. "Will you please tell us what is meant by a new moon, and a crescent, and the other names used in speaking of the moon's changes?"

"When the sun is shining on that side of the moon which is turned away from us, so that we cannot see the least bit of the bright side, we call her the new moon; then as soon as we can see a small part of the brightness we call her crescent; when half of the enlightened side can be seen she is called a half-moon; when rather more than half is visible she is called gibbous, and when the whole of the bright surface is turned to us we call her a full moon."

ANNIE. "When looking at the moon sometimes we have seen some dark places on its face as though it had two eyes and a mouth—what makes the dark places?"

"They are caused by deep holes or valleys; the moon's surface is very rugged, there are large hills and mountains, even large volcanoes have been seen sending out what looked like fire and smoke, something like the burning mountains on the earth. There is one bright

and mountainous part of the moon which some astronomers call Mount Etna."

HERBERT. "Is the moon of any use to the earth besides giving us light in the night-time?"

"Yes, the tides are caused mainly by the moon."

BERTHA. "Please tell us about them, for when we were at the sea-side the water came high up, and then went down until it was low, and we did not know where the water came from, nor where it went to: that is what you mean by the tide, isn't it?"

"It is, and these changes are caused by the moon's attraction. On whichever side of the earth the moon is, it draws a large quantity of water to that side, and so makes what is called high-tide; then as another part of the earth gets turned towards the moon the water is drawn away from that side where it was at first, and what is called low-tide is made."

HERBERT. "Then is it always high water at a place just at the time when the moon is nearest to that place?"

"No, not exactly at the time when the moon is nearest to the place, but about two or three hours after."

ANNIE. "When it is high-tide at one side of the earth, is it always low-tide at the opposite side?"

"No, for there are always two high-tides; one on that side of the earth which is turned towards the moon, and the other on the opposite side."

ANNIE. "How is the one on the opposite side caused?"

"By the attraction which the moon exerts over the earth itself; the moon not only draws the water towards that side of the earth which is nearest to it, but it also draws the body of the earth away from the water which is on the opposite side, and so makes high-tide there."

HERBERT. "Does not the sun attract the water a little, or is it only the moon?"

"The sun does attract a little, but not nearly so much as the moon, and the sun's attraction is most seen during the spring-tides."

BERTHA. "What are the spring-tides?"

"They are the high-tides which we have when the attraction of the sun and the attraction of the moon are both in the same direction; they can only occur at new moon and when the moon is at the full. At these times the sun and moon are both drawing the water in the same direction, so that the tides are higher than at any other time."

BERTHA. "What is the name given to the tides when it is neither new moon nor full moon?"

"They are then called neap-tides, because they rise least."

ANNIE. "How long does it take the tide to rise?"

"Nearly six hours, and in about fifteen minutes after it has ceased to rise it begins to fall; it falls for nearly six hours, and then, after remaining stationary for another fifteen minutes it commences to rise again."

HERBERT. "Then does one high-tide follow another in about twelve hours?"

"Yes, in a little more than twelve hours; so that if it is high-tide at six in the morning, it will be high-tide again at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and again at twenty minutes to seven the next morning."

BERTHA. "I think the moon is very useful to the earth in giving us light at nights, and in causing the tides to change; do you know whether the earth is of any use to the moon or not?"

"Yes; the earth gives light to the moon during its long nights, which last very much longer than our nights do."

ANNIE. "Does the earth give as much light to the moon as the moon gives to the earth?"

"Yes, and more; for as the surface of the earth is greater than the surface of the moon, the earth can reflect more light, and must be a far more beautiful object if seen from the moon than the moon appears to us. If you can imagine a bright orb appearing about thirteen times larger than the moon looks to be, you will have some idea of the appearance which the earth presents if viewed from the moon."

BERTHA. "Do you know whether there is anyone living on the moon or not?"

"I have never been there to see, but some people believe the moon to be inhabited, and I know of no reason why it should not be so, for God has covered the earth with life everywhere, and He may have placed some of His creatures on the moon's surface. He is abundant in goodness, and it quite accords with what we know of His character to believe that He has formed creatures capable of living and enjoying themselves there, though the conditions of life on the moon must be greatly different from what they are here."

LITTLE CHARLEY'S TEMPTATION.



T was a pleasant afternoon in the spring when Charley asked leave to play in the garden: he had his little waggon, and as the gardener was clearing the borders he filled it with dead stalks and leaves, and wheeled it off.

Soon his little friend Hamilton came in to help him. They worked together with great glee, loading the waggon and drawing it away. You could hear their merry laugh as they sometimes in their hurry upset the load, and then had it all to pick up again. Charley's mother passed through the garden on her way to see a sick neighbour; she was glad to see the boys so happy, and then told them she liked to see them industrious.

After a little while Hamilton grew tired, and said: "Come, Charley, let us go down to the lake-shore, and

see the men fishing."

"Oh, no, Hamilton! my mother does not like to have me go there."

"We need not go quite down to the shore, and she won't care if you just look at them, and see them pull in the fish; it's real fun; and we shall be back before your mother comes."

Charley felt that it was not quite right, but he thought he would not go very near the shore, and that he would soon come back; so they scampered off.

They soon came in sight of the pier that is built off into the lake. There were several men and boys fishing, and for a little while the two boys stood at a distance and watched them; but as they heard their shouts when a fish was caught, they gradually drew nearer. One of the men was very good-natured, and let Charley and Hamilton draw in some of the fish; they flapped and floundered, and splattered the water all around, and the stones were very wet where the boys stood. Charley's feet were wet and cold, and he began to feel very chilly, for the sun was going down, and the air from the lake was damp, and he was not dressed as his mother would have had him if she had known he was going near the lake, or to be out so late. Hamilton, finding it was late, ran off, saying his supper would be ready, and he must go. Poor Charley walked slowly home; he knew he had disobeyed his mother, and he felt badly.

His mother was at the door looking for him; she felt anxious, as he had never gone away before without asking leave. She spoke kindly to him, and asked him where he had been. He hesitated, but told her the truth; and when she found he had been down to the lake, and that his clothes and feet were wet, she was afraid he had taken cold; so she took him to the fire and warmed him, putting on dry stockings and shoes. She told him that when it was proper for him to go and see the men fish his father would take him, and could see that he did not go where there were bad boys who said wicked words; and she asked him if he did not remember that even if he had come home before she did, God saw him and knew that he was disobedient.

After he had eaten his supper she went up to bed with him; and when she knelt by his little bed and prayed that her dear boy might have strength to resist temptation, and that he might love God, and try even when he was so young to serve and obey Him, Charley felt very sorry for what he had done, and soon sobbed himself to sleep.

In the night he moaned and was so restless that his mother got up and went to him. She found him very feverish, and before daylight he was in a high fever; and for several weeks he was very ill, and his kind mother watched by him constantly night and day. Often in his disturbed sleep he murmured of fishes, and thought Hamilton was throwing them upon him.

One day he saw how very pale his mother was, and he said: "Oh, mother, I am afraid it has made you sick to take care of me." His mother, who was in the room, said: "Yes, Charley, many nights your mother has not slept, and many days she could scarcely eat,

because she was so anxious about you; and the pleasant sunshiny days she has been shut up in the house because she would not leave you. So I hope, my dear boy, as God has graciously spared your life, that you will remember when you disobey your parents you break His law and cause them very great unhappiness."

Charley thought he should always remember this sickness, and often afterwards when he was tempted to do wrong his mother's pale face would come before him, and he would pray, "Lead me not into temptation."

MISERY AND DISGRACE THROUGH DRUNKENNESS.

ONE dreadfully wet night I was going along the street at a quick pace, when I saw, a few yards in advance of me, a policeman dragging a lad by the collar of his coat. The lad was respectably dressed, had an intelligent face, and seemed, to judge by his looks, to have a great dislike to that mode of treatment. In spite of the rain, I felt some anxiety about the boy; so without further ceremony I went up to them, and said to the policeman—

"What has he been doing?"

"Oh! stealing again," was the reply.

"Does he live in this neighbourhood?" I asked.

"Yes. He's Mr. C——'s son, and lives at Entwistle Street, No. 16."

This was all the information I could get from the policeman. However, my curiosity was aroused, partly by the lad's genteel appearance, and also from a longing desire to know who Mr. C—— was, and I therefore made my way to No. 16, Entwistle Street.

I soon found No. 16—in fact, the door was open, and I heard a loud noise proceeding from the inside. Fearing that someone was in danger of being hurt, I walked in. The first object I saw was a man lying with his head on the fender, one leg under the table, and the other on a chair. Still the loud noise kept on, coming, as I thought, from the parlour. After getting the man into a sitting position, I went into the parlour, and found, to my astonishment, a woman there in the worst stage of drunkenness. She was groaning terribly—snoring, perhaps, would better express it—and I proceeded at once to awaken her. The woman blew me up for my pains, and charged me with being a robber and a thief. Thinking that the best way to bring the woman to her senses would be to tell her about her son, I said—

"Do you know your son is locked up?"

"It's nought fresh," replied Mrs. C——, and added, "I might take myself off as soon as I liked."

I was sorely puzzled what course to take next. I was on the point of going into the kitchen again to see if I could get anything satisfactory from the man, when I was saved the journey by the individual himself, who came staggering into the room. This was Mr. C——, who, with something between a growl and a threat, asked me to "stand treat for a pint."

"My friend," I said, unheeding his remark, "I called here for the purpose of informing you that your son has been imprisoned for stealing."

"Oh, indeed," replied Mr. C—— with a drunken leer, "then let him stay there until he can behave himself better. When children have such good examples set them at home, why, you see, sir, it's their own fault if they don't profit by them."

"But I hope you don't call this a good example for your children," said I, pointing to a jug half full of beer, and also to the intoxicated woman.

"We have simply been having a little refreshment," Mr. C—— said, trying to look as sober as possible.

"Just so," echoed his partner.

"Has your son ever been in prison before?" I asked.

Before either of them could reply, the lad of whom we were speaking walked into the room. In answer to my questions, he said that on their way to the police-station they had met the superintendent of the Sunday-school which he attended. He was sorely pained to see one of his scholars in that position, but nevertheless his heart yearned towards him; so after a few words with the policeman, he went with him to the police-station, and got him released.

"What was it you stole?" said I to the boy.

"Only an apple, sir," replied he, "because I was hungry, and there wasn't anything to eat here."

"But you have been taken up for stealing before, have you not?"

"Me!" said the lad, looking with astonishment up into my face.

"I never stole anything in my life before."

"Well, I understood the policeman to say you had," said I.

"Ah, sir, I suppose he meant my elder brother, who has been in prison many and many a time for stealing."

I asked the lad where his brother was now, but he could not tell me. "I know where he is," screamed out Mrs. C——, in a shrill voice; "he's beastly drunk at the corner beerhouse, and he ought to be ashamed of himself!"

The woman was perfectly right when she said that her son ought to be "ashamed of himself," but she lost sight of the fact that the shame rested every bit as much upon her shoulders as on her son's. Like most other intemperate persons, Mr. and Mrs. C—— could not see their own folly. They would not admit that they were drunkards. "Oh, nothing of the kind; *they* merely took it for their healths' sake. *They* never made a practice of getting intoxicated, and they didn't know where their son had got his bad habit from."

And so these two poor deluded creatures kept on talking about the sinfulness of drinking, when, all the while, one of them was prostrate from imbibing too much of the selfsame drink, and the other could scarcely keep on his legs.

I found that I might just as well talk to the fire-place as talk to them in their present condition, so I therefore left them, saying that I would call again in a few days. When I went the second time they were both sober. Mr. C—— had not “touched drink” for two days, which was very gratifying news to me. I tried to convince him of the error which he and his wife had fallen into; that their present course, if persisted in, would ruin their health, destroy their souls, and render them unfit for heaven. I pointed out to them the bad example which they had already set their sons, and that, if not soon checked, would fall as a curse upon their heads. After two hours thus spent, I concluded by giving them both an invitation to come to a temperance meeting to be held that evening. They came—a poor, down-trodden, miserable-looking couple; they went away with hopes brighter, with steps firmer, and with a burning desire to be made useful in God’s kingdom.

S. F.

LETTERS ABOUT EGYPT.

No. I.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.



LONG, low, sandy, shelving shore; a line of palm-trees waving their spider-like branches against the sky; a lighthouse, with its slender form just visible above the horizon—this is the approach to the land of Egypt from the sea. It is the most ancient of all lands; no profane history tells us of its origin, and go back as far as we may in the Sacred Scriptures still we find mention of the land of Ham. It was called the land of Ham because the descendants of Ham are generally believed to have settled it. When Abraham came this way long years after, he found this land of Egypt under a strong and civilised rule; it had its king, whose name was Pharaoh; it had its princes and courtiers; it had all the arrangements of an enlightened government. If we may trust the dates of the monuments, if we may trust the scraps of history which have come down to us from the very earliest times, the eye of Abraham when he visited this land must have fallen upon much which meets the eye of the traveller now; the solid massive Pyramids then waved, as now, their tall forms against the sky, with the grim features of the Sphynx near them, and many a temple and many a tomb, whose remains now fill us with wonder and astonishment. In comparison with the age of Egypt, the antiquity of Rome, and Carthage, and Athens, and even

of Tyre and Sidon, sink into insignificance. The Egyptians were a great, a powerful, a civilised people two thousand years before the foundations of Rome were laid, and one thousand years before Cadmus entered Greece, bringing the rudiments of civilisation and learning with him.

Once this strange old land must have been a vast desert. Whichever way the eye turned there was nothing but one long plain of hot, quivering sand. In the course of time God opened the fountains of the Nile, and the pouring forth of its waters made Egypt. Layer after layer of sediment was brought down from the mountains of central Africa with each successive year, till Egypt became one of the most fertile of the countries of the East. Was it not one of the most fertile? Where did Abraham go in time of famine? Whither did Isaac's eyes turn when he could get no food in Canaan? Where did Jacob send his sons when his whole family were in danger of starvation?

Down into Egypt. And we know, for Roman historians have told us, that the great city of Rome, with its thousands and tens of thousands of people from all nations, was supplied with corn from Egypt. The vessel which bore the Apostle Paul from Palestine to Rome was a vessel of Alexandria laden with wheat.

I have said that the Nile made Egypt; it not only made Egypt, but it continues to make it—to make it one of the most productive of countries, though, until of late, one of the most ill-managed and ill-governed. Once a year it overflows its banks and spreads its sluggish stream far and wide around. Then is the busy time with the husbandman. He takes his seed with him, and floating upon the water, or wading in knee-deep, he scatters the seed far and wide upon the river's surface. It mingles with the sediment; it sinks with the waters into the soil beneath. Soon the tiny shrub is seen just peering above the ground; it increases into the stalk, the stalk becomes laden with the grain, and then the golden harvest is gathered with shouts of gladness. What has the husbandman done? He has cast his bread upon the waters and after many days he has found it again.

So God tells you and tells me to cast our bread upon the waters. He tells those of us who are ministers, and those of us who are Sabbath-school teachers, and those of us who are parents, to cast our bread upon the waters. He tells us to sow beside all waters, words of admonition and instruction, and warning, and rebuke, and that after many days we shall find it again. The earnest, faithful words of the minister of God are never uttered in vain; the stirring appeals of the faithful Sabbath-school teacher are never directed in vain; the gentle counsels of the pious mother are never breathed in vain into the ear of the little child who rests its head upon her bosom. No; good will come by and by. We may have to wait as the Egyptian husbandman had to wait, but there is God's promise for it—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again."

In *New York Observer*.—UNCLE SILAS.

BEE SYMBOLISMS.

THE ancients indeed appear to have been so much struck by the surprising instincts of the bee that it became one of their principal symbols, to which were attached some of their highest and most important ideas. The rules for the initiated in the ancient worship of Demeter, for instance, indicate "the union of firmness and gentleness, of voluntary privations, and of severe and continual exercises of body and mind, so as to fit a man to repulse all attacks upon order, and to defend the institutions consecrated by the faith of his fathers," all of which was symbolised by the bee. She was a "happy omen for the warrior, who, like her, watches over the safety of his country." She was "always ready to make the sacrifice of her own life for the public good."

The idea of a noble combat, a generous strife, is one running through the most remarkable of these myths. In them were embodied the holiest and most religious feelings of the period—of the spirit engaged in the coils of a mortal body, but struggling to set herself free. "Souls, indeed, which have not lost sight of their celestial country, but which, like the bee, aspire to return thither, and seek by works of purity and justice, to merit this return, are called *Melissæ*." Even as late as the time of Porphyry, the same idea is insisted on; he speaks of her as the type "of the soul which has lowered herself by taking on herself a body; yet still she dreams of the return upwards, she does not forget the place of her birth, and returns thither."

It is most difficult in our hard-headed practical age, to conceive the wealth of imagery and symbolism, of fanciful allusions and similes where no likeness was, of emblematic dreamy poetry involved in these conceptions—the transfiguring of the material world, the transforming and "supernaturalising" of lower existences, the transferring of conscious thought to what we now consider inert matter, or merely mechanical action.—"*Good Words*" for September.

EARLY RISING.

THE value of early rising may be seen by these facts. Matthew Henry used to be in his study at four o'clock, and remain there until eight. After breakfast and family prayer he used to be there again until noon. After dinner he resumed his book or pen until four, and spent the rest of the day in visiting his friends. Doddridge alludes to himself as an example of the difference of rising between five and seven, which, in forty years, is equivalent to ten years more of life. Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary was chiefly prepared very early in the morning. Barnes's Popular and Useful Commentary has been the fruit of early morning hours. Simeon's Sketches were chiefly worked out between four and eight.

Dear young friends, may you rise early in order to be useful in

the world. Many more great men may be mentioned to prove the value of doing great things for the advancement of the cause of Christianity. You may do a great work if you begin to live for Jesus. He will help you in everything that is good.

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

M A N N A .

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

'Twas in the night the manna fell,
That fed the hosts of Israel.

Enough for each day's fullest store,
And largest need—enough, no more.

For wilful waste, for prideful show,
God sent not angels' food below.

Still in our nights of deep distress
The manna falls our hearts to bless.

And, famished, as we cry for bread,
With heavenly food our lives are fed.

And each day's need finds each day's store
Enough. Dear Lord, what want we more?

HAPPINESS.

How much is implied in that one word! What a variety of ways we take to obtain it: It seems to be the one thing we live for. I never knew a human being yet who did not strive in some way or other to be happy. And yet, among the many thousand we meet with in this world, how few are really happy! how few are content with the lot in life which their heavenly Father has assigned to them! To some people it seems quite natural to live in a constant turmoil with themselves, always annoying those of their neighbours whom it has pleased God to favour with a little more of this world's goods. They forget that God has been alike good to them both, and that He knew what for each was best; that perhaps those very choice goods possessed by their neighbours might have been too heavy a load for them to have carried—that, in very truth, they might have dragged his soul down to perdition. Where then would have been the happiness he once so much craved? "For what shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul." And yet how many do we see daily bartering their souls for a mess of pottage. In perfect safety alone can there be true happiness. How sweet the thought that whatever comes and goes, whatever trials and troubles we have to encounter in this world, we have one Friend in whom we can ever trust; one arm we can always lean upon; that we need not tell Him our hearts' desire, for He knows all about it. I have often thought that some of the happiest hours of our lives are those spent in thorough hard work, when we have to do six hours work in three; and then when the work is complete, how sweet comes the rest: and how pleasant the thought that the rest or

recreation is well-earned. Sometimes, in our blindness and folly, we complain of our work, thinking that it is hard and wearisome, forgetting that God did not give us that work to do until by some wise dispensation of His own He had fitted us for it. And perhaps that very work may prove to us the greatest blessing of our lives. How often we find the hard-working man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, happier than many a king in his palace, for happiness does not come with success. Success is sometimes a great misfortune, for it seldom brings with it contentment, and without contentment, happiness cannot be found.—T. H. TURNOCK.

Editor's Table.

Tividale Sunday School, *August 21st, 1873.*

DEAR SIR,—I find in St. Matthew, xii., 32, "And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Please state in next month's magazine what is the Holy Ghost, and you will oblige.

ANSWER.—The Holy Ghost is the third person in the Trinity, but "what" the Holy Ghost is as to His essence is not revealed to us, for God is a Spirit, and "no man hath seen God at any time." The Holy Ghost is the enlightener, sanctifier, and comforter of believers; and though we cannot define His essence, we hope our young friend will seek to enjoy the fruits of the Spirit in his heart and life.

Simmondley Lane, *September 2nd, 1873.*

SIR,—I desire an explanation of Genesis ix., 13, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." Will you please explain your idea of the bow in the cloud and oblige yours truly,

JOHN WM. MARSHALL.

ANSWER.—On page 106 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1871, our correspondent will find an explanation of the subject about which he writes to us.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

MOSELEY STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.—Dear Sir,—The annual meeting of our Juvenile Missionary Society was held on the afternoon of Sunday, May 25th, 1873. We had a tolerable attendance, and our esteemed friend, Mr. G. Burley, occupied the chair. In his address he alluded to the origin of missionary enterprise in our own land and its glorious results. The report being read showed an encouraging success, the amount raised during the year being considerably more than any previously raised by this society. This fact awakened in us devout gratitude to God for thus blessing our feeble efforts. It also encouraged us and stimulated us to go on to greater exertions, and to form new

resolutions for the future in the strength of God, by which strength alone we are able to mature plans and rightly carry out our resolutions. The earnestness of our young friends in this noble work cannot be estimated too highly, the earnestness and self-denial of some of them being quite of an exceptional character. The amount in hand previous to the collection was £22 6s. 11d. Our much-esteemed pastor, Rev. T. Holcroft, addressed the meeting, and spoke of the great need of missionary work both at home and abroad; the ignorance that still exists in some parts where the Gospel has been preached and lived for a long season is distressing. And what a vast field still remains untouched! The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few. Our esteemed missionary, Rev. J. M. Birks, followed, and, referring to the programme, he thought it unnecessary for him to say much when so many of our elder scholars had promised, and of course prepared their maiden attempt. This part of our meeting was very interesting. They each had taken a separate subject, as suggested by their devoted teachers. One spoke of our Chinese Mission and its increasing need, another on our Irish Mission, while a third spoke of our efforts and results. This created great interest, and led our young people to acknowledge their peculiar fitness for this work. A collection was made, which amounted to £1 13s. 2d., making a total of £24 0s. 1d. for our juvenile effort alone. After prayer by our venerable Superintendent, Mr. Morris, the meeting concluded. We earnestly pray that the Lord may crown our efforts with abundant success.—W. G. ASTLE.

Poetry.



LITTLE THINGS.

It was only a little seed
That she dropped into the ground,
But a beautiful flower, with fragrant bells,
When next she passed, she found.

It was only a little thing—
An acorn smooth and round;
But in time it grew to a stately tree,
Whose branches swept the ground.

It was only a little word—
A word of love and cheer;
But it soothed the heart it was spoken to,
And it rendered the speaker dear.

It was only a little flower,
Laid on the sick one's bed;
But it brought to mind a tender face,
And some loving words that were said.

Yes, these are little things;
But the lesson that I would teach
Is, that *little* things are in all our paths,
While the *great* ones but few can reach.

Let us do the *little* we can,
Nor talk of the *great* that we would;
So the blessed Master shall say one day,
"She hath done what she could."



THE YOUTHFUL PILGRIM. (See page 284.)

OUR CUTS.

THE YOUTHFUL PILGRIM.

THIS cut represents in the attitude of a pilgrim a youthful traveller to heaven. You see he presses the cross to his breast. He has a wallet by his side. He is barefooted, and his feet and his face have been hurt by the thorns and brambles through which he has travelled. No one goes to heaven without trials and conflicts. Youthful Christians must have their share. But if we cling to the cross we shall pass safely through them all. Will all our young readers, like this little boy in our cut, set out on the heavenly pilgrimage? Do not delay, dear children. Do not say, "It will be time enough when I am older." "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. (See page 286.)

No spot on earth except Calvary is so sacred as this garden. Here the Saviour contemplated His last agony. Here He sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Here He was accompanied by Peter, James, and John; but while He struggled and prayed, they slept, unconscious of the terrible conflict in which their Master was engaged. From this place He came out to meet the false and treacherous disciple Judas, who was the instrument of the Saviour's apprehension by the officers of the High Priest; and from here He went to the court of the High Priest, and thence to Pilate's Judgment Hall, and thence to Calvary. While we look at this cut let us remember what was suffered there for us and for the whole human family, and in the spirit of humility, repentance, and gratitude, let us consecrate ourselves to Him who suffered and died for us.

GOD IN THE HEART.

A poor wounded boy was dying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was very near, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him, "My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom"; and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," asked the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yea," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death." And still he lay there, with his hand above his heart even after it had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CH PTER XVI.

A LEAVE-TAKING.



THAT schoolboy is there whose heart does not leap with joy as he thinks of leaving school and setting out on the business of life? How he rejoices at the thought that at last the period of mere preparation is passed, and the time of active responsibility is to commence! All the future is radiant with hope's fairest pictures, and glorious with ambition's grandest dreams. True, there is just a tinge of sadness at the thought of leaving loved schoolfellows, just a suspicion of regret at bidding farewell to the sports of youth. But these thoughts are not allowed to damp the spirits, they are all dispelled in a moment by one glance at the future. Dreams of wealth, fame, and power—resolves of high and noble purposes—visions of heroic deeds to be done, occupy the mind by night and by day. As a youth thus looks forward there is no doubt, no fear—all is hope, bright and unwavering.

And it is right it should be thus. Youth is the season of hope, and if one's thoughts and feelings are not high then there is little prospect of success. A hopeless youth can only be followed by a degraded manhood and a useless old age. It is as impossible to have a noble, useful life without high hopes and noble purposes, as it is to erect a magnificent building without designs and plans.

But, notwithstanding the hope and confidence with which the young set out on the more active duties of life, the period of leaving school is one of great importance. It is the time when a step is taken on which depends in many cases success or failure, and in all it is attended with grave responsibility. Oh! if the young could only see the dangers, the cares, and the sorrows which are, even more certainly than the bright visions which attract them, a part of their future, how careful would they be of their first actions, how firmly would they check their wild impulses, how sternly would they curb their passions. Happy are they who, in addition to the good counsel of parents and the restraints of religious training, have the further advantage of being employed by an upright, Christian master.

From what has been said the reader will have guessed that Squire Brownlow had engaged Ted Lindsay as his office-boy. As Ted went home on the day of the Squire's visit, he was much exercised in his mind as to what that visit might portend. He hurried home, there-

fore, to surprise his father and mother with the particulars of his interview with the Squire. To his still greater bewilderment, however, he found his parents already better informed than himself. The Squire had called and left word that Ted might, if he liked the offer, go to his office as early as convenient after the examination for the "Employers' Prizes," which Ted had purposed competing for.

It is hardly necessary to say that Ted eagerly fell in with the arrangement. He was not very robust, and was consequently unfitted for any very heavy situation, and his father had set his heart on making him a clerk, or something of that kind. The situation under Mr. Brownlow was just the place his father would have wished for his son. The salary was certainly very small, but it would increase; the business was a good one, and nowhere could a lad have a better opportunity of getting a thorough acquaintance with each of its branches. Then again the Squire was a good master, and real worth and steady perseverance were sure to be rewarded by him with promotion.

When Ted went to school next morning he of course went at once and told William and John Parsons of the situation he had got. Who could expect a schoolboy to keep secret such an important event for a single day—it would almost drive him mad. His two friends were highly pleased at his prospects, although they were sorry to lose his companionship, and they, of course, in their turn told the news to their particular friends, and so, long before morning school began, nearly all the boys knew that Ted Lindsay was spending his last week but one at school, and that he was going into Squire Brownlow's office.

And now Ted found that his fellow-pupils had changed in their manner towards him. He found the mere fact of having obtained a clerkship had raised him considerably in the estimation of some of the boys. Those who had previously treated him with rough familiarity now spoke respectfully, while some watched him closely as if they expected to see some personal transformation as the result of his altered prospects. He was no longer a schoolboy with an ambition bounded by a school prize or the first place in the class, but a worker in the busy world, where fame and fortune are the goals striven for; and, as such, he was looked at with something of the same feeling as a stay-at-home citizen experiences when he sees his neighbours march off to the war, or as a landsman feels when he sees a ship's crew start on a voyage.

Mr. Stanton was very pleased to hear the news which had so quickly spread through the school, and even he assumed a different manner in consequence. He treated Ted almost like a younger brother, and though he gave him much good advice, he altogether dropped the schoolmaster and assumed the character of a friend. He gave him exercises which would be most useful to him in the particular work he was about to undertake. The Squire had told him that the boy engaged would be occupied most of his time in invoicing,

so he gave him a thorough drilling in Practice, and also taught him several short methods of calculation which would prove invaluable to him in working such sums.

The few days intervening between his engagement and the day on which he was to commence his new duties seemed a long while to Edward Lindsay, but at length the last day at school arrived, and he certainly felt more sad at the thought of leaving than he had expected he should.

It was a time-honoured custom at Copsley School—dating from the commencement of Mr. Stanton's managership—that when a boy left any of the upper classes the last afternoon should be devoted to a leave-taking between him and his class-mates, so that the last recollections of the old place should be pleasant.

Accordingly on opening the school on Monday afternoon Mr. Stanton announced, what was already well known, that one of the boys of the first class was about to leave. He spoke of the sorrow it gave him to lose any of those who had by their good qualities and their affection endeared themselves to him; but it was one of the misfortunes of his position, and as the welfare of scholars demanded their removal he must submit to his fate as cheerfully as he could, and console himself with the thought that they should still respect each other however much their relations might change. In this particular instance he was happy to say that the boy was not going to leave the neighbourhood, and so he should still be able to continue the friendly relationship which had sprung up in the short time that Edward Lindsay had spent at school. He felt bound before closing to say that he never knew a more conscientious and agreeable pupil, nor one who made more rapid progress than he had.

He then gave the first four classes permission to spend the afternoon with Ted in the playground, warning them, as a joke, that they must not shake his arm off or pull him to pieces.

Out came the lads, but the caution seemed to be unneeded, for somehow they were not inclined to be boisterous. They walked quietly by the side of Ted, and conversed in subdued tones. The words of the master had roused serious thoughts, and they felt disinclined to romp as usual. Bob Johnson, however, determined that this would not do. He saw that they were all getting low-spirited, and pulling Ted's high spirits down too, so he turned about in his abrupt way and said—

"Come lads, we aren't going to bury Ted to-day—put those looks away till you are asked to the funeral. There's Jack Parsons there the very model for a chief-mourner."

A general laugh followed this absurd view of the matter, and by the time they had had their laugh out they were quite ready for a game, and so in less than three minutes they were playing at "leap-frog" round the playground. When they were tired of that they had a jolly game at "rounders." They enjoyed themselves so much that, on sending into school, they were surprised to find they had only ten

more minutes before closing time. As the time was insufficient for another game, they sat down on the school bench for a chat.

While there, Mr. Stanton came out of school and entered his house for some purpose or other, and Bob Johnson at once conceived the idea of a triumphal procession. Gus Brookes bent his head back, and Ted Lindsay had to allow himself to be seated thereon; a guard of honour walked on each side, and a long retinue followed, as they slowly moved towards the master's front door. Bob, the author of the fun, would insist on Ted carrying a long quill pen over each ear as a symbol of the honourable situation he was about to fill. Mr. Stanton was much amused at the grotesque procession, but seeing that Ted was fully conscious of his ridiculous appearance, he suggested that Gus Brookes must be tired of his load, and so Ted was allowed to dismount.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUCCESS AND ENVY.

MORE than three weeks had elapsed since the examination for the Employers' Prizes, and no news had come of the result. Both teachers and scholars were getting anxious, and many of the boys had daily asked Mr. Stanton if the report had arrived. It was the first great trial of patience with many of them, and they bore it with no great evidence of the possession of that virtue.

Of course the return did come at last. The boys one morning guessed it had, for their master seemed uncommonly pleased about something, and a self-satisfied little smile lurked round the corners of his mouth. Their guess grew into a positive certainty when, instead of ordering the children into the class-rooms as usual, he told them all to sit down, as he had something of importance to say to them.

It is quite unnecessary to report all that Mr. Stanton said that morning. Like most other people in possession of news which others are eagerly waiting for, he teased his hearers a little by staying to review the former successes of his scholars, instead of coming at once to what everyone was anxious to hear—namely, the results of the last examination.

Suffice it to say the school had once more done honour to itself. Mr. Stanton read the list from the bottom. First came the names of the two unsuccessful candidates, who felt very uncomfortable in consequence. Then there were five winners of the guinea prize, among whom was Edward Lindsay, John Parsons, and George Benson. Then came the four winners of the three guineas prize—namely, William Parsons, Bob Johnson, and two others unknown to this history.

Having read these names Mr. Stanton folded up the return, and as he did so cast a quick look to where Alec Gordon was seated. Poor Alec had all along felt morally certain of gaining at least the

five guineas prize, and now that his name was not among the successful candidates he felt wofully disappointed. His colour went, his lips quivered, and his fingers twitched nervously. Mr. Stanton saw how excited he was, and felt it would be cruel to prolong his disappointment, so he said—

"There is one more prize which I have purposely omitted." A hush followed, and anyone might see that Alec Gordon was holding his breath in expectation. Mr. Stanton continued: "The prize I have now to announce deserves a prominence it would not have had if I had named it with the others. For the first time in the history of this school one of its boys has carried off the scholarship—Alec Gordon has gained the highest number of marks in this year's examination."

A thunder of applause followed the announcement, but just as it subsided a cry was heard among the first-class boys, and as Mr. Stanton stepped up, he was just in time to receive the fainting form of the victorious candidate. But "joy never kills," and fresh air and cold water soon brought round the over-excited boy. His first words on recovering consciousness were—"It is true I have succeeded, is it not?"

Of course the prizes formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation for several days. The unsuccessful candidates felt very humble, but laid the blame of their failure on their pens or their paper, or indeed on anything else rather than on their own incapacity. Those who had been successful, although they tried hard not to look proud, could not help a little elevation of mind, and it did look as if they never again intended to condescend to such commonplace things as school sports. All their talk was of competitions, examination-papers, and prize-lists.

The distribution of the prizes was fixed for November 2nd, as that was the earliest day on which Lord Dalprose, a local nobleman, could spare time from his Parliamentary duties in London, and the good people of Rudham, like most other English people, had a wonderful reverence for the nobility, and thought the prizes at least half as much better if they passed through the hands of "a real live lord."

In due course the important day arrived, and the Public Hall at Rudham was filled with a respectable audience, consisting of parents and friends of the prize-winners and other people interested in school-work. Lord Dalprose, in a solemn but somewhat inaudible voice, made a few commonplace remarks on the subject of education, which were received with applause. It may be mentioned as an evidence of the unanimity with which the noble lord's speech was received that it was very vigorously applauded by many who were at such a distance that they could not possibly hear what he said.

When the noble lord had exhausted his little stock of truisms, the more interesting business of giving the prizes commenced. Of course Alec Gordon was called first, and after being introduced to Lord Dalprose by the vicar and by his lordship to Lady Dalprose,

he received the prize of five guineas and the scholarship certificate, and passed from the platform loudly cheered. And now the candidates passed on quickly in regular succession until all the prizes had been given. A few votes of thanks closed the proceedings, and the prize-winners and their friends went to their homes.

It would be well perhaps for the reputation of Copsley School if nothing more was said respecting the Employers' Prizes, for at the close of the day's proceedings the scholars had good reason to be proud of the achievements of their candidates. But in common fairness, and as affording another proof of the little weaknesses of human nature in general, and schoolboy human nature in particular, events must be recorded which, however disgraceful, happened in consequence of the successes of the Copsley boys.

There was in the village of Copsley a small school, which up to now there has been no occasion to mention. It was an old-fashioned school of the kind once so common in the old days when education was left to be given by people who were good for nothing else. It had been set up long before Mr. Stanton's by its present teacher, John Jackson, an old soldier who had adopted school teaching as the likeliest way of supplementing his slender pension. Now John Jackson, or as he was called by the old folks who had known him in his younger days, Jacky Jackson, was a cripple. His knee had been injured in the wars, and he was obliged to walk with a crutch. Hence it was that the Copsley people, in their anxiety to have a distinguishing name for Jackson's school, designated it the "cripple's school," and in due time the scholars got to be called "cripples."

Of course the education imparted by Jacky Jackson was of a very elementary character, but yet he generally entered three or four of his best scholars for the "Employers' Prizes," and occasionally he had the good fortune to carry one off. This year, however, his pupils had fallen so far below the standard that not one of them had succeeded.

Now if the Copsley boys had been considerate for the feelings of others they would have kept silence about the failure of the "cripples." But considering how little magnanimity there is in the world, it was not very surprising that when Mr. Stanton's pupils were passing the "cripples' school" they took the trouble to inquire, in a tone of mock interest, how many prizes they had won. The answer was a sullen admonition to mind their own business.

Day after day the Copsley School boys loitered on the way to banter the "cripples" about their non-success, and each day the taunts of the one side and the reproaches of the other grew stronger and more offensive. The old soldier's scholars charged their enemies with cheating, and said the successful candidates had got all the answers written on their finger-nails before they went in for examination. Of course such a charge carried its own refutation, and might safely have been left uncontradicted. But that would not do. A false and disgraceful accusation had been brought against their best boys, and the Copsley School lads thought the only way to

sweep away the disgrace was by chastising those who had made the charge.

Accordingly Gus Brookes appeared as champion for his school, and challenged any boy on the other side to a personal encounter. Now, though Gus has not held a very dignified position in this history, it is to be feared this event will lower him in the good opinion of many. It must be remembered, however, that this was no personal quarrel; he was merely offering to fight for the honour of his school, and since he was not likely to bring much credit to it with his brains, he was all the more ready to defend it with his fists. And then he was only doing what statesmen and warriors, however mistaken, have until of late years always thought it right to do—namely, trying to assert dignity by force of arms. Fortunately, however, there was no battle, for Gus had a widespread reputation for strength, and no boy could be found who would face him. Of course this did not mend the relations between the schools; on the contrary, they grew worse, and what the “cripples” could not do single-handed they attempted in twos and threes.

At first there were only slight skirmishes. Sometimes a boy from Mr. Stanton's school would get roughly handled by three or four of the enemy. Peas were shot through key-holes in the school doors, and now and then the more unruly of Jackson's lads indulged their animosity by sending a stone through Mr. Stanton's school windows. It was no longer safe to spin tops or play marbles in the lanes near the school, for the unprincipled “cripples” were almost sure to make a sudden raid, and carry off all they could. So things went on through dark November. At night Mr. Stanton's lads frequently had stones thrown at them from dark corners, and so they armed themselves with sticks and stones, and retaliated when they saw the opportunity.

Of course this could not last long without it getting to Mr. Stanton's ears. He at once inquired into the affair, and having shown his boys that they were to blame for having first provoked the “cripples” he made Gus Brookes and the others who were mixed up in the dispute promise to let it drop at once. They accordingly did, but their foes being bound by no promise still continued to annoy them in various ways. At last a stone intended for Gus Brookes missed its object and shattered a plate glass window. The boy who had thrown it was caught, and had to pay smartly for the damage. His brother “cripples,” frightened at the risks involved, threw stones no more, and only indulged in dark looks and occasional taunts.



BLAISE PASCAL:

A PATTERN FOR THE YOUNG.



THE name of Blaise Pascal may be strange to many of the readers of the JUVENILE; and on hearing a new name we generally besiege the person who mentions it with a number of questions such as these: "Who is he? What was he? When did he live?" These inquiries we purpose to answer, though not consecutively. We shall give you but a very brief epitome of the life of Blaise Pascal, especially noticing two things—first, his earnestness in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and, second, his devotion to the cause of God and truth.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in France, in the year 1623. This date is surrounded with a number of interesting circumstances. It will occur to you that he lived during the English Commonwealth. Two years after his birth Charles the First ascended the throne of England, and two years before his death the Royal Family was restored in the person of Charles the Second. In France a king was reigning who was only five years old—Louis the Fourteenth. This was a source of endless dissatisfaction; so that while England was convulsed with revolution in the establishment of the Commonwealth, France was in a state of rebellion and anarchy. Thus he lived in times of great excitement. His father's name was Stephen Pascal, and as it is sometimes said that genius descends in the line of the mother, we must not forget to say that his mother's maiden name was Antoinette Begon. It was Pascal's misfortune to be left in early life motherless, his mother dying in 1626, when he was but three years old. He was a wonderful child, and some superstitious mothers would have said he was "too sharp to live." Blaise had an excellent father, and it is fortunate when children who are left motherless have. Stephen Pascal took the liveliest interest in his children, and exerted his utmost endeavours to secure for them a good sound education. He even retired from his professional duties as president of the Court of Aides that he might educate them himself; and they never had any other instructor.

Blaise soon began to manifest an intense thirst for information, and displayed proofs of extraordinary genius, securing for himself the reputation of a prodigy. He had a most inquiring mind, and always wanted to know the reason of things. One day there was a china plate on the table, and someone gave it a sharp rap, when it of course gave forth a ringing sound. This simple incident led him to think about the cause of sound. Many a child—yes, and many a man too—would have been quite satisfied with the simple knowledge that the plate rang because it was struck; but this did not satisfy Blaise Pascal. He wanted to know why it should sound when it was struck; nor did he rest satisfied until he discovered by his own experiments that sound was produced by the vibrations of the air. The plate being struck forcibly, the vibrations of its particles were

imparted to the air, and an impression was thereby produced on the ear. He discovered that without air there could be no sound—that the ringing of sonorous bodies was produced as much by the air as their being struck. If a china plate, or glass, or even a bell were placed under the receiver of an air-pump, or in what is called a vacuum, though it were struck ever so forcibly it would not sound, though its vibrations might be seen. Blaise, having made this discovery by the experiments of his own genius, wrote a treatise on the phenomena of sound. This was done when he was but twelve years old. To write an essay on a subject so abstruse, and at such an age, was a literary exploit which we should think was scarcely ever surpassed by any child, except by Robert Hall. His biographer tells us that he could not walk until he was two years old. His nurse used to carry him in the churchyard and learn him the characters on the gravestones, and, putting the letters together, taught him to utter the words. It may seem to surpass belief, yet it is a fact, that Robert Hall learned to read and speak at one and the same time, and probably he was the only child who ever did. He is said to have completely mastered the profound reasonings of dry old Butler in his "Analogy," and of Edwards on "The Freedom of the Will," when he was but eight years old. He was wont to carry these about in his pinafore, and read them with as much interest as other boys would read "Robinson Crusoe." We just compare Robert Hall in this case to gratify a little English pride which the readers of the JUVENILE may justly feel, and to show that we are not surpassed by this French prodigy. As we found in our brave Wellington a military match for Napoleon, so we find in our eloquent Robert Hall a compeer for Blaise Pascal.

But, returning to our subject, Blaise Pascal had also a wonderful taste for mathematics. His father tried all means to keep him from the study of them, but in vain. All works on the subject were carefully kept out of the way; but not because his father did not wish him to study the science, but because he had such a love for it that it was feared if he were allowed to pursue it he would never learn his Greek and Latin. But the old proverb holds good in the case of Blaise Pascal, "Where there is a will there is a way." Opie, the distinguished artist, drew striking likenesses of the family with a smutty stick against the whitewashed wall of his father's cottage. William Gifford learned to write and solve his problems with a blunted awl on a smooth piece of leather when his master was in bed. Blaise Pascal adopted a similar plan. He used to get a piece of coal and make his circles and triangles on the floor of his playroom, and by this means, without the aid of an instructor, he went as far as the thirty-second proposition of Euclid's first book. On one occasion while he was thus engaged his father, who had forbidden him to pursue the study, unexpectedly entered the room; but Blaise was so deep in his geometrical reverie that he was some time before he saw him. After this incident Euclid was no longer kept out of

his way, but he was allowed to indulge in his mathematical studies to his heart's content. He soon thoroughly mastered the science, and when only sixteen years of age he produced a masterly essay on conic sections. By a series of experiments, too, on the specific gravity of air he exploded the popular scientific error that "nature abhors a vacuum." He was also the author of several inventions. One was an ingenious calculating machine. That of Mr. Babbage, our own countryman, is said to be only the development of a principle discovered by Blaise Pascal. He is reputed also to be the inventor of wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrow is a very useful invention, infinitely surpassing the old hand-barrow for general use, and it enables one man to remove a much greater weight than two could with the hand-barrow. He has left behind him works which entitle him to rank among the greatest scientific men of his age. His mind was powerful and various, and his studies were diversified. His name will long be remembered in the world of science. As a student he was earnest and unremitting, and as an inventor he was most ingenious.

Blaise Pascal was not only studious, but deeply pious. Our readers, however, must not be shocked nor prejudiced when we say that he was a Roman Catholic. Yes, he was a member of the Church of Rome, and he imbibed most of the errors and superstitions of his Church and country. Now, while we would most faithfully warn you against the pernicious teachings, dangerous errors, and superstitions of that Church, and while we denounce her persecuting spirit, it is only fair to acknowledge that she possesses some elements of truth. The Pharisees, whom our Lord denounces as hypocrites, held the truth, though by their traditions they had made it "of none effect." So the Church of Rome holds the truth, but keeps it in the background, giving "the more earnest heed" to the traditions which she has accumulated and the decrees of her councils. But do not forget that some good came out of Nazareth, though the Jews thought it was impossible. Some good has also come forth from the bosom of the Church of Rome. Some of our finest and most touching hymns are of Romish origin, several of which are embodied in our own collection of "Hymns for Divine Worship," bearing the names of Ambrose, Xavier, and Bernard of Cluny. The truth itself is no less true if it be found in the midst of error, and goodness is no less to be admired and imitated if it be found in the Church of Rome.

Blaise Pascal's name is one which ought not to be specially associated with any one section of the Christian Church, but with the Church universal. He was educated in the Roman Catholic faith from his infancy, and ascetic in his disposition as well as superstitious, yet there was so much about him that was good, and he did so much to defend Christianity, that he may be regarded as belonging to the whole Church. He is a sublime illustration of the union of learning and piety. There were several circumstances which con-

tributed to his piety. At the close of the year 1647 he was smitten with a paralytic stroke, which for three months deprived him of the use of his limbs. This sad dispensation in the bloom of his manhood and zenith of his scientific reputation impressed him with deep and solemn feelings, and turned the course of his thoughts and life. At this time he had taken up his residence in Paris with his father and sister Jacqueline. Soon after his father died, and his death cast a deeper shade of solemnity over Pascal's feelings. At his father's death his sister went to Port Royal as a nun, and he was left alone. One day as he was riding in a carriage drawn by four horses over a high bridge the two leaders took fright and suddenly dashed over into the fearful abyss below. Fortunately the traces broke, but the carriage hung beetling over, with Pascal in it. This accident made the profoundest impression on his mind, and so shook his nerves that for some time he imagined that he had the gulf constantly beside him, and though he knew it was all fancy he could not feel safe without a chair placed on his left side. He regarded this event as a sign from heaven that he should renounce society and become a recluse, and persuaded by his sister, he retired to Port Royal, where he lived the life of a monk, devoting himself to prayer and the reading and study of the Scriptures. We have no sympathy with monkery, but Pascal was one of those who spent his time well, and like the venerable Bede, made his solitary life answer a good purpose in the world. Bede translated the Bible. Pascal made the Bible his constant study. Day and night he pored over its pages, until he had accomplished the arduous task of committing it thoroughly to heart. It is said that every passage was accurately engraven on his heart, so that he could detect the slightest deviation from the text if it were misquoted. While in this retreat he began with wonderful power to engage in the controversies of his times. In a series of letters, under the signature of Louis de Montalt, he defended the Port Royalists against the criminations of the Jesuits. These awakened both the wrath of the Jesuits and the Pope. He so scathed the Jesuits by his writings that they everywhere became the objects of mirth and ridicule. He produced works of inestimable value, and in a variety of ways helped the cause of morality and religion. In the midst of all his labours and studies he was a great sufferer. He says, "From the time I was eighteen I do not know that I ever passed a single day without pain." His early training and constant suffering had no doubt much to do with imparting to his life its ascetic and gloomy tendency. He died in the fortieth year of his age, after twenty-two years of bodily suffering. He was an ornament to both science and religion, and in many respects a copy of excellence.

Blaise Pascal, like many great men, was not without his defects, but they were far outweighed by his general excellence. Our good qualities should always exceed the number of our faults. People sooner see our defects than our perfections, therefore our good

graces should be the most prominent. There was in Pascal a singular compound of strength and weakness—strength of intellect and faith, but weakness of superstition. The earthen vessel often breaks down somewhere, that we may see that it is but an earthen



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. (See page 284.)

vessel. Pascal's intellect was one of the most brilliant that God ever gave to a man, but his superstitions show how the noblest souls can be enslaved by the errors of Rome.

Blaise Pascal was a copy of earnestness in the acquisition of

useful knowledge which the young especially will do well to imitate. All cannot attain to eminence, but all should aim at improvement. Never say, "I can't learn." "I can't" never succeeded, because he was always lazy and unwilling. "I can't" is a term often used as a less offensive word for "I won't," and a less truthful way of saying "I am too idle." Let your motto be, "I'll try." "I can't" was always an ignoramus, who never invented anything nor did any good in the world. Everything great and good has been done by "I'll try." Try, then, and difficulties will give way, and you will exceed your best expectations.

Blaise Pascal's knowledge was sanctified by piety. All gifts and acquirements should be consecrated to God; all knowledge should be seasoned with grace. Embrace every opportunity for the improvement of the mind, but do not neglect the heart. "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life." It is a good thing to have earthly wisdom, but it is the better for being combined with heavenly understanding. "The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

J. HAMNETT.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VIII.—ASTRONOMY.



OUR conversation to-day will be about the SUN, the most important body in the whole solar system.

ANNIE. "We do not know what solar system means, so will you please explain to us?"

"The word solar comes from the Latin word *sol*, which means the sun, so that when we speak of the solar system we mean the sun and all the bodies that revolve around him."

HERBERT. "The solar system does not include the distant stars, does it?"

"No; we get as much light from a tiny-looking star as that star receives from the sun, and the stars do not revolve round the sun, but the earth, the planets, and the comets do, so they are included in the solar system."

BERTHA. "Does not the sun travel round the earth once every day?"

"No, the sun does not travel round the earth, but remains nearly in the centre of the system for the earth and the other planets to travel round it."

BERTHA. "Then what makes it appear to move from one side of the earth to the other?"

"The appearance is due to the motion of the earth in turning round on its own axis. In the morning the eastern side of the earth is turned

towards the sun, then as the earth continues to revolve and the day advances the eastern side loses the light, for the sun is shining directly on the western side; this we call the evening of the day. To all appearance the sun has travelled the whole distance from east to west, but in reality the west has turned round to the position previously occupied by the east."

HERBERT. "Is it not strange that the sun should seem to be moving when really it is the earth which moves?"

"It is not more strange than many other things which appear to deceive us. When you are travelling rapidly in a railway carriage the trees and houses and the posts to which the telegraph-wires are fastened all appear to be in rapid motion, and to hurry quickly past the carriage-window. I remember, when a boy, going on board a steamboat for the first time, and the moment it began to move I thought the pier was being carried down the river by the tide, for the boat seemed to remain still while the pier left us and moved away. I was so sure about it that I said, 'Father, the pier is running away'; but I was deceived, for only the boat was moving. So is it with the earth and the sun."

ANNIE. "Has it always been known that the sun does not travel round the earth?"

"No, for Ptolemy, a great astronomer who lived in the second century, supposed that the sun and all the heavenly bodies travelled round the earth, and his opinions were commonly received for more than fourteen hundred years."

BERTHA. "Is the sun very far from the earth?"

"Yes, further than I can hope to give you any idea of: the sun is ninety-two millions of miles away from us, or nearly four hundred times the distance of the moon."

ANNIE. "But you told us some time ago that the moon appears small because it is distant from us; now if the sun be nearly four hundred times further from us than the moon why does not the sun appear smaller still?"

"Because it is four hundred times larger than the moon. The diameter of the sun is eight hundred and eighty-two thousands of miles, or one hundred and ten times greater than the diameter of the earth."

HERBERT. "Would it take a cannon-ball many days to get to the sun?"

"Indeed it would, for if it were possible to send it to the sun at the rate of eight miles in a minute, it would not quite finish its journey in twenty-one years."

BERTHA. "Then does the light of the sun come to us from all that distance?"

"Yes, the sun's light reaches us after coming ninety-two millions of miles."

HERBERT. "Does light come instantly from the sun to the earth?"

"Not instantly; but its motion is so very rapid that it appears to us as though it occupied no time whatever in passing from one object to another. Light travels at the swift rate of twelve millions of miles in a minute, so that it takes about seven and a half minutes to come from the sun to the earth."

ANNIE. "Sometimes the sun's light is prevented from coming to the earth by what is called an eclipse. Will you please explain to us what an eclipse is?"

"When the sun is eclipsed its light is hindered from reaching the earth because the moon stops it by coming between the earth and the sun. If you are reading by the light of the gas and your brother Herbert comes between the gaslight and your book his shadow comes over the book, and the gas-flame is eclipsed, so that its light cannot reach you. In this comparison the gas-flame represents the sun, your book represents the earth, and your brother Herbert represents the moon coming between the two, and preventing the sun's light from reaching the earth."

HERBERT. "But sometimes the moon is eclipsed. How is that caused?"

"When the moon is eclipsed it is because the earth comes between it and the sun, so preventing the sun's light from reaching the moon. The moon becomes dark because the earth's shadow is passing over it."

BERTHA. "Will it be a long time before there is another eclipse?"

"No, for there will be two this month, November; an eclipse of the moon in the evening of the fourth of the month and an eclipse of the sun on the twentieth. The sun's eclipse will not be visible in this country, and that of the moon will occur so early in the evening that it will be seen very indistinctly."

ANNIE. "Does the sun serve any other purpose besides giving us light and heat?"

"Yes. It serves to keep the earth in its proper place."

ANNIE. "How does it do that?"

"By attracting it. If the earth was not attracted by the sun its own motion would carry it in a straight line far away from its present position; but the sun draws the earth's motion into a circle, and so keeps it from going off in a straight line."

BERTHA. "Will you please explain this to us a little more?"

"I will try. If you fasten a stone to the end of a piece of string and then taking hold of the other end of the string with your hand, begin to swing your arm about so as to whirl the stone rapidly round it will seem to pull at the string as though it were trying to get away, and if you suddenly loose your hold of the string the stone will fly far away from you, and perhaps go through a window or hit some one a severe blow on the face. Or if, instead of swinging your arm about, you just hold the string in your hand, and turn quickly round a few times the stone will get as far from you as it can, and

move in a circle round your body. I should think you often do this in your play, so the next time you do it remember that the sun is always doing something like it with the earth. Of course the earth is not fastened to the sun by a piece of string, but the sun draws the earth by the attraction of gravitation, and so prevents it from flying away, just as your piece of string prevents the stone from flying to hit some one on the face."

ANNIE. "If the sun's attraction was to become a little too strong would it not draw the earth out of its place until it dashed right into the sun?"

"Yes, it would in course of time; and from this we may learn how exactly God has balanced the earth and the sun and the entire solar system. It reminds us of what the prophet Isaiah says: 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance.' Truly 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.'"

HERBERT. "Does the sun itself always remain motionless?"

"No. The sun is constantly revolving on his own axis."

BERTHA. "As the sun is so very large it will require a long time for him to turn round. Can you tell us how long?"

"About twenty-five and a-half days."

ANNIE. "Has the sun any other motion besides this?"

"It is believed so. For some years now our great astronomers have believed the sun to be in motion round one of the fixed stars, and to be carrying the earth and all the other planets with him."

HERBERT. "Can you tell us the name of the star, and how far it is away from the sun?"

"The name is 'Alcyone,' and its distance is so great that light occupies five hundred and thirty-seven years in passing over it."

ANNIE. "If this belief is a correct one, how long will it take the sun to travel round Alcyone?"

"More than eighteen millions of years, and when all those years have passed away you and I will still be living, not here, but I hope in heaven. God is great in power, but His power is not greater than His goodness; He is infinite in wisdom, but He is also infinite in mercy; the heavens are high, but His mercy is above the heavens—for 'His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways, for as the heavens are higher than the earth so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts and His ways than our ways. God's thoughts are thoughts of mercy, of goodness, of love, and He has provided a glorious inheritance for His children. Of this glorious heritage you and I may become partakers, through Jesus Christ we may become heirs of eternal life, and so partake of the rich pleasures which are at God's right hand. Then, with powers enlarged and vision made clearer, we shall be able to search into the wonderful proofs of God's power and wisdom which are scattered through the

immensity of space, and with hearts full of admiration and gratitude to praise Him, the Creator of all things, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Next month we shall have a little to say about some of the planets."

Editor's Table.

Dresden, Stoke-on-Trent, *September 16th, 1873.*

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly give your opinion on the following question:—Was it possible for Christ in His human nature to sin? If not, how could He be held forth as our example when He could not sin? An early answer through your valuable journal will oblige yours sincerely,
G. G.

ANSWER.—We believe it was possible for Christ to have sinned as to His *human* nature, else how could He have been tempted in all points as we are? And how could He be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, so far as He could be so without sin. Still it is a metaphysical question which it is not easy for us to solve, for who can explain the great mystery of the unity of the Divine and human in Christ? All that it is necessary for us to know is that He "did no sin," and in this as in other respects He is held up to us as our example.

September 20th, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I read with considerable interest the query in last month's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR on the tendency of novels or works of fiction. Loving to read books, especially those which tend to elevate the mind, and wishing to gain some knowledge of English literature, I take the liberty of asking your opinion on a certain style of writings generally classed under the heading "novels." Such books as "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," "David Copperfield," "Old Town Folks," "Runnymede," and a host of others, generally termed novels, seem to me to possess good moral lessons and facts of history, which, by being conveyed to the mind in this manner, are longer retained by the memory. The authors are also eminent ones, whose names are venerated by men of talent and wisdom. Will such books do good? Knowing that you have superior ability in answering whether they are prejudicial to the young or not, if I can conscientiously follow your opinions I will do so.—Yours truly,

CHARITY.

ANSWER.—In a former number of this magazine we answered the question our correspondent proposes, but we have no objection to repeat substantially what we then said.

1st. We believe novel-reading as a practice or habit is a serious evil—first, because it weakens the mind, and secondly, because it employs time much needed for other and more worthy occupations.

2nd. While saying this there are works of fiction, or in other words works in which fictitious persons and imaginary scenes and situations are made the vehicles for moral teaching, for historical

illustration, for analysis of character, and for the expression of wise, profound, and useful opinions of men and things, which, as coming from gifted minds, are worthy of being read; and since these elements are very often brought before us in a style of writing which charms and captivates, these productions afford both pleasure and instruction, and within reasonable limits and in due consideration for the claims upon our time by other duties, may be read occasionally and with advantage. As to those mentioned by our correspondent, we have not read "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," having a good many troubles of our own to occupy our time. We have read "David Copperfield" and two or three more of Dickens's. We have also read some of Scott's tales, and a few others in a whole lifetime; but we have not a novel in our library, and we have read these few for the qualities in them which we have mentioned. The result of the whole is that, while we do not condemn absolutely the reading of such books, any more than we should condemn the use of a little "Yorkshire relish" with our dinner, we should be sorry to live mentally on the one article, as we should physically on the other. And as to the general run of novels we consider nine out of ten of them as frivolous, to say the least, and the majority as injurious. To tales having a moral aim, and to fasten truth on the mind through the medium of imaginary scenes and characters, we could not object without condemning the parables of the Bible, and the faculty of imagination which God has given to us. The young particularly are reached by this kind of teaching when they could not be reached by other methods. But everything in its own order. The serious business of religion and of life must be first, and all must be made subordinate to the formation of a solid character for piety and usefulness. The rest is embellishment, the cultivation of taste in style, and more or less of mental recreation, so far as reading is concerned. So that it amounts to this: we know of no law of God or man that prohibits the writing or reading of a novel, but we know many laws of God and man, and of our own mental constitution, which prohibit the habitual reading of such works. Henceforth let no man trouble us on this subject, for here is our honest opinion. We are not responsible for anybody's reading, otherwise we should be apt to confine them to the Bible, the *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*, the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, "Wesley's Sermons," with his notes on the New Testament, Fletcher's "Checks," the Minutes of Conference, the "General Rules" of the people called Methodists, and our own incomparable hymn-book.

King Street Bible Class.

DEAR SIR,—At the request of our class I have to ask you kindly for an explanation of the following verses:—Acts ix., 7th verse; xxii., 9th verse; and xxvi., 18th and 14th verses. An answer through your next *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* will greatly oblige yours, A. E. W.

ANSWER.—It will be well to transcribe these passages, that we may gather the meaning and see the difficulty there is in them, if there is one. Acts ix., 7.—"And the men which journeyed

with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man." Acts xxii., 9.—"And they that were with me saw indeed the light and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me." Acts xxvi., 14.—"And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Now the account as given by *St. Paul* is consistent, and there is no contradiction. The part of the seventh verse of the ninth chapter which appears to conflict with Paul's own relation is given not by Paul himself, but by the author of the Acts, or else it has been inserted, as in some other instances in Scripture, by some copyist, and has thus found its way into the text. But there is really no discrepancy. The word rendered "voice" means sound as well as voice, and the men "which journeyed" with Paul heard a voice "speaking to him." What this voice said to Paul the others did not hear. Where is the inconsistency of Paul's affirming that he heard the voice speaking to him, while at the same time the others heard only an inarticulate sound? The others did not see Christ, but Paul saw Him and conversed with Him. The others might in their terror have rushed away to a distance after the first shock they had received, and thus have been unable to hear what Christ said to Paul. At all events, the account of the transaction is such as any honest and truthful persons might have given from their own point of view—Paul from the fuller revelation given to him, and the others as they saw it and heard it. There has been any amount of writing on these passages, as anyone may see who will consult the "commentators." We have explained them according to the light we have, and in as few words as possible.

Berry Brow, *September 18th, 1873.*

DEAR SIR.—Would you oblige me by giving me your opinion on this question, "Who was Job's father?" in your next magazine?—Yours respectfully,

H. G.

ANSWER.—We have not the slightest idea who Job's father was. We suppose he was some one in the land of Uz, but the Scriptures give no account of him.

Kate's Hill, Dudley, *September 28th, 1873.*

DEAR SIR.—There is a class forming the greatest part of mankind who have never heard the Gospel, and who are sunk in ignorance and brutality; some tell us they will go to hell, others tell us they will go to heaven. Scripture speaks to us on the subject in Isa. xxvi., 13th and 14th verses, and in Jer. li., 39th verse. Your opinion on the above will greatly oblige yours, a reader,

S. Cox.

ANSWER.—We print this as we receive it, but we cannot see what Isaiah xxvi., 13, 14, have to do with the subject; and as to Jeremiah li., 39, the Prophet refers to Babylon in the 37th verse, which he says the Lord will make heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment, and a hissing, without an inhabitant. This is the "perpetual sleep," that is, the utter ruin and desolation, of that once proud city to which he refers in the 39th verse.

Kate's Hill, Dudley, September 28th, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please favour me with your opinion on the following passages of Scripture? It reads in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, 25th verse, that Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And in the second chapter of Exodus and 15th verse, "Now when Pharaoh heard this thing he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh." Dear sir, please reconcile the two passages; was it by obligation or by choice?—Yours, a reader, G. DOWNES.

ANSWER.—There is no inconsistency in the two passages. Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh because it was expedient to preserve his life for future service to the people among whom he had cast his lot, and with whom he did "suffer affliction to the day of his death."

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

CLAY CROSS BRANCH, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—The annual Juvenile Missionary meeting was held in our Clay Cross chapel on Sunday, April 6th, 1873, when hymns were sung and pieces recited by the children. The following is the programme of the meeting:—

Opening address by Mr. Wm. Lomas: "Value of Foreign Missions." Dialogue on Australian Missions: Hosea Marriott, and Thos. Knighton. Address on Missions: by Annie Griffin. Dialogue on the Bible: Arthur Johnson, Henry Bacon, James Griffin, and Philip Vardy. Piece by Georgina Brown: "The Dying Girl's Gift." Piece by Emma Griffin: "Small Beginnings." Piece by Kate Thorpe: "Chinese Students in America." Dialogue on Missions: Mary Griffiths and Lily Banks. Piece by John Knighton: "Captain Burton and the Savage." Piece by Mary Smith: "A Land without a Bible." Piece by Eliza Griffin: "The Heathen's Cry for Help." Piece by Sarah Shaw: "Where shall we send the Gospel to?" Dialogue by Elizabeth Clegg and Fanny Braddow: "Missions." A piece by Elizabeth Brierly. Mr. William Smith took the chair. The collection amounted to £2 13s., being a gratifying increase upon last year.

The first Juvenile Missionary meeting held in connection with our DANESMOOR interest was held on Sunday, March 2nd, 1873, when Mr. B. H. Shipley, of New Taplow, presided. William Anderson, George Dunn, Geo. Hextall, Silas Boden, Fred Elliott, John Henry Banks, and William Banks, Margaret Anderson, Margaret Dunn, Elizabeth Matthews, Sarah Skelton, Harriet Elliott, Thompson Williamson, Jane Smith, and Ann Linacre recited pieces on the occasion. The meeting was well attended, and great interest was manifested in it by the parents of the scholars. The collection amounted to 18s. 2d. The children of the Danesmoor Sunday-school have been particularly active this year on behalf of the Missionary enterprise. In addition to learning pieces for and reciting them at the above meeting they have collected the creditable sum of £2 0s. 1d. by cards. The following is a list of the collectors, with the amount gathered by each. Lydia Banks, 3s. 6d.; Joseph Walters, 3s.;

Annie Maria Williams, 5s. ; Ada Alcock, 4s. ; Mary Elizabeth Rutford, 4s. ; Louisa Crofts, 2s. ; John Henry Banks, 3s. ; George Fern, 2s. 6d. ; Harriet Elliott, 1s. ; Silas Boden, 7d. ; and Walter Elliott, 6d.

At **PRISLEY** also 11s. 2½d. has been collected by cards, the particulars of which, as a stimulus for the future, it may be as well to record. Ellen Jane, 2s. ; Jorty Swaine, 3s. 8½d. ; Little Alto, 2s. ; Stovin, 3s. 6d.—**WM. JAMES.**

SALEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BERRY BROW, HUDDERSFIELD CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that we held our second annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 27th, 1873. The meeting was well attended by both scholars, teachers, and members of our congregation. The meeting was presided over by the writer, and suitable addresses were given by our friends Messrs. Jno. Goldthorpe, Sam Pinder, Joshua Heeley, and Geo. Hy. Taylor, of Wellhouse. A few pieces were also recited by the following scholars:—Ellen Crow, "Gospel Light in a Dark Place"; Adaline France, "My Sister Sarah"; H. Ramadan, "Who is my Neighbour"? Elizabeth H. Kaya, "Grecian and Highland Water Girls"; Emma Heeley, "The Little Missionary"; Luther Crow, "Little Things"; Hy. Crossley, "Willie's Penny"; Tom Woodhouse, "The Missionary"; Jno. Wm. Ramsden, "A Child's Thoughts about Jesus"; Willie Stocks, "A Penny." And I am happy to say that the addresses and pieces were well received by the congregation; but it pains me to state that one of the above scholars named Luther Crow has since met with his death by drowning. He was a little over six years old. Little did we think when he stood up to recite that piece that he would be taken away from us so soon, but we must hope it is all for the best. A collection was made at the close of the meeting, which with the money collected by the scholars makes a total of \$2 7s. 10d., being 17s. 10d., in advance of last year. The following are the scholars who collected with books and cards: Emma Heeley, 12s.; Sarah Jane Woodhouse, 6s.; John Bradley, 3s. 2d.; Helena Rollinson, 2s. 7d.; Lockwood Crow, 2s. 1d.; Adaline France, 1s. 10d.; Dyson Woodhouse, 1s. 9d.; Herbert Sykes, 1s. 1d.; Haigh Littlewood, 10d.; and I would here mention that the female scholar who collected the largest amount is only about eleven years of age, and is quite unable to walk, having no use of her legs. Would to God all our scholars were in such earnest as this little girl in collecting for our mission cause. Thus passed a very pleasant and happy meeting, and we hope and trust if spared till our meeting next year we may have greater success.—**HENRY GLEDHILL, Mission Secretary.**

TUNSTALL—BURSLEM CIRCUIT.—A most pleasant and profitable evening was spent the other Monday in our Tunstall school-room. Mr. W. Kemp having held the office of Sunday-school superintendent for about twenty years, and laboured ardently and efficiently, and having had of late cause to resign that office in consequence of increasing infirmities, the friends connected with the school and church decided to give him some practical proof of their esteem and appreciation of his services. A subscription list was opened, and liberal and willing contributions were made. A large number of friends met at six o'clock for tea, after which a meeting was held, presided over by Rev. W. Thomas. The presentation was made to Mr. Kemp by Mr. Alcock, and consisted of an easy chair, a large family

Bible with notes and references, and a pair of valuable spectacles set in gold frames. Mr. Kemp responded in a very suitable and feeling manner, expressing his surprise at and thankfulness for the testimonial. Addresses were given by Messrs. H. Alcock, W. Capey, Thomas Ford, G. Copeland, J. Mellor, and A. Baggalay. The meeting was one which will be long remembered.

Memoirs.

—o—

HERBERT WRIGHT.

HERBERT WRIGHT, Golcar, near Huddersfield, the only son of Thomas and Ann Wright, was born at Paddock, on the 11th of November, 1861. His parents being pious sent him to the Sabbath-school at a very early age, where he soon won the esteem of all the scholars and teachers. He attended the school with such regularity that his teachers felt much encouraged in their work of faith and labour of love, and presented him with no less than eight books as prizes. We wish we had many more like Herbert in our school. Another trait in his character was his constant zeal for the missionary cause. For several years he was a missionary collector, and last year he collected the noble sum of £18s. 8d. I hope our young friends will imitate his example, and be as successful as he was. As a son he was dutiful and obedient to his parents, ever willing to do what they wanted him to do; as a brother he was exceedingly kind and loving. His parents sorrow much at his sudden departure, but sorrow not as those without hope. They bow with Christian resignation, and say, "Not our will but Thine be done." And amid the gloom of bereavement the light of eternity breaks upon them; they see that their loved one is not lost, but is for ever secure from all peril and suffering, is for ever with Jesus and glorified spirits before the throne of God.

The illness with which he was carried to the grave arose from scarlet fever, which prevailed in the neighbourhood at the time. He began to be ill on Friday, the 25th of July, and died on the 2nd of August, 1873, aged eleven years and nine months, and was interred in the graveyard attached to our chapel on the following Monday, August 4th. The mournful ceremony was conducted by our esteemed minister, the Rev. W. Mills.

He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

Though we mourn our loss we rejoice that another lamb is gathered into the fold above, another gem decks the Mediator's crown. Oh that all our dear scholars would give themselves to God in the morning of their days, so that when they pass the cold river of death they may have a happy entrance into the pearly gates of that heavenly city!

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom;
Just come to show how sweet a flower
For Paradise could bloom.

Oh, do not shed a mournful tear,
 You that are dear to me ;
 I'm free from sorrow, sin, and care :
 I'm where I long'd to be.
 Death to me little warning gave,
 But quickly called me to my grave.
 Hasten to Christ, make no delay,
 For no one knows their dying day.

Pious teachers here see that some fruit of their labour is safely gathered home, and find an inducement to renewed labour in this holy sphere.

Wellhouse, Sept. 29th, 1873.

W. E.

A GOAT FOR A BIBLE.

A DUTCH missionary who is working among the Hottentots in Namaqualand, South Africa, has written a letter thanking the Bible Society for sending Bibles and Testaments to the people in his district. But he prefers that they should give something in return for the precious volume. He thinks that old and young value a thing more if it costs them some trouble to get it, or if they pay a little at any rate towards the expense of it. The poor people in England and other countries bring their pennies and their shillings to pay for the Bible, and why should not the poor Hottentots give something ?

But what have they to give ? That is the question.

One young man said to the missionary, "If you will let me have a Bible, I will do three days' work in your garden." To this the missionary agreed ; and as he considered the young man's labour was worth a shilling a-day, he paid three shillings to the Bible Society in the name of his voluntary workman.

Four other people brought goats, worth four shillings apiece ; and two brought lambs, worth three shillings each ; and for these they got Bibles.

In the Sunday-school, when the missionary said that there were Bibles to be bought, one said, "I have a goat, I shall buy a Bible for myself." Another said, "Grandfather must give me a goat to buy a Bible with." Another said, "I will run and ask my father for a goat." Thus were the goats turned into Bibles.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, but hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

A LITTLE GIRL'S ANSWER.

THE King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school-children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?"

"The vegetable kingdom, Sire," replied a little girl.

The King took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked—

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," said the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the King.

The little girl coloured deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said, "To God's kingdom, Sire."

The King was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly—

"God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Thus did the words of a child move the heart of a king. Little children, learn from this that your words may do both good and harm. A pert word from a child may wound the heart of a mother; a loving one may make it glad. My little children, let your words be kind, true, and right.

THE TRUE GOD.

A LITTLE boy who lived in the house of a heathen, said to him one day, "There is but one God—the one who made the earth, and the sky, and everything. It is He who gives us the rain and the sunshine, and He knows what we do and what we leave undone. He hears us when we pray, and He, the Eternal One, will punish us if we do wrong, and reward us if we do right. He can save us, or He can destroy us. But these images that you pray to are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see or hear; how, then, can they do any good, or save you from any trouble? You ought to talk to God's messenger about that." (He meant the missionary.)

The heathen paid no heed to him, but soon afterwards went on a little journey, before starting, however, asking his idol-god to prosper him and his companion in their journey and business. While he was gone the boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick. When the man returned he was furious to see what had happened, and exclaimed, "Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the little boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "Don't talk such stuff as that."

Do you think I'm a fool? You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise its hand. It was you! And to pay you for your labour of wickedness I'll beat you to death with the same stick!" And, seizing the stick, he approached him.

"But," said the boy, "how can you trust to a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can take care of you and the world, let alone making you?"

The heathen stopped to think, for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called Him "My Father!"

COMING TO JESUS.

"MOTHER, what does it mean to come to Jesus? I cannot see Him, and how can I go to him?"

"You cannot see Him, but you can speak to Him; you can pray to Jesus."

"If he were on earth, as He once was," said the child, "I would go to Him. I would set off at once. I would travel hundreds of miles. I would push my way through all the people and fall down before Him, and cry, 'O Lord, give me a heart to love and serve Thee.' But now, how can I go to Jesus?"

"Without all this trouble you can come to Jesus. Coming to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him. Call to Him as the blind man who, though he did not see Him, cried out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' You are really better off than those men who lived when He lived on the earth. They often had to travel very far. They sometimes could not get near to Him for the crowd. But He is always within your call. He sees you, knows all you feel and hears all you say. He is in heaven, where He ever lives and loves and pleads for sinners. He hears the softest call we make; He knows all we want, and out of His fulness he can bestow every grace and blessing we need. If you feel a desire for His forgiveness, for the comfort of His love, and pray in faith, 'Jesus, save me; Jesus, help me; Lord, I am ignorant, teach me; my heart is hard, soften it; help me to love, believe, and obey; save me from sin and fit me for heaven'—this is coming to Jesus. Can you not do this?"

BEE-WISDOM.

THE eye of the bee is extremely convex, with hexagonal facets. She must therefore be very short-sighted, probably for the convenience of work carried on at such close quarters, yet she can travel great distances in the most unerring right lines. When a bee-hunter desires to find a wild nest in a pathless wood he "lines a bee" home—i.e., imprisons a laden bee in a quill, and marks its course when set free. Straight as an arrow, as if it carried a compass in its little head, it flies through the forest. He then catches a second bee,

carries it to some distance on one side or the other, and again tracks its flight exactly. At the point where the two lines intersect each other the nest will be found.

Andrew Knight, a most sagacious observer, tells how when a colony or swarm is ready to move its delegates are sent forth to investigate and report. He has watched them examining every cranny of a tree, testing the dead knots, and any crank places where water could enter. They will discover an eligible cavity at a great distance from the hive, and in the closest recesses of a wood. Sometimes two swarms with their property will coalesce, when they will fly in an almost direct line to their new home, showing that the pioneers had in some way communicated the result of their researches. That bees should accept a hive when offered them, in the place of a hole in a tree (which probably becomes more and more difficult to find in a cultivated country), is probably the result of habit produced by domestication during many generations, rather than anything inherent in their nature, and is a proof of a change in their manners, of acquired ways of life, transmitted from past times, which is extremely curious as evidence of the accumulation of knowledge and experience. "Some families of bees show a greater disposition to migrate than others," adds Mr. Knight.—*Good Words for September.*

Poetry.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet, so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying—
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep and murmuring
faintly,

"If I should die before I
wake,"

Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to
take."

Oh, the rapture sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that
prayer!

Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I should choose what might be
mine,

It should be that child's petition
Rising to the throne divine.

While the muffled bells were
ringing,

"Earth to earth, and dust to
dust,"

My free soul, on faith depending—
Faith and love and perfect trust.

Would approach Him, humbly praying
(All the little ones around),

"Jesus, Saviour, take Thy servant!
Give to her Thy children's crown."



To Illustrate
THE NOTABLE HISTORY OF OUR CAT.
(See page 312.)

THE NOTABLE HISTORY OF OUR CAT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS notable history has been neglected lately by reason that the compiler of it has been far away from all cats and dogs, and all such respectable creatures, on the wide ocean. But if absent he has not forgotten the debt of gratitude which he and all and sundry of the writers of essays, sermons, treatises, and other learned works owe to the sleepless vigilance of "Our Cat" for keeping some well-known enemies to all literature—namely, mice, from devouring these productions.

Neither is he ungrateful to those kind friends, all of them ladies, who have called at the Book-Room and subscribed for extra rations for the noble animal, in consideration of his excellent qualities, and of the intellectual enjoyment they have received from this history. He stands, or rather sits, before you in the cut for this month, and such another cat it will not be easy to find. We have a considerable number of anecdotes on hand about "Our Cat" in particular, and cats in general, but however wishful we are to finish this history this month, want of space compels us to reserve them to another time. In the meantime, should anyone wish to see him he is generally "at home"—only let us caution visitors against too much kindness, for even feline stomachs have a limited power of digestion, and they may "kill him with kindness."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ALL the children were wondering what they could do for "our baby." Baby is a year old, and can walk and almost talk. She notices everything, and looks as if she would like to give her opinion about everything the others do.

Katie thought she would like to try and make her a dress all by herself, but Nellie said, "Mamma, don't you think it would be better for us to make her something together?"

"I have been thinking," said their mother, "that there is something I would like you to do for her. Baby needs a good example set her far more than any pretty thing you could make her this morning. When you and Katie were quarrelling over the baby-house I saw her watching you all the time. Do you want her to do so when she grows up?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" they both said, looking ashamed.

"Then you mustn't let her see you do it. She imitates you in all she can. Now here is something you can help each other do for dear baby—have only loving words and acts between each other. If she sees only these she will be far more likely to grow up loving and gentle herself."

A YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY TOM BROWN.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION.



OUR chronicles of Copsley School must now draw quickly to a close. Nothing particularly worthy of record occurred after the events recorded in the last number until the annual examination. Of course winter had set in with all the various discomforts which in England invariably accompany the last weeks of the year. Hail, rain, frost, and snow had followed each other, with short intervals of dull, damp fog. In the beginning of December all Nature looked about as desolate and uncomfortable as it could. The streets were damp and dirty, the air was moist and thick, and the only thing that made life at all bearable was the immediate prospect of the visit of hoary, happy, festive Christmas.

Young folks were gladly anticipating the good things which should always accompany his advent. Old folks were making preparations for receiving the various members of their families, who, though scattered all the year, managed on this glorious festival to come together for a veritable feast of love and good cheer. Shopkeepers were getting in large stocks of fruit and provisions, and glimpses of evergreens in their cellars and tissue-paper in their back parlours told of the preparations for decorating their windows. Railway-stations were getting busier, and nearly every blank wall was gay with many-coloured bills telling of railway arrangements for carrying friends to one another all over the country at reduced rates.

Of course in all this bustle of expectation our friends at Copsley School had a full share. No boys could look forward to Christmas pleasures with keener relish than they. They were as fond as other boys of fruits, sweets, and merry-makings. But besides their expectations of this kind the coming festival was associated in their minds with two of the greatest events of the year. One was the examination, and the other the public gathering, when the prizes were distributed and the evening spent very enjoyably with singing and recitations by the boys. Christmas Day fell this year on a Thursday, and as the annual gathering was usually held on Christmas Eve the examination was fixed for the previous Thursday, so as to give Mr. Stanton and his assistants plenty of time to examine the papers and award the prizes.

Accordingly on the Thursday morning before Christmas the

scholars met in good time and in full numbers. The mode of examination was similar to that adopted at Midsummer, only that the questions were generally more difficult and the subjects a little more varied. Due precautions were taken to prevent unfair advantage to any boy, and any case of copying or whispering answers was punished by dismissing the offender from the competition. Only an hour was allowed for dinner instead of two as usual, and the examination was continued until nearly five o'clock, so that it should embrace every subject taught in the schools. There were maps, papers of free-hand and geometrical drawing, specimens of business correspondence, bills of parcels, and composition exercises, besides the regular subjects of arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography.

At five o'clock all the papers were collected, and with a sigh of relief the lads realised the fact that there were no more lessons for that year. That thought was quite sufficient to raise their spirits, and however moody the examination had made them they soon recovered their vivacity, and before leaving gave three such hearty cheers for the master as made the old schoolroom ring with the echo.

The light-hearted boys now ran home gaily, excepting those who had been chosen to give recitations and about a dozen of the biggest boys whom Mr. Stanton had selected and appointed as a decoration committee. For of course it would not do to hold their annual meeting surrounded by four blank white-washed walls, whose only ornaments were the window casements, a clock, and about a dozen dusty maps, pictures, and mottoes. The decoration of the room was a great point, and a great deal of skill, taste, labour, and perseverance was expended upon it.

The decoration committee, the reciters, and the assistant-masters now adjourned to Mr. Stanton's house. The recitations were said over, corrections and improvements suggested, and then those lads tripped off home. And now there remained many things to be arranged, and if the work was to be done properly everyone must take a share of it. So Gus Brookes volunteered a horse and cart with which to fetch holly from Bushbury Wood, and three other lads at once volunteered to provide hatchets and accompany him. George Benson promised to get another conveyance and go with two other boys to Copsley Wood for ivy, laurel, and other evergreens, and if they could not get enough there he promised to go on to Puntford. William Parsons offered to provide two ladders—a short one and a long one—for use in putting up the decorations. Sam Townley said his sisters had told him to promise a gross of paper-roses, and as much gas-trimming as they could possibly get ready. Mr. Thomson promised a large coloured motto for one end of the school, and the other three assistant-masters, roused by his good example, offered one each for the other walls. Mr. Stanton promised to give as much time as he could spare from judging the examination-papers to helping in the general arrangements, and he deputed the senior assistant-master to

superintend the whole affair in his absence. The other members of the committee arranged various little duties among themselves, and promised to be at school early on Monday to do what they could. To make the most of the time Mr. Stanton sent for a whole lot of tissue-paper, and while they were discussing the various questions, they employed themselves in cutting and twining it into ribbons, wreaths, rosettes, and banners. By the time they left the carpet was plentifully bestrewn with scraps, and a large bundle of decorations testified to the industry of the visitors.

Among the various wishes indulged in by people at Christmas-time perhaps there is no one in which they are more unanimous than a desire for frost. A dull, damp Christmas is shorn of half its charms and pleasures. Young folks especially like what, from its appropriateness, has come to be called *seasonable* Christmas weather; for although they can fully appreciate the entertainments provided indoors, they would consider it very tame unless a morning on the ice or a pleasant walk over the frosty ground were included in the programme.

Why is it that young people enter into the enjoyment of their winter sports with so much enthusiasm? Possibly it is because the visits of his capricious majesty Jack Frost are like angels' visits are said to be—few and far between. They know that if they are to slide, skate, or snowball, they must do it at once, just while they have the opportunity, or not at all. Boating, swimming, fishing, and all other sports may be put off at least for a few days in their season, but in games with which ice or snow has anything to do it is generally a question of "now or never."

What would not schoolboys give nowadays to have one of the old-fashioned winters—those long frosts and deep snows which our grandfathers love to talk about, and which, in their supreme compassion for these degenerate days, they no doubt unconsciously exaggerate! How lads would enjoy such frosts as in olden times froze over wide rivers, and such snows as buried stage-coaches, and penned the passengers up in little wayside inns to spend their Christmas as best they could!

But we do not wish for such severe winters. Possibly one such would be quite enough to more than satisfy us. It is likely enough that even schoolboys would begin to tire of the cold if it were extreme for a month or six weeks at a stretch. And it is certain their fathers would soon cry out about the disastrous consequences to trade which would be sure to follow from the obstructions caused by an old-fashioned winter.

The weather during the week before Christmas had been of such a puzzling description that no weather prophet who valued his reputation would for a moment think of foretelling what sort of weather Christmas would bring. There were no indications of frost, but at the same time there had been no rain, and not even a fog for two or three days. It was just the sort of weather that one felt sure might

any hour turn to hard frost or heavy rain without anyone being surprised. No change occurred on Sunday, and when the lads who had the decorations in charge went to bed on Sunday night it was with many anxious forebodings as to the sort of weather they would have for their errand on the morrow.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ANNUAL GATHERING.

It is often said that lads are never so happy as when they are in mischief; but perhaps the proposition would break down in proving, for it is most frequently asserted by those who care little, and understand less, about children. But whether true or false, we think there will be few who will dissent from the statement that youths are never happier than when they are "playing at working." Leave the toolshop open and let young Johnny get in, and you may do what you will with his tops and kites. Let the painters leave some paint and a few brushes by mistake, and that little rogue Joe will at once leave his marbles and try his hand at painting a garden wall or a doorstep.

It was the gratification of this boyish instinct that made the decoration committee so high-spirited as they set about their various work on Monday morning. The weather had turned frosty as they had wished, but it had gone a little farther in that direction than they desired, for in addition to a hard frost there had fallen just enough snow to hide roadways and footpaths. Of course snow is very nice for snow-balling, and it makes the country look very beautiful, but it was not at all helpful in the work in which they were engaged. It covered all the ground-ivy, so that they could not find it so easily; it hid all the paths, so that they could not so readily find their way; and it was the cause of some rather awkward mistakes. George Benson, in his anxiety to show off his skill in horsemanship, missed the way in the woods, and misguided the horse so that the cartwheel went over the trunk of a fallen tree, almost upsetting him and his admiring companions. Gus Brookes made a more ludicrous blunder. He had selected a fine symmetrical holly-tree as a central decoration to stand in front of Mr. Stanton's reading-desk; but when, after about a quarter of an hour's steady labour with an axe, the trunk was cut through, instead of the holly falling down came a clumsy-looking, leafless hawthorn, Gus having mistaken the trunk, and spent all his labour for nothing. With a merry laugh at his blunder he handed the axe to another boy, and as there was no doubt this time about the right tree the lads soon had the pleasure of lifting it into the cart, together with a piled-up load of ivy and laurel.

Meanwhile the company told off for home duty had not been idle. The dreary, dusty maps and mottoes had been taken down, and the

walls dusted throughout. By the time Gus Brookes and his party arrived George Benson had already made two trips to Copsley Wood, and the school floor was strewn with the verdant spoil. Up in one corner were two lads busily plucking laurel leaves from their stem, to be used in making letters round the room. On either side of the school William Parsons and Sam Townley seemed to be combining the duties of amateur lamplighter and billsticker, for they were continually running up ladders to nail up laurel-leaf letters, and sliding down again for a fresh supply of leaves and a new stock of nails. Here and there lads were engaged in picking up every loose scrap of evergreen they could find, and threading the pieces on twine for garlands and festoons, while others busied themselves in cutting tissue-paper ornaments for the gas brackets and pendants. The four assistant-masters fastened up the mottoes they had provided, and settled any question as to the style and extent of the decorations.

The lads continued all day fetching holly, ivy, laurel, and mistletoe, and by the time it got dark in the evening the schoolroom floor was bestrewn thickly with evergreens, and on the walls one could trace something of the general design. The work was continued all day on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, after Mrs. Jones, her husband, and a charwoman specially engaged for the task had given the floor a conscientious scrubbing, the place looked more fitted for a temple of nature than for a schoolroom.

Round the walls of the school, near the ceiling, and within a border formed by parallel lines of ivy, was printed in laurel leaves the glorious Christmas message, first sung by angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Over the gallery was Mr. Thomson's motto—"Welcome to our annual gathering," the letters being in pure white on a light blue ground with a gilt border. On the wall at the other end of the room was—"Success to Copsley School," in blue and pink on white ground. And on the side walls were mottoes bearing the inscriptions—"Knowledge is power," and "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you," the letters in both cases being formed of red berries on a white ground. From each gas pendant hung a small banneret, inscribed with the compliments of the season and other good wishes. Every motto was surrounded by a deep border of evergreens, and between each of them, at suitable distances, was a green bush of some kind or other. A double row of ivy and laurel looped into festoons joined the whole into a harmonious design. From each ventilator in the roof was suspended a huge bunch of evergreens, and from these hung wreaths of many-coloured roses and strings of tissue-paper chains and ribbons, the other ends being fastened at the corners and sides of the room.

But most trouble had been taken in decorations in front of the gallery. There they had erected a temporary Gothic arch, having three points, the centre one very wide and very high, and the one on each side much lower and narrower. The gallery handrails and

balustrades, and the whole of this arch, had been covered so completely with ivy that nothing of wood or wall could be seen. The dark green of the foliage was relieved by festoons of coloured paper, bunches of artificial flowers, and occasional bannerets; and instead of the glass globes over the gas bright-coloured Chinese lanterns had been substituted. But perhaps the most novel item in the decorations, and certainly the one that attracted the most attention, was the inner edge of the centre arch, which was formed entirely of oranges intended for the refreshment of the scholars, but which had been made to do double duty by being threaded on string, and made to gratify the eye until the time came for them to please the taste.

At seven o'clock the schoolroom was crowded with a bright and happy assemblage of parents and friends, and precisely as the clock struck the hour Mr. Stanton walked in at the head of his boys, who had been marshalled into line in the class-rooms. A pleasant murmur ran through the room as the bright, clean, happy-looking lads took their seats on the gallery, and many a parent's eye kindled with pride and pleasure as it fell on the dear object of fondest hopes and most earnest prayers.

The proceedings were opened with singing and prayer, and then Mr. Stanton briefly addressed the friends assembled. To the parents he offered his thanks for their continued confidence and goodwill, and he trusted he should always be able in some measure to merit their kind estimation. He promised on his part that his aim should be to serve the best interests of his scholars. To those of his audience, and they were many, who could remember sitting on that gallery on occasions similar to the present he had only to say that he hoped he still kept a place in their affections, and he assured them he felt a deep interest in their welfare and well-doing.

The next business was the distribution of the prizes for the half-year, and as the boys had not yet seen the list they were as curious as the audience. Alec Gordon received the first prize—a handsome writing-desk—and as he stepped forward he was greeted with a perfect ovation by all present. Other first-class prizes were received by William Parsons, Bob Johnson, and Sam Townley; and second-class prizes by John Parsons, George Benson, and others. After the distribution suitable glees were sung and a number of recitations given, and while this was going on the drawings, maps, and specimens of handwriting of the pupils were handed round for inspection.

Gus Brookes, having no particular taste for music, sat ruefully thinking of his hard fate in having won no prize, and wondering of what use he could be in the world with such a head-piece, when he was startled by hearing his name called just as a glee was finished by a benevolent-looking, strange gentleman, who had risen to address the meeting. In answer to the call Gus rose to his feet, almost expecting he was going to be held forth as a model for a dunce. Judge then what were his feelings when, amid the uproarious

applause of both old and young, he found himself presented with the silver medal of the Humane Society for having rescued Harry Summers from drowning. The old gentleman said he happened to be riding through Copsley, and saw the brave boy rescue his school-fellow. He had since then procured the medal, and, in deference to Mr. Stanton's opinion, had deferred the presentation of it until now.

A little more speech-making and more singing brought the meeting to a close, and parents, friends, teachers, and scholars retired to their homes full of genial goodwill, and feeling all the happier for the pleasant meeting—the report of which ends our history of “A Year at School.”

THE END.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IX.—ASTRONOMY.

PERHAPS when you have been looking up at the stars on some bright winter evening you have observed one to be shining very brightly, and with a steady light which does not flicker like the light given by the fixed stars; it was a PLANET—it might be Venus or Jupiter.

BERTHA. “Are there many planets?”

“No, only a few.”

ANNIE. “Why have they been called planets?”

“Because of their motion; when the ancients saw that some of the stars were moving, while others appeared to be still, they named them planets, from the Greek word *planao*, which means to wander.”

HERBERT. “How long ago is it since the planets were discovered?”

“Two of them have been discovered within the last hundred years, namely, Uranus and Neptune; but the date of the discovery of the first planets is so far back that we cannot trace it. That it occurred a very long time ago is evident from the fact that all the ancient nations, the Chaldeans, the Persians, and the Egyptians had the days of the week named after the seven planets, reckoning the sun and moon among the planets. The same may be said of the Hindus and the Chinese, and they all observe the same order. This general agreement amongst various ancient nations leads us to believe that the planets were discovered and named very early in the world's history, before these ancient nations were formed.”

BERTHA. “Do the planets revolve round the sun just in the same way that the earth does?”

“Yes; some of them are nearer to the sun than the earth is, and others are farther away; some are smaller than the earth, and others are larger; some revolve round the sun in a shorter time than the

earth, and others require a longer time ; but they all revolve in the same direction, and they all turn round on their axes."

ANNIE. "Can you tell us, please, what is the name of the planet which is nearest to the sun?"

"Mercury, a small planet, not one quarter the size of the earth."

HERBERT. "How far is the planet Mercury from the sun?"

"About thirty-seven millions of miles."

HERBERT. "Then as his orbit is much smaller than that of the earth, it cannot require so long a time for him to travel round, does it?"

"No; he travels quickly and gets round the sun in eighty-eight of our days; he hurries along nearly twice as swiftly as the earth, and so completes four of his years before we have completed one of ours."

BERTHA. "Do you know the reason why the name Mercury was given to this planet?"

"One of the heathen gods was called Mercury, and he was supposed to be the messenger of the other heathen gods, and to perform his journeys very rapidly, so the name was applied to this planet because he travels rapidly and is always near to the sun."

ANNIE. "Can we see Mercury at any time?"

"Not more frequently than during a few mornings and evenings every six weeks, and then only for a few minutes, about an hour and three-quarters before sunrise, or the same length of time after sunset."

ANNIE. "Why cannot he be seen more frequently?"

"Because of his being so near to the sun, which of course obscures his light."

BERTHA. "Do you know the name of the planet which is next to Mercury?"

"Yes; it is Venus, the brightest of them all."

HERBERT. "How far is Venus from the sun?"

"About sixty-eight millions of miles."

ANNIE. "Is Venus a very large planet?"

"Not quite so large as the earth, being about two hundred and twenty miles less in diameter."

BERTHA. "Is Venus as long in travelling round the sun as the earth is?"

"No; she gets round the sun three times before the earth gets round twice."

HERBERT. "How quickly has she to travel in order to do that?"

"At the rate of more than eighty thousand miles in an hour."

ANNIE. "Is not Venus sometimes called a morning star, and sometimes an evening star?"

"Yes; when she is west of the sun and rises before him she is called the morning star, but when she is east of the sun and sets after him she is called the evening star."

HERBERT. "I have heard a person speaking about the transit of Venus—can you please tell us what is meant by it?"

"It means the passage of Venus between the earth and the sun, so that the planet appears like a dark spot crossing from one side of the sun's face to the other."

BERTHA. "Why does it appear dark?"

"Because its bright side is turned entirely away from us and we can see only that side of the planet on which the sun is not shining."

ANNIE. "How often does the transit of Venus occur?"

"Twice only in one hundred and thirty years; the last occurred in 1769, and the next is now drawing very near, for it will take place on the 8th of December, 1874, but as it will not be visible in this country, it is probable that some of our astronomers will go to another part of the world in order to see it and to take observations."

CHILDREN SINGING THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

A SERMON PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE AT
ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

"And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearst thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Matt. xxi., 15, 16.



WONDER whether any of you children could guess why I have taken these words for my text this afternoon. I don't think you could, and so I will tell you. It is because this is the anniversary of the opening of this beautiful house for what we call Divine service.

I was thinking and thinking what I must speak to you about, when it came into my mind that to day two years ago we first met in this chapel to sing and pray and hear the Gospel preached. And I said, Oh, I will speak to the children about worshipping God, and about worshipping Him in His house. But what shall my text be? Oh, the text that speaks about children singing hymns to Jesus in the temple. I should think nearly all of you know the text. You must do. You have read it very often, those of you who can read, and those of you who cannot have heard your teachers talk a great deal about it. And then there is a hymn about it which you have so often joined in singing that I daresay some of you know it by heart. The first verse is

"When His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name."

Now do you try to understand what you sing and read? Do you

try to *see* what you sing and read about? I do. Your teachers do. And when I read what Matthew says about Jesus being in the temple, and the children joining the people in shouting hosannas to Him, and the priests and scribes being vexed at them, and complaining to Jesus, I try to *make a picture of it in my mind*.

Let us try if we cannot all do so this afternoon.

First of all there is the temple. That you know was a very grand building. It was very large and very beautiful. When I was a boy I remember my grandmother had a large picture of it hung against the wall, and I used to think, as I looked at it, there never could have been a larger and finer building. But I was a child then and knew no better. Still it was a grand building. And it was a holy building. It was built for holy purposes—to be a house of prayer. But the Jews had forgotten that, and they desecrated it. They made it a place of merchandise—that is, they bought and sold in it that they might get gain, and I am afraid they cheated a little in their buying and selling. Well, Jesus came and saw all this, and He was sorry, and He was angry too. "And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, it is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." But while He was severe to the wicked, He was very kind to the afflicted. Having driven these away "the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple, and He healed them."

Now the priests and scribes did not like this. They were a proud people, and what Jesus did made them look very little in the eyes of the spectators. And they were a covetous people, and they saw that Jesus was taking their gains away. So they were sore displeased. The priests and scribes were great persons among the Jews. Their employment made them so. The priests offered the sacrifices and attended to the service of the temple. The scribes were writers, and their business was to write out copies of the Scriptures for the synagogues, and those who wished to have copies for themselves. The Jews, you will remember, did not know the art of printing, so all their books were manuscripts, books written out with the hand. The office of the priests and scribes, then, made them important persons, and as a mark of their office they wore fine and decorated garments. You have seen pictures of them, I have no doubt, and remember how they looked.

There they stood in the temple looking at Jesus and what He did—what He did in the way of healing the people after He had driven out the buyers and sellers, and as one blind person after another saw, and one lame person after another was able to walk, they heard the people and children shouting out at the top of their voices, Hosanna! hosanna! and they were as vexed as vexed could be. They did not know what to do with themselves, and so they began to complain about these children. The little brats, what must

they shout and sing for! they did not know what they said, they could put no meaning into their words, and so they wanted them to be stopped.

But it is time you looked at the main figure in the group—JESUS. What a grand man He was! What an eye He had! How it looked into the heart of the person it rested upon! What a countenance too was His! What beauty and what majesty were blended in His face! And His voice! who shall describe its tones! He spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes. "He spake as never man spake." What did Jesus say in reply to the appeal of these priests and scribes? "Hearest Thou what these say?" Yes, He did hear, and He liked to hear what they said. But in return He asks them a question. Have you never read—you scribes especially whose business it is to write out copies of the Scriptures, and therefore to whom the Scriptures ought to be fully known—have you never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

This silenced the priests and scribes, but I am sure it did not satisfy them. They were as vexed as ever, though they were wise enough to hold their peace, for they could see without mistake that Jesus was altogether against them and altogether on the side of the children. You know He was always that. He was when His own disciples would have driven them away without Him touching them and giving them His blessing. If we love them who love us, you children ought to love Jesus above everybody. When He was on the earth He loved children with a wonderful love. He always spoke kindly to them, and kindly about them, and no children who ever saw His face or heard His voice were afraid of Him.

Now what are the lessons you are to go away with to-day from what we have said to you? There are three I should like you to remember.

1. First, you children should learn to sing. You should learn to sing while you are very young. You should learn to sing as soon as you are capable of singing.

For you cannot sing without learning, any more than you can talk or walk without learning. Children as soon as they come into the world can make a noise, they can cry, but that is not singing. They do not cry in tune, nor make melody with their crying. But before they get very old they can be taught to sing. You are thus taught in the Sunday-school, even the youngest of you. It is very kind of your teachers to do this, for sometimes they find it hard work. Now what I want you to do is while they try to teach, you try to learn, and then I am sure you will learn. It may not be easy work for you at first, but it will become easy by-and-by, and more it will become delightful, for of all uses to which you can put the human voice, singing gives the most pleasure. The Apostle James says, "Is any merry, let him sing psalms." We might also say, "Does anyone wish to be merry, let him take to singing."

2. Having learnt to sing, you should sing hymns about Jesus.

The art of singing, like the art of reading, may be put to a wrong purpose. A boy or girl learns to read, and then you find them reading bad or foolish books; so some children learn to sing, and you hear them singing idle and silly songs. I often pass children in the street that do this, and it makes me very sorry and sad, especially when I think those children very likely first learnt to sing in a Sunday-school. I once met with some boys in a railway train who began to sing filthy words to hymn tunes. I reproved them. They impudently replied, they knew all about it, for they had been brought up in a Sunday-school. "I can believe that," I said, "or you could not have known the tunes you do. It is, however, to your shame, and if you do not desist I will have you removed from the carriage the first station we stop at." They then began to sing Sunday-school hymns as well as Sunday-school tunes, but seeing they were such wicked boys I could have no pleasure in listening to them. Ah, my dear children, if I thought you could ever do what I heard those boys do I should be ready to weep over you. No, never do you learn either silly or wicked songs, but store your memory with the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" found in your hymn-book, and sing them.

3. Learn to sing in the house of God. Your teachers have for you a separate service on Sunday mornings when we meet to worship God in this chapel. I almost wish it was not so, for I like to see the school form part of our congregation. I know you would sometimes be restless, and perhaps disturb us a little, but for myself I would put up with that to have you here. And if I could have my way—but ministers cannot always have their way any more than other people—if I could have my way you should have some part in the service. You should at least sing one hymn by yourselves. At one place where I once used to preach I often read the 107th Psalm, and when I came to the verse which you know is several times repeated in the Psalm, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men," I paused, and the children of the school recited it in a chant. This I thought very beautiful, and in harmony with the sentiment of the 8th Psalm, from which our Lord took the words in His reply to the scribes.

Nearly all our schools have now a department for the infants, and the chief business of the teacher of this class is to teach the little ones to sing. Before they can learn to read they learn to sing, and right merrily they sometimes do it. They put their little souls into their singing. They sing at the top of their voices, and right pleased I am to hear them.

I am about old enough to remember when infant schools were first begun in the country. I mean on week-days, not on Sundays. My early days were spent in a village. An infant school was commenced there in connection with the Wesleyan chapel, and con-

ducted by a pious young lady, and it soon made quite a sensation in the village. It set all the little folks on singing, and they sung out of school as well as in, and on a summer's eve you might hear them in the open air singing most sweetly the hymns they had been taught. Sometimes I went to the school to see them there. And it was a sight! They would march round the room as happy as kings, stamping their feet and clapping their hands, as they were directed, saying,

"We will go to our places,
And make no wry faces,
But say all our lessons distinctly and slow;
For if we don't do it
Our governess will know it,
And then in the corner we surely shall go."

There, it is nearly fifty years since I heard those children repeat these lines, and you see I remember them still. But the good lady who conducted the school taught them other verses than these I have remembered. She taught them sweet simple hymns about Jesus. I had a little sister who went to the school, and she learnt them, and she was always singing them. I have known her sit in her tiny rocking chair for an hour together, rocking and singing, as I thought, like an angel. There was one hymn a great favourite with her. I cannot remember the exact words with which it began. It was something about loving to sing of Jesus. However, I do remember the last verse. It was

"When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the glorious throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

Now that little sister died when she was just three years and three months old. One Sunday evening she was singing her hymn about Jesus, her father and mother, brothers and sisters, sometimes joining her and sometimes listening to her, till they were as happy as she was, but before the next Sunday came she had gone from us. I would rather say that than say she was dead. I think of her as a little cherub in heaven taking her part in the grand singing that is going on there, and some day I hope to hear her, and join her too in the blessed employment.

We do not expect you will all die while you are children; we hope that most of you will live in this world many years, live to be as old or older than any of us here. But we want you all to be singers for Jesus while you are children, that when you have passed from childhood to youth, and from youth to riper years, you may be able to describe the purpose and practice of your life in the words,

"In blessing Thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away,
The praise that to Thy name belongs
Hourly, with lifted hands I'll pay."

J. HUDSTON.

TOBACCO.

To the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—Next to the strong drink question, the influence of tobacco demands the earnest attention of every true Christian. It is cause for regret that ministers of Christ have not lifted up their voices against it, seeing that it robs the Church by its superior fascination, and keeps great numbers of boys and young men from the Sunday-school. The Conference last year pronounced its anathema upon the indulgence so far as it relates to *juvenile smoking*, but personal example in this respect will be far more effective. At a recent temperance meeting at Newcastle, the Rev. R. Tabraham, a Wesleyan, deprecated the use of tobacco and snuff; and a few months since the Rev. John Rattenbury, in examining candidates for the ministry, at Nottingham, also alluded to tobacco. He characterised snuff-taking as “an abominable habit,” and smoking was “almost as bad.” He felt that the obligation laid upon him as a probationer not to smoke, was binding then at the end of forty years’ service. He had been advised to smoke, *but for the sake of example he would not*. A right noble example, and surely one calculated to influence young men in regard to the habit. The subject of tobacco-smoking is of national importance, and I am glad to observe that our ministers, as well as those of other denominations, discountenance the practice whenever an opportunity occurs. Thus the Rev. Charles Garrett remarks:—“I see with great regret the habit of smoking formed amongst the lads and young men. It is to many of them the first step on the wrong road.” As a young man, and having observed the baneful effects of this indulgence upon young men, I can readily endorse the rev. gentleman’s statement. It is a pity that many ministers and teachers of religion maintain a complete silence on the question. Either they are votaries of the indulgence, or, what is I am sure the explanation in most cases, they have never had their attention seriously called to the question. The writer has been present at many discussions on the subject in Mutual Improvement Societies, and invariably he has been pained to hear the example of some popular minister quoted in justification of the habit. “Brethren, these things ought not so to be.” At any rate I can freely testify with regard to myself that, seeing ministers and other good men practise the habit, I was led to consider it morally and physically right. So I took a cigar, but its effect upon me was such that I was never again tempted to take another. I was convinced that nature never intended me or any other person to smoke. My curiosity was aroused, and I sought out with some difficulty medical treatises on the subject. Several of these have been reprinted, and I shall be most happy to send a copy, free of cost, to any of your readers who will be at the trouble to send me his name and address.

A. A. READE.

Young Men’s Christian Association, Manchester.

Editor's Table.

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IN consequence of the space occupied by the title-page, preface, and index of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR this month, the Editor is obliged to omit the usual answers to enquiries. They will be given next month in a new and extended form, embracing not only answers to questions forwarded in writing, but answers to questions proposed by young persons to the Editor in conversation, in his intercourse with them as he moves to and fro in the Connexion. Thus, as the programme states, his "Table" will have "a new top, and new legs to stand on."

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

—o—

TEACHERS' CONFERENCE.—On Saturday, September 6th, the second annual conference of the teachers in the various Sunday-schools connected with the Halifax North Circuit of the Methodist New Connexion was held in Salem Chapel. Delegates and friends were present from the following places: Salem, Ambler Thorn, Mount Zion, Midgley, Northowram, Shibden, Queensbury (Brunswick Street), and Queen's Road Schools. The afternoon session commenced at three o'clock with devotional exercises (conducted by the Rev. E. Gratton), the Rev. J. Shone presiding. —The chairman in his opening remarks expressed a hope that these conferences would be the means of encouraging the teachers to prosecute their work with increased determination. —After the report of last conference (with other statistics relative to the schools in the Circuit) had been read by the Rev. E. Gratton, and adopted by the conference, Mr. Jonas Seed read the paper written for the late conference of Yorkshire schools, held at Huddersfield, by Dr. Green, on the "Self-Education of the Teacher." A discussion followed the reading of the paper, led by Mr. Councillor Midgley, who referred to the necessity of teachers being Christians and devoting more attention to the preparation of their lessons, aiming chiefly at simplicity and bringing their lessons within the range of their scholars' comprehension. —The Rev. E. Gratton followed, and in his remarks regretted that there was so much light reading, and that the sound and healthy literature which was so much needed for real education was neglected. The question of self-education was of wider range, and included more than merely receiving knowledge. There was need of the intellect being trained to think more for itself and accept less the opinions of others; the memory needed to be exercised, and its capabilities would increase, and the power of expressing in words our thoughts was enlarged with practice; we needed to depend to a greater extent on ourselves for our education, always remembering that God helps those who help themselves. —Mr. Banks and Mr. Jonas Seed followed. —Mr. Ezra Seed and Mr. E. C. Midgley advocated uniformity of lessons, as in the case of the United States, where the same lesson is adopted throughout the country on every Sabbath. —Mr. Wm. Hudson was afraid that too much time was devoted to secular matters and too little to prayer, without

which all preparation will be in vain.—After a few remarks from Mr. Abraham Butterfield, who dwelt upon the necessity of punctuality in attendance, Mr. Jonas Seed briefly replied, and the discussion terminated. Votes of thanks to Mr. Seed and the chairman, with the benediction, brought the afternoon session to a close. Tea was provided in the adjoining schoolroom, at which about 150 sat down and did ample justice to the substantial repast which had been provided. The evening session was held in the chapel, commencing with singing, and prayer by Mr. Wm. Hudson.—The chairman (Mr. S. T. Midgley), in his address, said that when the history of the nineteenth century was faithfully written, although many systems had taken giant strides, and although perhaps more progress had been made than in any previous century in arts, sciences, and civilisation, yet the Sunday-school had progressed more than any other system; in fact, we could scarcely enter a village or hamlet in this country without seeing one or more Sunday-schools. Comparing the present time with the days of Robert Raikes, nobody could fail to perceive the advance that had been made.—The Rev. E. Gratton then read an excellent paper on the "Children's Right Place in our Churches," in the course of which he quoted some very remarkable and somewhat startling statistics. Speaking from returns compiled by Mr. Mander as to the Congregational churches, he said that out of 404 churches which sent in reports, in which were 40,000 members altogether, there were only 1000 between the ages of 14 and 18, and only 80 under 14. In 379 churches, with a total membership of 37,138, there was not one member under the age of 14, and in 191 churches, with 18,242 members, there could not be found one member under 18 years of age. Comparing these figures with the membership of Halifax District of the Methodist New Connexion, we learn that 2942 is the total membership, of which 578 are children, or 20 per cent. Whilst this comparison is encouraging to us, yet there is great room for improvement, as there are in Halifax North Circuit nearly 2000 scholars who are not connected with our Churches. The rev. gentleman concluded his paper with an urgent appeal to all Sunday-school teachers to aim especially at the conversion of their scholars. A discussion ensued, and nearly all who participated in it spoke in high terms of the paper, and expressed their individual intention of carrying its precepts into practice. Amongst those who spoke were Messrs. G. Naylor, Jonas Seed, Ezra Seed, Josh. Smith, Wm. Hudson, A. Butterfield, W. Sunderland, S. Fletcher, Joseph Seed, and others. The conference closed with votes of thanks to the essayist, chairman, and others, and with prayer.

BAND OF HOPE MEETING AND ENTERTAINMENT.—The annual festival of the Primrose Hill Band of Hope was held on the 29th of March last. In the afternoon a good number of friends of the temperance movement partook of tea in the school-room of the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, Primrose Hill, Huddersfield, and after tea there was a public meeting and entertainment, when Mr. Councillor John Glaisyer, of Huddersfield, presided. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. W. H. Alcock, of Paddock, after which the report for the past year was read by the secretary, and it showed that a great deal of earnest work had been done by the society. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, by the Rev. W. H. Alcock, and by Mr. J. W. Cummins, agent to the Huddersfield Band of Hope Union. The children sang several

melodies and recited various pieces in a very pleasing manner. A special feature in the entertainment, which had an exceedingly pretty effect, was the appearance on the platform of thirteen little girls dressed in white, each of whom, as they came up to their places, recited a couplet. Each child also had affixed to her a letter on cardboard, and when the thirteen had formed a line across the platform, the letters made the words, "Sign the pledge." This was received with considerable applause. The little girls, having got into line, sang one verse of the well-temperance melody, "Poor Child of the Drunkard." After votes of thanks had been passed to the speakers and chairman, the proceedings were closed by Mr. Cummins pronouncing the benediction.

BETHESDA SUNDAY-SCHOOL, PENDLETON, NEAR MANCHESTER.—Dear Sir,—The Committee of the Band of Hope connected with the above school desire that subjoined report be inserted in THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Your compliance with their request will greatly oblige.—The Bethesda Sunday-school Band of Hope was established two years ago by the teachers of the school. The first year was one of great success, and during the past year the interest taken in it has not flagged, but all seem to work with a will for the prosperity of the institution. We have held our meetings monthly, at which there has been an average attendance of almost 200. We have also had a pic-nic party to the farm of Mr. Hodgkinson, Folly Lane, Swinton; and on Monday, October 18th, we held our second annual meeting. After tea the President, the Rev. J. Q. Bawden, took the chair; the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Hewett and Speakman, and entertained with recitations and melodies by the choir and members. We have now 327 members on the books (there were 218 last year), 210 of whom are subscribers; and during the year over 2200 temperance periodicals have been distributed amongst the members. Trusting that the blessing of God may still rest upon us, and that our prosperity in the future may exceed that of the past,—I remain, yours truly, JOHN EARLAM WILKINSON, Secretary, Oct. 14th, 1873.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION, SWALWELL, GATESHEAD CIRCUIT.—Last night, October 2nd, we had one of the most successful gatherings it has been our lot to record. The "Crew" treated us with their famous dialogue composed by their Captain, and entitled "The Gospel Ship." The merits of this dialogue are almost beyond description; the language with which it is arranged, and the parts so amply laid out for each sailor, give it a richness unmentionable. The fact that every piece of standing room was occupied by an attentive and interested audience for upwards of an hour and a quarter is sufficient eulogy of its adaptation as a profitable entertainment, both as regards "The Gospel Ship" as a piece, and the earnest, energetic, and able "Jack Tars" as a crew, the chaste hymns, the model-ship, the imitation docks, and the closing hymn—

"The Gospel Ship along is sailing," &c.

"Waft along, ye noble vessel," &c.

Wishing every success to the Captain, the Ship, and Crew, and when they again favour us with a repetition, we have no doubt they will find in Swalwell a reception to equal or surpass the gathering last night.—W. W. BENNETT, Whickham.

Memoirs.

JOSEPH HENRY BOOTH, OF LEES, MOSSLEY CIRCUIT.

THIS dear boy was born at Lees on the 15th of March, 1858, and when quite a child became connected with Zion day and Sunday-schools. In the Sunday-school he displayed more than ordinary interest in the lessons brought before him, and by his general goodness won a warm place in the affections of his teachers; but it was in the day-school that he most signalled himself. At a public examination at Zion in November, 1869, he received the first prize, given by Alderman Rye, Esq., for solving a mathematical problem. In history, both ancient and modern, he was quite at home, and was never satisfied except when adding to his stores of knowledge. When twelve years of age he became a pupil-teacher. The following by Mr. D. Sutcliffe, our late master, is a just testimony to his worth, &c. :—"As a teacher I have from the first been disposed to regard him as a very promising youth. For a beginner he was remarkably quick at his work. His acquirements were most satisfactory. In school the work allotted to him was generally performed with a cheerful business-like despatch which told unmistakably of an aptness and love for his calling. He was a useful teacher, and not the mere teaching instrument that boys usually are. I mean, he had, when in good health, a good capacity for work, much energy and willingness for independent action, needing no stimulus, having plenty of 'go.' I have often known him eagerly volunteer tasks which most young teachers are glad to avoid—such, for instance, as a conversational lesson to the first or second class. Now and then he would of his own accord try to engage his class with a short harangue on a subject which seemed to have little or nothing to do with the business of the hour. I distinctly remember occasions on which I have had to check him for doing this at improper times. These tendencies, of course, I have always thought to be very meritorious—what might perhaps develop into something like a passion for original enterprise."

At home he was always obedient, loving, and truthful. His parents say, "We never could doubt his word, and if anyone seemed to doubt, he would say, 'Do you think I would speak an untruth?'" He did not, however, until near the end of life give evidence of conversion. His mother had often spoken to him on the question of early decision for Christ, but could elicit little verbal response until he was confined to his home by affliction. Then he manifested great anxiety to be saved, and he sought and found the Lord. Shortly after the attainment of peace, he called his mother to him, and said, "Mother, God has accepted me; I am going to heaven to be with Jesus." She said, "I do not want to part with you," when he—remembering that he had a grandmother who had died in the Lord—appealed to his mother thus, "Would you not have your mother to be with Jesus?" repeating the question until she answered "Yes." He then said, "I knew you would." Still, once he was well-nigh overcome at the thought of separation from his parents, and putting his arms round his mother's neck, said, "Mother, pray that we may not be parted." But he soon rose superior to the trial, and expressed his resignation thus: "Mother, do not weep; God knows what is best. He is wiser than we; He can see through the mist, but we

cannot." Referring to some incidents in his previous life, he said, "I have not done all the good that I might have done, nor been as good as I ought to have been. I pray that I may be a better boy." When visited by his cousin and his companions, he urged them to meet him in heaven, saying, "I have nothing to leave you but the love of Jesus; that is sufficient." He then tried to sing—

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

On the day before his death he was visited by his Sunday-school teacher and other friends. To the former he exclaimed, "I cannot see you, but I can see Jesus!" One standing by having rejoined, "He is not crowned with thorns," he answered, "No, He is crowned with glory!" Just before he died he repeated the Lord's Prayer, laying particular stress upon the words, "Deliver us from all evil"; and having murmured, "Glory unspeakable! Eternal glory! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" he fell asleep, May the 11th, 1873, in the sixteenth year of his age. "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

SAMUEL WALKER.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

"WHAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had none.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's friend, and He's mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is a way off, and He has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know. He says He will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what was enough for this child is enough for us all.

EVERY BIT OF IT.

One evening at a prayer-meeting many newly-converted persons, both old and young, arose to tell what God had done for their souls, and their determination to love and serve Him. Among the rest a little girl about seven years old jumped up, her face beaming with happiness, and said, "I have given my heart to Jesus, every bit of it."

Was not that a beautiful little speech? I wonder if all the older people who had risen before her could say what she did—"I have given my heart to Jesus—every bit of it."

And is not this what Jesus wants? "My son, give me thine heart," is the command of the Bible. And will He be satisfied with having only a part of it. No, indeed, He must have the whole—"every bit of it."

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AND
COMPANION.

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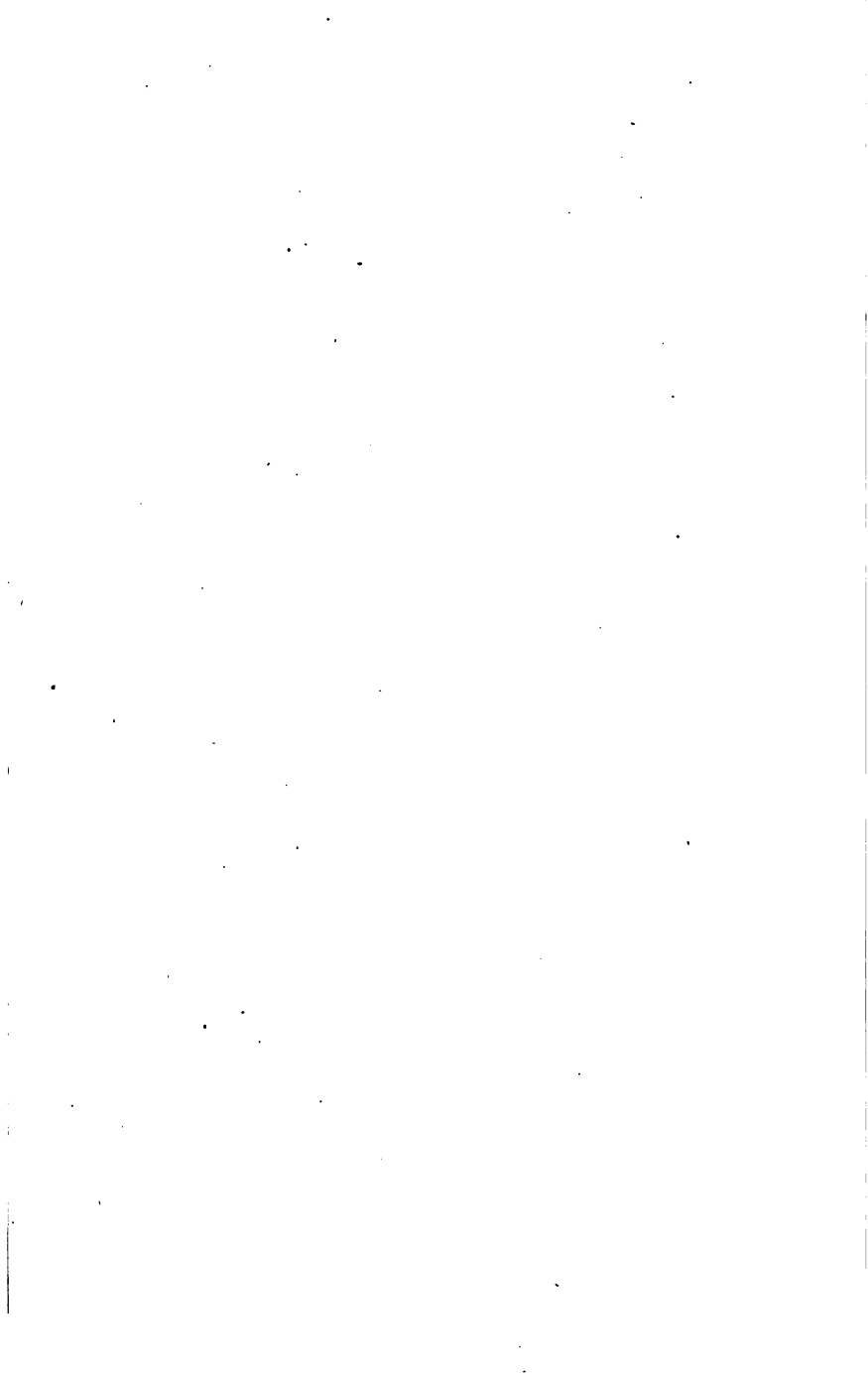
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TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS,
TO THE YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS,
IN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
AND TO THE YOUTH IN OUR FAMILIES GENERALLY,
THIS,
THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME
OF THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

By the Editor,

*Who hopes that his recently-formed acquaintance with its Readers
will be long continued,
and ever be a source of joy to himself and them.*





SEE-SAW.

OUR CUT.

"SEE-SAW."

IT is a pleasant recreation in which the two boys are engaged, as represented in this cut—a recreation which we daresay every boy and girl who reads this Magazine has engaged in many a time. But all recreations may be carried to excess. And we want our young readers to beware, lest their lives should be nothing else but "see-saw"—going up and down and making no progress. Life is not all see-saw; it is a hard battle, and whoever means to win in it must do something else than play at "see-saw." Play a little, but work much, is the right rule for young people to adopt, so that at the end of life we may not have to say, "I have done nothing but play at 'see-saw.'"

PRINCE TREBOR AND THE PRINCESS AZILE:

A MODERN FAIRY STORY.

By TOM BROWN, Author of "*A Year at School*," etc.

"**H**URRAH! here's father," shouted four merry voices in four different keys, as Mr. Osborne entered the cosy sitting-room of a pretty villa residence in one of the pleasantest suburbs of Manchester, a little after four o'clock on Christmas Eve, 187—

"Why, Robert," said Mrs. Osborne, entering from the kitchen, where she was directing the preparation of an early tea, and where she had heard the children's shout of welcome, "I am so glad you are come. But you said you should be late. I trust there is nothing the matter."

"Nothing at all, my love, only that my work is done sooner than I expected. When I went to town this morning I told the clerks that as it was Christmas time I wanted them to get finished as soon as possible and be off home to their families. Of course they were nothing loth, so we all worked hard and fast, and it is really wonderful what a lot of business we have done since nine o'clock this morning. All the goods were sent away, the invoices made out, and the books posted up by half-past three; so I caught the four o'clock 'bus, and here I am—and very glad of it too."

While this explanation was being made, Mr. Osborne's great-coat and hat were carried away by his attentive wife. Bob, a stout lad of ten, wheeled the easy chair up to the glowing fire, and Alice, a bright young lady of twelve, ran off for his slippers. As soon as Mr. Osborne was comfortably seated, Minnie, the youngest child, a wee four-year old, trotted up to claim her share of attention, and scrambled into her father's lap to be nursed, and to show him a gaily-dressed doll, which had been that afternoon received, together with a present for each of the others, as a Christmas-box from their Uncle Thomas,

who having no children of his own, was often sending or bringing something for his little nieces and nephews.

Alice had received a splendidly-furnished doll's-house, which, with its crimson parlour, its bright sitting-room, and its comfortable bedrooms, seemed a veritable enchanted palace. Bob had got a collection of stories for boys, in which he was already much interested. He had only laid it aside to welcome his father, and as soon as he could he again seated himself on a low stool, and forgetting everything else was soon deep in the tale he was reading. Harry, a turbulent lad of seven, had got a tin railway-train, which he seemed never tired of pulling round and round the room, to the great amusement of the kitten, who, thinking it was all done for her diversion, ran after the train, and sometimes caused a terrible accident by knocking the break-van over with a stroke of her paw, or upsetting the whole concern by a well-directed attack on the engine.

In about ten minutes a tray heavily laden with good things was brought in, and all sat down to tea, Bob remarking, as he did so, that he had just finished such a glorious tale.

When toast and tea, pikelets and preserves, had been done full justice to, the tray was removed, the chairs wheeled round to the fire, and the little family party prepared to while away the time as best they could until grandfather and uncle, who were both expected, should arrive. Mrs. Osborne, in compliance with the traditions of many Christmas Eves, consented to allow her hands to be idle, except that they now and then twined and fondled Harry's brown curls, he having seated himself on the rug and nestled up close to his mother. Alice had got her large wax doll, which she had fetched from her room professedly to show it its new house, but really for the pleasure of nursing it. Bob had seated himself opposite his father, but with his new book close at hand if he should find the conversation becoming uninteresting. Minnie was again seated on her father's knee, and even the kitten came and seated herself in front of the fire with a self-important air, as if she knew it was Christmas Eve, and felt no family gathering would be complete without her.

"Oh, father! please tell us a tale," said Bob, after a short silence. "Yes, do!" said Alice and Harry both at once, and Mrs. Osborne further strengthened the request by saying it was not often he could spend a whole evening with them.

"I don't know any story I could tell just now," said Mr. Osborne, "and I shall have to think about one. Suppose Bob tells one while I am getting ready. He seemed very pleased with the story he finished before tea, and he can surely remember it."

"Oh, it was about a prince and princess, and good and bad fairies, and all that sort of thing," said Bob, who found it not nearly so easy to tell a tale as he had thought it was.

"Anybody might tell that by just looking at the pictures," said his sister, who did not at all appreciate such a bare skeleton of a story.

"We can't expect Bob to tell a story so well as his father," said Mrs. Osborne, "and I think he was in too great a hurry about it. Let him have another try."

"Yes," said his father. "Now Bob, think for a minute or two how the tale begins, and then tell us quietly without hurrying at all."

"Well," said Bob, trying to arrange the facts of the story in proper order, and beginning quietly, but soon finishing it in a gallop, "there was once a prince who was very good—and a princess who was very beautiful—and the prince fell in love with the princess, but her father would not let him marry her, but he did marry her, and they lived happy ever afterwards."

"But how did he get to marry her?" said Alice.

"I forgot that: it was the good fairies that helped him, and he had to fight the bad fairies, for they tried to hinder him."

"I'll make the bad fairies glad to keep out of my way when I'm a man," said sturdy Harry, as he made a sudden snatch at pussy's tail as if he thought she were one.

"Oh, how silly!" said Bob. "There are no fairies now. I wish there were. I should have liked to live when there were such things. If I were in love with a beautiful princess, wouldn't I fight for her, no matter how much the bad fairies opposed me. But it is of no use wishing."

"You seem to long for the old times gone by, Bob," said his father; "and there is no wisdom in that. If you want adventures there are plenty still to be had. There are just as many fairies now as ever there were, and the bad ones have to be struggled with if anything good or noble is to be done."

"What do you say, father?" said Bob, in astonishment, for he knew his father always spoke the truth, and yet could not comprehend how fairies could exist nowadays—"Did you ever see a fairy?"

"I cannot say that I have ever seen one while I was awake," said Mr. Osborne, smiling at his son's bewilderment; "but I have seen several in my sleep, and I have many times, both by night and by day, felt the power of just such fairies as those your prince and princess had to do with. And as you have asked me for a tale I think I cannot do better than tell you a modern fairy story which will show you what fairies really are."

"Oh, that will be grand!" said Bob, as he and the others made themselves comfortable to listen, all wonderingly eager for the story, excepting Mrs. Osborne, who seemed somewhat amused. But perhaps she had heard it before.

"Well, of course, I must begin my fairy tale in the orthodox way, with that very indefinite but wonderfully interesting phrase, 'Once upon a time.' So here beginneth. Once upon a time there lived a Prince whom I will call Trebor, and a Princess to whom I shall give the name of Azile. (Of course they were not the children of kings, so they were not prince and princess in the sense in which we understand these words now, but in fairy tales the hero is always

a prince and the heroine a princess). Now Princess Azile was very beautiful : she had long silken hair of golden hue, light blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a graceful form. I have seen her many hundreds of times when I have been in that part of the country where she lived, so I am well able to describe her charms. I hope I shall not make my little Alice proud when I say that she looks just a little like the Princess Azile did when I first saw her."

Alice blushed a little as every eye fell upon her, eager to realise a picture of the Princess ; and her mother, who was also blushing a little, smiled, and told her husband to be careful and not make Azile too beautiful.

"There is not much opportunity for that," said Mr. Osborne, laughing ; "but I must proceed. I don't know that I ought to stay to say much about the personal appearance of the Prince. I know more of his features from seeing pictures of him than from seeing him personally ; but I have once or twice heard your mother say that when he was young she considered him a very fine-looking young man, and she has seen him a great deal oftener than I. He was tall and straight, and he certainly thought as much of himself as was sufficient to make him hold his head up and look everybody in the face.

"Now Prince Trebor and the Princess Azile lived in the same city, but there was a great difference in their circumstances. Maharg, the Princess's father, had become very wealthy by dealing in gold and silver, and he lived in a beautiful large house, which, in common with all large houses in fairy tales, we must call a palace. Trebor, on the contrary, lived in a neat but very small cottage, for his father was dead, and he had to provide not only for himself, but for his widowed mother and Samoht, a younger brother.

"There had not always been this difference between the social position of the Prince and that of the Princess. Their fathers had been friends when young, but Trebor's father died soon after the birth of his youngest son, and while Maharg got richer and richer the Prince and his mother were getting poorer. Under these altered circumstances there was, of course, but little communication between the two families. Sometimes Azile's father would send her to inquire after the health of his friend's widow, or ask her to carry to her fruit or other delicacies. If Trebor happened to be at home he bowed very politely to the Princess, and thanked her eloquently for her kindnesses. Each time she came the Prince admired her more and more, but though she smiled sweetly and spoke kindly, she only looked upon him as a steady, fair-spoken, industrious young man.

"Now the Prince had for a long time been employed by a merchant in the city, and by paying attention to business he had attracted the notice of his employer, who at last advanced him to a higher position, with, of course, higher wages. And now Trebor was able to take his mother and brother into a larger house, furnished in better style, and he was also able to surround himself and them with many luxuries

and comforts such as would have been theirs all along if his father had been spared to them.

"I told you that Trebor had long admired the Princess, but while he did so he thought of her not as his equal, but as a being of a superior order. But now his prospects were improving he began to think of her in a very different way. Although he still thought her the most perfect of her sex, he conceived the idea of trying to win her for his wife, and he at last became so deep in love that he felt he could never be happy with any other. About the same time, too, the Princess Azile began to notice Trebor, and to observe that although she had never thought much of him before, he was really a very presentable young man, and that since he had had the advantages of improved social position he was as elegant and accomplished as any of the grand people who visited at her father's palace."

"You seem very well informed of the thoughts of the Princess about the Prince," said Mrs. Osborne, laughing.

"My information is most reliable, I assure you," said her husband, as he proceeded; "and now I must tell you what the fairies had to do with this Prince and Princess. There was one fairy named Evol. Do not conclude that he was a bad fairy because his name sounds like 'evil.' He was one of the most powerful fairies, and had quite a host of others under his command. Now sometimes when Trebor was fast asleep Evol would appear before him, and with a magic wand call up a portrait of the Princess, drawn in the most lovely colours. He would then wake the Prince, and after inviting him to gaze upon the picture he would incite him to make suit for the hand of Azile. When he had made a deep impression on Trebor's mind the fairy would transport himself to the splendid chamber of the Princess, and to her he would present a portrait of the Prince, making him look a great deal more handsome than he was, and after recounting his virtues and praising his excellences he would try to persuade Azile to look kindly on her admirer.

"But though Evol was such a powerful fairy, he had enemies—bad fairies who tried to undo whatever he did. He had no sooner left Trebor's room, therefore, than one of these fairies appeared, whose name was Riapsed—a very evil-looking fairy, but having a very clever tongue. He told the Prince that though it was true what Evol had said of the beauty and perfections of the Princess Azile, yet it was of no use whatever for him to seek her hand. He was not rich enough. Doubtless her father would give her in marriage to some wealthy suitor. In this strain Riapsed kept arguing until Trebor felt quite despondent and half inclined to think nothing more of the Princess.

"Evol soon heard of what was going on in Trebor's room, so, until he could go himself, he sent another fairy named Epoh, the sworn enemy of Riapsed, and after a long struggle the latter was finally forced away. Epoh then began to cheer the Prince up by telling of many instances in which grand ladies had married poor

men because they were honest, upright, and persevering. In a short time Evel returned and further comforted the Prince. But no sooner had he left the Princess than a disdainful little fairy named Edirp took his place, and said he was surprised at a rich heiress like Azile taking the trouble to think, even for one moment, about such a young man as Trebor. Of course the Prince was honest and industrious and all that, but he was not a fit husband for the Princess. She ought to marry a wealthy merchant.

"Of course while these good and bad fairies were thus using their influence with the Prince and Princess, it was impossible for them to get sufficient sleep. Poor Trebor was worst off; Evel never left him for more than an hour at a time, and one or other of the bad fairies would come and torment him at least once or twice a day. So at last he began to look pale, and the Princess, too, lost some of her beautiful colour, for nothing destroys a complexion sooner than loss of rest, unless it be the thousand-and-one nostrums advertised to improve it.

"Now when affairs had gone on in this way for some time, it happened one day that the Prince and Princess went out into the city park for a quiet walk, and as they were both thinking of each other they chanced to meet in a shady part of the park. The Princess bowed gracefully and blushed, for the bad fairy Edirp whispered in her ear to pass on and not stop to speak to the young man. The Prince turned pale as he approached, and his limbs trembled with excitement.

"Evel fitted from the Prince to the Princess, praising the one to the other and inspiring Trebor with hope and Azile with tenderness; so that finally the Prince mustered enough courage to declare his love and ask for that of the Princess in return. The Princess blushed, but she smiled sweetly on the Prince, and told him that she had long admired him for his character and attainments, and, if she only considered herself, she might at once accept his attentions, but her father must be consulted, and, though she feared he would not give his consent, she gave Trebor permission to ask it. The Prince accompanied her to her father's gate and then left her to live over again the bliss of that short time in her company.

"As soon as he could find an opportunity, Prince Trebor presented himself before Maharg, the rich gold and silver dealer. Riapsed tried all he could to keep him from going by telling him of Maharg's sternness, and his ambition for his daughter's future prosperity. But the less fairies are listened to the less power they have, and Trebor easily silenced Riapsed. Now Maharg smiled pleasantly when Trebor entered his private room, and he asked what he could do for him; but when he learned his errand, he frowned, clenched his hands, and paced up and down the elegant apartment.

"When he had somewhat calmed himself, he told the Prince that he greatly respected him for the sake of his early friendship with his father, and all he had heard about him in the city was to his credit,

but he was sorry to say he could not grant him what he asked. Azile was his only child, and he had all his life worked and planned so that she might take that position in society for which she was fitted, and if he consented to her marrying a poor man all his past labours would be of no avail. And then he reminded Trebor that he had his widowed mother and his brother Samoht to provide for, and so it would be a long time before he could marry.

"The Prince was very disheartened, although he might have anticipated this reply, but he plucked up courage and asked the rich dealer if he would listen to his suit if his position and circumstances very much improved. To which Maharg replied that he could then have no reason for withholding his permission.

"Trebor was obliged to content himself with this answer, but prosperity seemed such a distance away that he readily listened to Riapsed, who told him it would never come. Epoh and Evol, however, came to his assistance, drove away the bad fairy, and cheered Trebor so that he set to work at once. He left the merchant he served under, and set up in business on his own account, selling beautifully-figured cloth such as is worn in that part of the country. He saw the Princess very rarely, but whenever he did he always went back to his business with renewed energy and perseverance. From early morning till late at night he was at his house of business—looking after everything himself and sparing neither pains nor time. Gradually success came. People began to notice the young Prince and remark not only how his enterprises succeeded, but how upright and conscientious he was in all his transactions. Even Maharg offered to lend him money for his business, and as he just needed some he accepted it, enlarged his operations, and was soon able to pay back the loan out of his profits. God prospered his industry and perseverance exceedingly, and in three years' time he had surmounted all obstacles and taken his rank as a city merchant. He did not have to ask Maharg for his daughter's hand again, for one day the gold and silver merchant sent for him to his palace, and, after asking him if he still felt the same affection for his daughter, Maharg left the room and shortly afterwards sent the Princess to her lover, with his full consent to their union.

"The Prince and Princess have now been married thirteen years, and the last time I was in their house they had four fine children. Trebor's mother lived with them in great comfort and happiness for two years, and then died happily in her son's arms. Samoht has long ago been well established in a good business; Maharg, the rich dealer, very often visits at their house, and both he and Samoht are great favourites with the children, and always reckon to spend Christmas at Trebor's house, which though not quite so grand as Maharg's palace is a very happy and pleasant home."

A loud ring at the bell stopped Mr. Osborne, and as there was a scramble to see who it was, Mrs. Osborne laughingly observed that she expected the visitor was Samoht, or Maharg, the rich dealer. In a

few seconds the door opened, and the servant announced Mr. Graham and Mr. Thomas Osborne. Of course there was a great deal of kissing and embracing between the youngsters and their uncle and grandfather; but Bob seemed puzzling at some problem. All at once he jumped up and said—

“Father, I know who the Prince and Princess were—you and mother—for you spelt your names, Robert and Eliza, backwards.”

“I never thought of that,” said Alice. “Then of course Maharg, the rich gold and silver dealer, is Grandfather Graham, the banker; Samoht is Uncle Thomas; Riapsed is despair; Edirp is pride; Epoh is hope, and Evol is love.”

“I see now what fairies represent,” said Bob; “I am sure it was a very pretty story, and those names spelt backwards sounded so queer and strange.”

A very happy evening was spent, and at nine o'clock the children kissed father, mother, grandfather, and uncle, and went to bed; but in a little while Bob came trotting back to wish them all “a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,” which he had forgotten to do before.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER X.—ASTRONOMY.

PERHAPS there are some readers of THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR this year who did not read the numbers issued in 1873, and therefore will not know what was said in the chapters on Astronomy. But we hope this will not prevent them from trying to understand what we wish to say about the subject during the present year. It would be a very unwise thing to commence reading a book in the middle if we were able to begin at the beginning, because by doing so we should be ignorant of the former part, and so be prevented from clearly seeing what was meant in the latter part. But if our young friends cannot read what we have already said on this important subject, we will promise to make as plain as we can what remains, in order that none of our subscribers may read without understanding. After this little introduction for the year 1874 we shall let our little questioners begin their inquiries, and try our best to give correct answers.

HERBERT. “At our last conversation you spoke to us about the two planets Mercury and Venus. Will you please tell us now which planet is the next to Venus in distance from the sun?”

“The Earth is next, for it is as really a planet as any of the others; but, as we have already spoken about it in previous chapters, we must pass on to Mars, the first planet whose orbit is outside that of the earth.”

ANNIE. “Does not the orbit of a planet mean its pathway round the sun?”

“Yes; so that when I say Mars is the first planet whose orbit is

outside the earth's orbit, you will understand that this planet revolves round the sun at a greater distance than the earth, and at a much greater distance than either Venus or Mercury, whose orbits are inside that of the earth."

BERTHA. "How much further from the sun is the pathway of Mars than the earth's pathway?"

"About fifty millions of miles, and as the earth is ninety-two millions of miles from the sun, it follows that Mars performs his journey round the sun at a distance of more than a hundred and forty millions of miles."

HERBERT. "Does Mars travel as rapidly as the earth?"

"Not quite; for while the earth speeds along at the rate of sixty-five thousand miles in an hour, the planet Mars takes about an hour and ten minutes to accomplish that distance; but to do even this requires a speed of nearly a thousand miles in each minute of time."

ANNIE. "What length of time is required for Mars to complete his journey round the sun?"

"Nearly two of our years; so that it will take Mars until the middle of November, 1875, to reach again the position occupied by him on the 1st of January in this year."

BERTHA. "Then is Mars a large planet?"

"No; it is smaller than the earth—smaller even than Venus—being little more than four thousand miles in diameter, which is only one thousand miles more than the diameter of Mercury."

ANNIE. "Was there any particular reason for giving it the name of Mars?"

"Yes; its name is on account of its colour, which is generally a deep red. As Mars was the name of the heathen god of war, it was applied to this red planet."

BERTHA. "Can you please tell us anything more about this planet?"

"Well, you will perhaps like to know that his appearance varies greatly both in size and brightness, for he is sometimes twenty-seven millions of miles nearer to the sun than he is at other times. When viewed through a good telescope he appears almost like an illuminated map, for outlines of continents are seen with their points stretching far out into the ocean. Near the poles are some bright parts, thought to be covered with snow or ice, which melts or increases as the sun exerts greater or less power. Though his years are nearly twice as long as ours, his days are only about thirty-seven and a-half minutes longer than ours are, but there are six hundred and seventy of them in a year."

HERBERT. "Which is the next planet to Mars?"

"Next to Mars come the Asteroids."

HERBERT. "What are they?"

"They are small bodies which we call planets, though they differ in several respects from all other planets."

ANNIE. "How many are there?"

"It is not exactly known how many there are, for the first was not discovered until the commencement of this century, and the second about one year afterwards. The names given to these two are Ceres and Pallas. Soon after the discovery of Pallas a third was found, and named Juno, and about three years later a fourth, which received the name of Vesta. For a long time these four were thought to be all there were, but in the year 1845 a fifth asteroid was found, which was named Astrea, and since that time many others have been discovered. I am not able to say how many were found during the last year, but at the close of 1872 the number known to exist was one hundred and twenty-six."

BERTHA. "Can we see the asteroids at any time?"

"Not with the naked eye, excepting sometimes Ceres and Vesta: the greater number are so small that they require a powerful telescope to detect them."

HERBERT. "Are they all at an equal distance from the sun?"

"Not quite so; the nearest of them, Flora, is two hundred and one million of miles distant, and the one whose distance from the sun is the greatest is three hundred and thirteen miles away from him—all the others range at various distances between these two. Flora occupies three-and-a-quarter of our years in performing her revolution, and the most distant one requires just twice as long."

ANNIE. "What is their size?"

"They vary greatly, but the largest of them is not much more than two hundred miles in diameter, while many of them are less than fifty miles."

HERBERT. "How is it that there are so many small planets near together?"

"We do not know; but some people hold the opinion that they are the fragments of some large planet which must have been rent in pieces by some force inside itself, or broken by contact with some other body. When this bursting asunder took place they cannot tell us, nor what caused it, so we are quite at liberty to account for the asteroids in any way that seems likely to us. It may be that in their creation God had before Him some wise and good purpose which we see not and cannot discover until we attain to that heavenly state in which we hope to have our intelligence largely increased. Of this we may rest assured, that such a destruction as the one spoken of could not possibly take place without the knowledge of God, nor apart from His direction."

BERTHA. "Is there anything more about the asteroids that you can please tell us?"

"The short time during which astronomers have known of their existence has been well occupied in watching them closely, but it is so brief a period that we cannot expect to know very much about them yet; the smallness of their size is another hindrance to correct knowledge; but many telescopes are on the watch for them, and perhaps the next few years will give us information which will

greatly assist us to understand them better. Some of them shine with a bluish light, some are believed to have an atmosphere, and there are evidences that some of them revolve on their axis like the earth."

WALKS ABOUT LONDON.



S many of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have probably never seen London, I am going to tell them something about visits that I have paid to some of the wonderful buildings and beautiful places we have in and around this "wilderness of brick."

In so doing it seems only natural that I should begin with the most prominent object, viz.—

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

a large and very imposing building, standing at the head of Ludgate Hill. History tells that a church was built on this spot in 610 by Ethelbert, King of Kent, who devoted certain lands to its endowment. In 961 this church was burnt down; another, however, was reared the following year, which was destroyed by the Great Fire of London in 1666. In 1675—after 47,000 loads of rubbish had been removed from the foundation—the corner-stone of the present building was laid. The architect was Sir Christopher Wren, who received only £200 a year for superintending its erection. It was finished in 1710—one architect and one master mason, under one Bishop, having been engaged on it for thirty-five years. If my young friends will look at the picture which accompanies this paper they will see that the form of the Cathedral is that of a Latin cross, and I may tell them that it stands on upwards of two acres of ground. It is 514 feet long and 286 feet broad. The top cross is 360 feet above the pavement in the street. The two towers they see are 222 feet high.

And now for our visit. It was a cold, foggy November morning when Mr. Young and I drove up to the north door of the Cathedral. There we were courteously received and kindly conducted over the building by Mr. Wilkinson, a gentleman connected with the Cathedral. First, we went down to the

CRYPT,

a vast vault, extending the entire length of the Cathedral, and divided into three parts by immense pillars. At the eastern end we saw some fragments of the old Cathedral collected after the Great Fire. In various parts of the crypt we saw the vaults where lie buried the remains of some of our famous painters, as particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, James Barry, John Opie, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others. Here are also buried Rennie, the engineer; Mylne, the architect; Dr. Boyce, the musical composer; and, in addition to many others, Sir Christopher Wren, over whose remains a plain slab is laid, bearing the inscription of his name, age, date of

death, and this one sentence, "Reader, if thou seekest his monument look around." In the centre of the crypt are the remains of the Duke of Wellington, enclosed in a wooden coffin, and deposited in a massive tomb weighing 17 tons, made of Cornwall porphyry, and bearing this inscription:—

ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
Born, May 1, 1769.
Died, September 14, 1852.

Wellington was the conqueror of Napoleon. He was accustomed to be obeyed, and had the command of great armies, yet he did not overlook the little kindnesses of life. When he was sick the last he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. I hope my young friends will remember them, and

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear."

A few paces further on, and we stopped to read—

HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON.

Such is the simple inscription on a tomb of black marble, marking the resting-place of one of the bravest men that ever trod the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war, or any other. And here let me tell my young readers that Nelson entered the navy as a poor boy, and when he entered set his mind on rising to the top of his profession. He let nothing turn him from his purpose, and at last he became Admiral Lord Nelson.

The next object of interest was the funeral car on which the body of Wellington was borne to the Cathedral, drawn by twelve black horses; this car, surmounted by a trophy of arms, is made out of guns taken from the French in the various battles where the great Duke commanded. Hanging around are the trappings of woe used at his funeral.

Leaving the crypt, we ascended to the floor of the Cathedral, and looking round we found nearly seventy statues and monuments erected to soldiers, sailors, bishops, painters, historians, philanthropists, &c. We can mention the names of only a few. There is John Howard, the philanthropist, whose monument was the first admitted into the Cathedral; and certainly he was worthy of such a distinction. He was, like his Master, the friend of the friendless. He travelled throughout Europe to "reduce the sum of human misery."

"Thine was an empire o'er distress,
Thy triumph of the mind;
To burst the bonds of wretchedness,
The friend of human kind."

He died at Cherson, in Russia, far away from home and friends, but he did not mind that—and why? "Russia," he said, "is as near heaven as England."

There is Bishop Heber, the Indian Missionary, who wrote that beautiful hymn (which is inscribed on his tomb) commencing—

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.”

There is Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of the dictionary which bears his name, and of many other useful works.

How true,

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave !”

From the monuments we turned to examine the pulpit, the choir, and the organ.



The pulpit is built entirely of marble, of the most varied and costly description, and is pronounced one of the very best specimens of its kind in England.

The choir consists of fifteen stalls, with seats in front for the minor canons and choristers, and contains some of the finest carvings in the world.

The organ is very large and magnificent ; it contains nearly sixty sounding stops and four manuals ; the bellows are in the crypt and are blown by three powerful hydraulic machines.

Leaving the floor we ascend a flight of steps, called the geometrical stairs, which, as Mr. Wilkinson pointed out, are so made that all the ninety rest on the bottom step, and hang together without any visible support.

At the top of these stairs we saw the “Great Bell,” and great it is, being 10 feet in diameter, 10 inches thick, and weighing 11,600 lbs. The hour is struck by a hammer weighing 145 lbs. The clapper is only used to toll the bell on the death of a member of the Royal

Family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor.

The clock, which is just below the great bell, has two faces, each face being nearly 60 feet round. The minute-hand is 10 feet long, and weighs 75 lbs.; the hour-hand is 6 feet long, and weighs 44 lbs. The pendulum is 16 feet in length, the weight at the end is one hundredweight; yet it is suspended by a spring no thicker than a shilling. It takes a man an hour every day to wind up this clock. Whilst we were there he was so engaged; so we took a turn, and found it no easy work.

Coming half way down the stairs we turned along a passage, and going through a doorway found ourselves in the Library—a large room, comfortably furnished, and containing upwards of 7000 volumes. The floor is composed of 2376 pieces of oak, so skilfully laid that neither nail nor peg is used to fasten them.

From the library we went to the "Whispering Gallery," a gallery that runs round the base of the Cathedral dome, and so constructed that the least whisper is heard on the opposite side; and, though 140 feet away, heard as plainly as if it were a loud voice speaking close to the ear.

Travelling upwards by means of stairs and ladders, and passing through the "Golden Gallery," we reached the Ball and Cross, which, as you see in the cut, crowns the Cathedral, and small as they look in the picture, that ball and cross weigh 7 tons. The ball is large enough to hold twelve persons. The cross is 15 feet high. Mr. Young climbed into it. I did not, for being 360 feet above the ground, I was afraid of giddiness if I ventured higher, so I remained standing on a ladder in the ball, seeing as much of London as I could through the fog. On a clear day the view from this point is most extensive; it takes in the whole of London, with the country beyond its outskirts, and the Thames rolling placidly in its winding course between dense masses of houses. As it was, though I could not look away, I could look down, and from my lofty outlook horses and carriages seemed only like children's toys, and men and women like small dolls. As I stood there waiting my friend's return, I fell into a muse. I thought of the builders who slowly, stone by stone, piled this stupendous fabric; the storms that have broken upon its massive crest; the surges of life that have raged around its base; the generations that have passed through its doors to baptism, marriage, and burial. They have passed away, but it remains, solemnly lifting its head above man's littleness, and seems to challenge the passing ages with the solemn watchwords—death! eternity! God!

G. S. H.



BELIEVING CHILDREN.

A SERMON PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE AT
ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

By J. HUDSTON.

"These little ones which believe in me."—Matt. xviii., 6.



SUPPOSE, my dear children, that the blessed Jesus, whose words these are, was standing in my place this afternoon, and that He was going to speak to you instead of me. As you looked at Him you would see that He had a very beautiful and loving face. But His eye? What would you think of it? You would see that it beamed with kindness, but you would also see that it could look you through and through, and know all that was in your mind and heart. Well, Jesus knowing all that you thought and felt about Himself, how would He have to speak to you? As His eye went round the congregation and rested on you one after another, could He say, "These are little ones that believe in me"?

We should like it to be so—I should, so would your teacher, and so would your parents. If our prayers for you were answered, if our wishes for you were fulfilled, you would all be children who believe in Jesus.

"But, sir," some of you ask, "were the little ones of whom Christ spoke really little children? Did He not rather mean those who were little in disposition? Persons who were without pride, who thought humbly of themselves, and had no malice, nor envy, nor guile, nor any naughty feeling in their souls? Just, as you know, sir, in one of our hymns God is asked to make us little?"

My reply is, that in the text Jesus did really mean very young children. For see how He came to speak in this way.

The disciples came unto Him and asked who was greatest in the kingdom of heaven. This question very likely arose from some dispute they had had about the matter, and they wanted their Master to settle it for them. Well, how did He settle it? First by doing something, and then by saying something about what He did. What He did was to call a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of His disciples. This was intended to be a symbolical act. A symbol is a sign by which we know something; it is an act or object which represents something else. What this act of our Lord signified or represented He himself tells us. He said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted" (that is, changed in your disposition) "and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom. But whoso shall humble himself as this little child"—pointing, no doubt, to the child He had put in their midst—"the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

It is clear, then, that it was of real children—children of your age, and perhaps younger than many of you—that Jesus spoke when He said, “These little ones which believe in me.”

My opinion is that the little child himself whom Jesus put in the midst of His disciples was a believer on Him. Should you not be glad if I could tell you who the child really was? I wish I could, for I should like to know myself. It has been said that he was a boy named Ignatius, who afterwards became a preacher of the Gospel, and a bishop, and who when a very old man suffered martyrdom at Rome. But while this is said, it would be impossible to prove the statement to be true.

Some suppose that he was a child that just happened to be in the house where Jesus lodged. I do not think he was taken in such a haphazard way myself. I believe Jesus was at the house of one of His disciples, nor is it such an improbable thing to suppose that He was at the house of Peter, and that the child He made a pattern of humility to His followers was a child of this disciple. We read of Peter's wife, and for anything we know he might have children too.

Whether Peter's child or no, I cannot give up the idea that he was the child of a disciple whom perhaps Jesus had noticed and talked with, and who, by what Jesus had done and said to him, had been won to love Jesus and put his trust in Him.

But I must try to explain to you what this believing on Jesus is—that is, what it is when done by a child. I have just used the word *trust* in the place of believe, and I did so purposely, because, while it means the same as believe, it is a plainer word, and one you will more readily understand. Now, is it not so? Do you not all know what to trust a person means? Why, it is one of the first things a child learns to do. It learns to do it before it can understand the thing itself. A child learns to trust its father, and especially its mother, long before it can talk or understand what being a mother to it means. But after the child has grown old enough to know what a mother is, and what her care and her love for her children are, his trust in his mother is the same thing with him as it was when he was a very little child carried in his mother's arms. The same thing, yet with a difference; the difference that there is between what we call intelligence and instinct. He did it at first from instinct, he does it now with intelligence—that is, knowing what he does.

Now, you little ones, just listen to what I say.

Though you are so little you have many wants, and some of them are very great wants, too, and you cannot supply them yourselves. How badly off you would be if you had no food to eat, nor clothes to wear, nor bed to sleep on, nor home to live in, until you got them with your own hands. And yet you seem very cheerful and happy to-day, and I daresay the thought of how you shall get food and raiment never gives you any trouble of mind. “Oh, dear, no, sir, why should it? We have got fathers and mothers who provide us with all these things.” “Ah, then you believe in fathers and mothers, do

you?" "Of course we do." Well, then, from your trust in them learn what it is to trust in Jesus, for, as an act of the mind, believing on Jesus is the same as believing on anyone else.

But to believe in your parents you must know them, and you must know Jesus to believe in Him. St. Paul asks of adults, "How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard?" And by this he shows the need there is to send men to preach about Jesus to those who do not know Him.

Now let us come back to the little child that Jesus set in the midst of His disciples. That child knew something of Jesus. If he was the child of a disciple he would learn something of Him from his parents. He would certainly hear them talk about Him and His wonderful doings, and very probably they would speak to him directly about Jesus, and especially when they were teaching him the Scriptures. For with the Jews it was a veritable part of their religion to do this to their children. This would prepare and dispose his mind to believe on Jesus, just as it did with Timothy: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

This is just your case. Your parents and teachers have been talking to you about Jesus as long as you remember. You cannot think of the time when you first heard of His name. When you were quite babes your mothers, as they pressed you to their bosoms, tried to soothe you when in pain, and hush you to rest when you were weary, by singing about Jesus. As soon as you could understand anything they told you the story of His birth, and life, and death. How when He was born they wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, and how angels came at midnight to the shepherds watching their flocks in the fields, and told them a Saviour was born to them. How "the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him." How when He was twelve years old, He went with His parents to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover. How He tarried there unknown to His parents when they returned, and was found by them after seeking for Him three days, in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions, while all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers. How after He became a man He went about doing good, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people. How the great men among the Jews hated and persecuted Him, and at length took Him by cruel hands and nailed Him to a tree. How after His death He was laid in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, while a huge block was rolled to its mouth, and soldiers placed all round, to keep Him from rising from the dead. But how, notwithstanding, He did rise again, and appeared to His disciples, and told them to go among all people and preach to them in His name repentance and forgiveness of sins. And, finally, how He went right out

of their midst up into heaven, and; took His seat for ever there at the right hand of God, and is now able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him.

These and many many more things you have been told about Jesus. Now a child that believes in Jesus does not say these things are all false, he does not deny their truthfulness, for then he would be an unbeliever. Nor does he say "I don't care for these things, and I won't attend to them." But, like the children who cried Hosannas in the temple, he receives as true all that the Scriptures tell about Jesus, and thinks and feels towards Jesus accordingly.

Still as the Apostle says, "when I was a child I spake as a child, and I understood as a child." Now you are children, and your thoughts about Jesus, and your faith in Jesus, we expect to be in keeping with your age and capacity. In your religion, as well as in everything else, we look for you to be child-like. You must not think it is necessary for you to know as much as I do, and feel as much as I do, that you may truly believe in Jesus. Oh, no, Jesus does not require that! He knows you are children, and He makes all allowance for your ignorance and weakness. Just as your teacher does when you are learning your lesson. You meet with a hard word that you cannot all at once pronounce, or with a hard thought which you cannot understand, but your teacher does not say, "What a dunce you are!" and send you away without further instruction. Otherwise, he takes pains with you, spells the word out for you, or helps you to spell it out, and makes the truth as simple to you as he can that he may get it into your mind. Now you attend to what your teacher says, and try your best to learn. Perhaps you are a little dull, but you take pains, and you persevere. This satisfies your teacher, he is pleased with you, and he has every hope that you will grow up an intelligent and well-informed child, and when you come to man's estate know all that it is necessary for you to know rightly to perform your part in life.

This will make clear to you what believing on Jesus means. *You try to take in all that you are told about Jesus, and you try to feel and live according to what you know about Him, and that makes you a believer in Jesus.* That makes me a believer in Him, and all the difference between you and me as believers in Jesus is that I am older than you, and have read more about Jesus, and thought more about Jesus than you, and so know more about Him—know more what He is, and what He came into the world for, than you can possibly do. I have also an older heart as well as an older head than you, and this gives me a greater power of feeling than you possess. But I wish you to see that while this makes me a somewhat different believer in Jesus to you, it does not make me a truer believer in Him than you may be.

Nor does it necessarily make me a better believer in Jesus than children may be. The conduct of Jesus shows that. Here were His grown-up disciples disputing among themselves which was greatest. They ask Him to decide the dispute for them, and He does it by placing a child-believer in their midst as their pattern. Get changed

in your disposition, and become like this little child. In My kingdom you become great by being little.

I see I have spoken to you as long as I ought. I will therefore conclude. In doing so I have a request to make. I have reason to hope that some of you are believers in Jesus. My request of you is the same as that made by the Apostle James—"Show me your faith by your works." That is, by what you do, by how you live. Jesus makes the request Himself. He says to you children, "If ye love me keep my commandments." I will mention only two, and if you will try to keep them because Jesus asks you, you will, however young you may be, be true believers in Him. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." "Children obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord."

Editor's Table.

A BOY wants to know how he may learn Latin. We will tell him as well as we can:—

1st. Learn English. Has that been attended to? For boys must speak English before they know how to speak or read Latin.

2nd. When you are ready to begin to learn Latin, and suppose it necessary to learn it, be determined to learn it. Don't begin and then give it up.

3rd. Get a good teacher if you can, for a good teacher will save you much time and some distress of mind.

4th. But if you cannot get a good teacher do not get one at all, for a poor teacher is worse than none.

5th. Get the proper books. Two are all you need at first. Pinnock's Catechism of Latin Grammar, and Valpy's Latin Delectus. These will cost about 3s. 6d., or at some old book-stall may be had for a shilling. When you have learnt the declension of nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, learn the conjugation of the verbs, and when this is all fixed on your memory then begin to read Valpy, or some similar book. Do not trouble yourself at first with syntax. Remember that the learning of Latin or any other language is learning the words or roots of it, and anyone who is to read Latin easily must have a fair stock of these words or roots on his memory, or he will be always a dictionary slave. When you have read Valpy through once, then go to your grammar a second time for the syntax; and then read Valpy again in the light of the increased knowledge you have, and by the time you have done this, which will take you about six months, you will be pleased with the progress you have made. You can then go to some easy book in *prose*, not in poetry, and read it, or you can take a Latin Testament and read it *through*. You may then easily read Cæsar's Gallic War and Virgil, by the help of your dictionary, and then you can read almost any Latin author with comparative ease. We give this advice supposing you have no teacher, but by all means have one if you can.

Ainsworth, *October 6, 1873.*

DEAR SIR,—I find in the 4th chapter of the 1st Epistle of John, and the 1st verse, that it says, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God." What does John mean when he says try the spirits? The Spiritualists teach us that we are to try them with a table. Will you please explain your idea in next month's magazine?

RALPH SHAW.

ANSWER.—John means that we should try the teachers who come to us with real or pretended revelations from God. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." A man's words often reveal his spirit. Of John the Baptist it was said "he shall go before him in the spirit of Elias." Our Lord said to James and John, Luke ix., 55, when they desired to command fire from heaven to come down on those who had not behaved as they considered they ought to have done, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Thus, spirit means disposition, opinion, or view of things; and in this sense the disposition, opinions, and views of the prophets were to be "tried." And as to trying them with "a table" we consider it about as nonsensical as the rest of the so-called spiritualists' views.

October 5, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly explain the following:—In St. John, 1st chapter, the former part of the 18th verse, we read that no man hath seen God at any time; then, in Exodus, 24th chapter, former part of the 10th verse, we read that they saw the God of Israel. Your explanation upon this subject will greatly oblige

A JUVENILE.

ANSWER.—Our Saviour, in the passage referred to in the Gospel of St. John, intends us to understand that the *essence* of the Deity has not been seen by any man. As to certain *forms* in which He has appeared to His servants at different times, they have been various. Moses and the Jews saw a form in which the Deity chose to appear to them. But even as to Moses, God said unto him, Exodus xxxiii., 20, "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live." And in the same chapter God says, verse 23, "And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen." There is, therefore, not the least discrepancy between the passages our correspondent refers to.

Shelton, Stoke-upon-Trent, *November 10, 1873.*

DEAR SIR,—There are some people who tell us that when Christian people die they go to a place called Paradise, there to await the day of judgment, when they will sit at the right hand of God in heaven; others say that they go direct to heaven.

They that say they go to Paradise say if they went direct to heaven there would be no need of a judgment day.

Will you please give your opinion on the subject in the "Queries" of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AND COMPANION? An early answer will oblige, yours respectfully,

ROBERT JUDD.

ANSWER.—Our Lord said to the dying thief "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." So we believe does every holy person who

dies. As to the idea that if they go to heaven there will be no need of a judgment-day, it is not the teaching of Scripture that the happiness of the saved will be *suspended* till the judgment-day, or that the misery of the lost will not commence till then. We regard the final judgment as a *declaratory* judgment, at which we shall receive according to the things done in the body, whether good or evil.

Manchester, November 27, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—(1) Do you think that Scripture warrants the statement that a distinct period will elapse between the coming of Jesus Christ to receive His people and His coming to judgment? Or (2) Will He receive His people and judge the world at one coming? If your answer be "Yes" to the first question, will the world be converted before He comes for His people? I shall be glad if, in replying, you will give me Scripture bearing out your answer to any of the above questions through your JUVENILE.—Yours truly,

TRUTH-SALKER.

ANSWER.—As far as we know, or can gather from the Scriptures, there will but be one coming of Christ, and that will be to judge the world and to receive His people to their final reward. We do not know exactly whether the world will be converted or not before Christ comes, because different interpretations are put upon those passages which refer to this subject. We know this, however, that blessed is that servant who, when his Lord cometh, shall be found watching. This is enough for us without troubling ourselves about when Christ will come, or whether He will come once or half-a-dozen times. Those who take pleasure in these questions are welcome to their pains as far as we are concerned, but we have enough to do to get on with our editing, and otherwise working out our salvation.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged to you if you will give an answer in our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to the following query: I read in Romans ix., 11, 12, 13, "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works but of Him that calleth, it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger; as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."—Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER OF THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER.—Our friend proposes no query. He gives us a passage of Scripture, and we suppose wants us to explain it. Well, the words are very plain. God did choose Jacob before he was born, and he did reject Esau before he was born. But what then? Has this anything to do with the personal salvation of either of them? This is the main question. God does "elect" men and families and races of men for His providential purposes. And He knows before they come into existence whether they will be suitable or not for His purposes. But this has nothing to do with their personal salvation, or at least it does not *prevent* their salvation. This is how we understand this passage in question, and we know no other consistent interpretation we can put upon it.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—It is with feelings of pleasure that I announce to you our annual juvenile missionary meeting at Birley Carr, held on Sunday afternoon, October 12th, 1873. Our respected friend, Mr. P. J. Smith, Sheffield, presided on the occasion. After the reading of the report, which gave general satisfaction, addresses were delivered by each of our Sunday-school superintendents—viz., Mr. G. Murfin and Mr. B. Platts, and several of the teachers. Our esteemed friends, Mr. J. S. Robinson and Mr. J. Foster, Sheffield, gave very interesting addresses on the missionary enterprise. Recitations were given by several of the scholars. The meeting was throughout of a very pleasant and instructive kind. The collectors have done considerably well during the year, as will be seen by the following report:—

Collected by Girls—						£	s.	d.
Mary Ann Platts	1	7	9
Maria Drewry Murfin	1	2	8
Ann Wragg	0	17	7
Martha Steel	0	15	2½
Alice Bridge	0	14	9½
Catherine M. Ollerearnshaw	0	7	4
Elizabeth Clay	0	4	1
Ellen Huscroft	0	3	8½
Emma Jane Beal	0	2	4½
Hannah Machen...	0	0	5½
Collected by Boys—								
Joseph Armitage	0	6	2
Herbert Wagg	0	5	0
Jno. Armitage	0	2	6
Joseph Massey	0	2	5
Ernest Murfin	0	2	4
						£6	14	4½
Collection Meeting...						1	4	0
Total...						£7	18	4½

An advance on last year.—AMOS HEATH, Secretary.

OTLEY, BRADFORD CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, November 2nd, we held our juvenile missionary meeting in our chapel, the body being nearly filled. Our esteemed minister, Rev. S. T. Nicholson, presided. The report was read by the secretary, who stated that this was the first meeting that had been held in connection with our school for the last six years, but that it was the determination of the teachers to have one every year in future. Addresses were delivered by Messrs H. Armitage, T. Whitaker, W. A. Robinson, W. Fowler, E. Berks, and H. E. Craven. A dialogue was said by W. Watson and J. Rhodes; another by Ann Brumfitt, M. A. Foster, Emily Foster, and Esther Hartley; and also one by M. A. Hartley, and Jane Brumfitt. Recitations were given by Clara Hartley and W. Fieldhouse. The addresses, &c., were of a highly interesting and profitable character. The collection amounted to £1 11s. The following sums were collected by cards:—

	£	s.	d.
Charles Exley	2	4	0
George Whitaker... ..	0	16	0
Fred Robinson	0	11	0

Thus the total amount raised by our Juvenile Society this year is £5 2s.

—ISAAC HOLLINGS, Secretary.

PUDREY SOCIETY, BRADFORD CIRCUIT.—We held our annual juvenile missionary meeting on Sunday, October 26th, 1878, when our esteemed brother John Boyes occupied the chair, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wilby, of Fulneck, and our esteemed minister, the Rev. T. A. Nicholson, of Otley, Mr. Thomas Proud, and Mr. John Dalby, Sutcliffe. The addresses were very appropriate for the occasion, full of earnest zeal that the Gospel of our Lord may find its widening way to the uttermost parts of the earth. Dialogues and pieces were also recited by the following scholars:—Dialogue on our China Missions by Elizabeth Ann Glover and Rhoda Hinchliffe; dialogue, "England's Duty to the Heathen," by Laura Ackeroyd and Margaret Ann Hinchliffe; and other pieces by Mary E. Clapton, Mary Fearnley, and Hannah Mary Glover. The meeting was well attended, and great interest was manifested by the parents and friends of the scholars. The collection amounted to £1 8s. Our young friends also have been particularly active during the year, with the following result:—

	£	s.	d.
Martha Rayner	2	11	0
Mary Brogden	2	0	0
Louisa Porter	1	1	0
Jane Fliniworth... ..	0	13	0
Mary Fearnley	0	10	0
Sarah Ann Shoesmith	0	9	3
Betty Walker	0	5	4½
Hannah Mary Glover	0	5	0
Harriet Emma Glover	0	5	0
Mary Ellen Clapton	0	4	7½
George W. Greaves	0	3	6
John Glover	0	3	4
Sarah E. Lumby	0	3	1
Mary Elizabeth Townend	0	2	8
Arthur Webster	0	2	9
Marguson Stott	0	2	7
Margaret Ann Hinchliffe	0	2	5½
Samuel Wade	0	2	3
Sophia Ingham	0	2	2
Laura Ackeroyd	0	2	0½
Emily Wade	0	2	0
Smaller Sums	0	15	7
	11	16	6
Less Expense	0	16	0
Total Income for the year ...	£11	0	6

Hoping that our next report may be more favourable than the present.—
JOSHUA SHOESMITH, Mission Secretary.

Memoirs.

—O— ANN CROSLAND.

ANN CROSLAND, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest daughter of Joe and Emma Crosland, and was born at Quarmsby, a small village about a mile distant from our flourishing Church and Sabbath-school at Lindley, in the Huddersfield Circuit, July 12th, 1852; to which school she and her elder brother were sent by their parents at a very early age (who had themselves both been scholars in this school), where she continued to attend, on the whole very regularly, until she arrived at the age of seventeen. And we have reason to believe that the gracious influences there brought to bear upon her youthful soul were means in God's hands of preserving her from much evil.

But it was not until after she had reached her seventeenth year, however, that she was enabled by the help of God's Spirit rightly to see her sinful state by nature, and her great need of a Saviour. But soon after this time, "thanks be to God," while some special services were being held in connection with our Lindley Society, after having heard a sermon preached, I believe by the Rev. J. W. Williams, then the superintendent of the Circuit, being convinced of sin, she sought the Lord in penitence, and, we have reason to believe, found Him to the joy of her soul.

"She laid her sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
Who bore them all, and freed her
From the accursed load."

From this time her attendance at the class-meeting, which was held at her father's house, and at the other public means of grace, we think, such as to shew that her conversion was real and genuine. Soon after this time she also became a teacher in the Sabbath-school, which she continued up to the time of her last illness, which commenced about nine months before her death, during which period she at times suffered severely; but when she suffered most she was enabled by the grace of God to say with her blessed Redeemer "not my will but Thine be done."

During her protracted illness she was visited by many friends, who spoke and prayed with her, amongst whom were our own resident minister, the Rev. J. Le Huray, and the Rev. Dr. Stock, a neighbouring Baptist minister, whom she was always glad to see and hear; and to some of whom she would sometimes say, in answer to the question, "You are not afraid to die?" "No, for dying is but going home." But to come nearer to the time when she departed this life, and exchanged this vile earth for

"A heaven of joy and love,"

the writer would have the reader to go in imagination with him into that room and see that dying one gasping for breath, and listen while he speaks to her of her future prospects. The question is put, "Are you afraid to die?" The answer is given in the negative. The writer begins to repeat the hymn which commences thus—

"A home in heaven, what a joyful thought!"

when she exclaims, "Yes! yes!"—

"A home in heaven, as the sufferer lies
On her bed of pain, and uplifts her eyes

To that bright world, what a joy is given,
By the blessed hope of a home in heaven!"

The writer then goes on to say, "You remember what Christ said to His disciples when about to leave them, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there you may be also.'" And then he continued, "There will be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, for there

'Suffering and sorrow, pain and death,
Are feared and felt no more.'"

The writer having said this, she desired him to pray with her. He did so; she then expressed a strong desire (to the members of the family then present) to meet them all in heaven. After this time she lived a day or two, but was not able to speak much, and she fell asleep in Jesus Sept. 24th, 1873, aged twenty-one years, and was interred in the Zion Chapel graveyard, Lindley, Sept. 27th, 1873.

On her funeral cards the following verses were inscribed, which we believe corresponded exactly with her experience:—

"She suffered hard, she suffered long,
But now she sings the conqueror's song;
Here she enjoyed the second birth,
And lived in Christ awhile on earth;
And now she lives above.

"A palm of victory now she bears;
Her brow a crown of glory wears:
Her blood-washed garments are quite pure,
And her eternal joy is sure:
To her 'to die' was 'gain.'"

Dear reader, the writer of this short biography desires to ask you one question; it is this, "Are you prepared to die?" If so, be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life. If you feel that this is not your happy experience, in the name of Christ I beseech you to think seriously, to pray earnestly, and to be reconciled to God at once, for delay is dangerous, "for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

May the Lord help you to do this, so that at last your experience may be that of our sister's, that "dying is but going home," and that for you "to die is gain."

So prays yours, &c.,

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

LIVE PEACEABLY.

Two young ragged boys, whose names were Guy and Jack, found an old rope lying in the road, over the possession of which they disputed long and loud. Guy snatched one end, and Jack the other: and both pulled with all their force to get it. Suddenly the rope broke, and both fell backward into the mud, presenting a pitiable appearance.

A passer-by said to them at this very moment, "Behold, what happens to the quarrelers! For the most worthless trifle they become angry at each other; and what then results? They cover themselves

with ridicule and shame before the eyes of everybody, just as you two now stand before me covered with mud and dirt."

"Study to keep the peace; for discord always brings evil in its train."

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.



OR some years past the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have been in the habit of asking the Editor to answer their questions. This he has kindly done, and no doubt will continue to do; but "Uncle Teazer" thinks the questions should not all come from one side, so he proposes to ask the readers of this Magazine to answer a few questions which, with the Editor's permission, he will ask every month.

The Editor has told "Uncle Teazer" that he will distribute prizes among those who are most successful in answering the questions.

The prizes will be as follows:—

		s.	d.
1st Prize.	Books to the value of . . .	10	0
2nd Prize.	" " . . .	5	0
3rd Prize.	" " . . .	2	6
4th Prize.	" " . . .	2	6

The Editor wishes it to be understood that all who send answers must please comply with the following conditions:—

- 1st. Along with the answers send name and address in full to the Editor, 24, Trafalgar Square, Chelsea, London, S.W.
- 2nd. Answers must be received before the 15th day of the month.
- 3rd. Write as plain as you can.
- 4th. Pay the postage.

1.—A little boy had two names—his mother gave him one, and his father gave him another—each name began with the same letter. What did they call him?

2.—How do we know that the Devil is acquainted with the Bible?

3.—What does Solomon say to those who are proud of their own wisdom?

4.—What Jewish law did Jesus abolish?

5.—How many objections did Moses raise when God commissioned him to plead for the Hebrews before Pharaoh?

6.—A warrior, Israel's host defied to single fight;

A servant, prophets hid in caves as dark as night;

A poet, sounded forth Jehovah's praise aright.

Take the initials and in them combined

A gracious, loving Father you will find.

"THE LANGER YE STOP THE MAIR GUIDER YE GET."

It is just possible if the ideas of the promoter of Sunday-schools were fully comprehended by a greater majority of our Sunday-school adherents in the nineteenth century as an institution, it would not be the lazy-looking old lady it is; but would be a harbinger of melody and a store-house for the Church to treasure golden grain.

The other day, on a Monday, happening to be travelling on the Pellán-Main incline, lying a few miles east of Gateshead, my attention was drawn towards three or four girls of about seven years of age, apparently on their way with dinners. Their conversation having turned towards the day before, one of them—using her own language—said she had been at chapel and left before the services were concluded, when the other, who had evidently remained to after-meeting replied, "Oh, but ah stopped to the last, for the langer ye stop the mair guider ye get!" and I wondered whether indifference produced indifference in the one case, and goodness produced greatness in the other. It would be well if "zeal consumed us a little oftener," and the pulpit, superintendents of schools, and teachers, would make a note of that child's remark—"The langer ye stop the mair guider ye get"—one of the rough hewn stones from the quarry, aye! Let us put our spectacles on—there are plenty of them; they only want the polish of the mallet and chisel. Sculptors! to work, to work! Go to the ant, sluggard! a hint for you also.

Swalwell, Nov. 3, 1873.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

We often hear little boys telling of the wonders they will do when they grow to be men. They are looking and longing for the time when they shall be large enough to carry a cane and wear a tall hat; and not one of them will say that he expects to be a poor man, but every one intends to be rich.

Now, money is very good in its place; but let me tell you, my little boys, what is a great deal better than money, and what you may be earning all the time you are waiting to be a tradesman or a merchant. The Bible says that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver or gold." "A good name" does not mean a name for being the richest man in the town, or for owning the largest house. A good name is a name for doing good deeds; a name for wearing a pleasant face and carrying a cheerful heart; for always doing right, no matter where we may be.

A HEATHEN DEFINITION.—Dr. Livingstone once asked a Bechuana what he understood by the word "holiness." He answered: "When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth, and leaves, and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh—that is holiness."



ALFRED IN THE NEATHIERD'S COTTAGE.

OUR CUT.

MANY a great man has had a hard up-bringing, or has been reduced to great straits at various times in his life. Alfred, surnamed the Great, was an example of this kind. In many respects he was an example worthy of the imitation of young men. The following account of him is taken from *Chambers' Encyclopædia* :—

"Alfred, surnamed the Great, was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849. His father was Ethelwulf, son of Egbert, King of the West Saxons; and though the youngest of four sons, he succeeded to the crown, on the death of his brother Ethelred, at the age of twenty-three. He had already given decisive proofs of high ability as a general in repelling the incessant incursions of the Danes, at that time the most terrible warriors in Europe. After he succeeded to the throne, he redoubled his exertions to restore the independence of his country. At first he strove without success, whilst the Danes continued to pour fresh bands upon the coast, and the Anglo-Saxons either bent to the yoke or forsook their homes. As soon as the people began once more to arm against the Danes, he built a stronghold on an elevation or island (still known as Athelney, i.e., the 'island of the nobles,' or the 'royal island') amid the marshes of Somersetshire, to which he summoned his faithful followers. From this fortress he made frequent successful sallies against the enemy, and after a comparatively short time he found himself at the head of a considerable army, with which he totally routed them (878) near Edington, in Wiltshire. After holding out for some time in a stronghold to which they had retreated, the invaders capitulated.

"After this decisive victory the power of Alfred steadily increased both by land and sea—for already he had built England's first fleet—he beat the Danes in numerous battles, and gradually their possessions were confined to the northern and eastern coasts. In 886 Alfred, without any formal installation, became recognised as the sovereign of all England, a title to which he had proved his right by the most indisputable of arguments. During the ensuing years of peace he rebuilt the cities that had suffered most during the war, particularly London; erected new fortresses, and trained the people to the use of arms; while at the same time he encouraged husbandry and other useful arts, and founded those wise laws and institutions which contributed so much to the future greatness and welfare of England. Of his political institutions, little is known beyond the fact that he compiled a code of laws, divided England into counties, hundreds, and tithings, and thoroughly reformed the administration of justice by making these tithings, hundreds, &c., so far as was practically possible, responsible for the offences committed within their jurisdiction. William of Malmesbury, with enthusiastic exaggeration, declared that 'a purse of money, or a pair of golden bracelets,' might in Alfred's day be exposed for weeks in complete safety on the common highways. Alfred is also said—though

erroneously, as is now believed—to have been the author of ‘trial by jury.’ In an age of ignorance and barbarism, Alfred was an accomplished scholar and a zealous patron of learning. No prince of his age did so much for the diffusion of knowledge, and few monarchs at any time have shown an equal zeal for the instruction of their people. He caused many manuscripts to be translated into Anglo-Saxon from Latin, and himself translated several works.

“The peaceful labours of Alfred were, in 893, interrupted by a fresh invasion of Northmen, under Hæsten or Hastings, more formidable than any that had yet been attempted in his reign. The defection of the East Anglians and Northumbrians added to the difficulties with which he had to contend. Alfred, however, was fully prepared, and though, during their protracted stay in his dominions, the invaders overran a large extent of country, and committed considerable depredations, they were beaten in almost every encounter with the English, and finally quelled. Alfred died on the 27th of October, 901, aged fifty-two, leaving his country in the enjoyment of comparative peace and prosperity, the fruit of that wise and energetic rule which has made his memory dear to all generations of Englishmen as that of their best and greatest king. We cannot perhaps realise the resolute patience of Alfred in his political and military capacity, for we have but a very imperfect knowledge of the obstacles which stood in his way; but it must excite both our highest wonder and reverence to behold a man pursuing solitarily, in the midst of ferocity, barbarism, and ignorance, and in spite of the perpetual pains with which his body was racked, so many various and noble schemes for the civilisation and true glory of his country.”

“FOLLOW THE LEADER!”

By TOM BROWN, *Author of “A Year at School,” etc.*



AS the younger readers of the JUVENILE catch sight of these words, what visions will start up of almost forgotten games, and of the merry lads who joined in them! And to us who are older, and who have long since given up such sports, they call up remembrances of many a joyous chase we had on the way home from school; and we fondly think of the boy who by reason of his strength, courage, and good judgment was always chosen for our leader. What joyous romps, what comical adventures we had as we ardently followed the “leader,” and tried to imitate whatever feat or antic he set us!

And when properly conducted there is not a merrier, happier game than “Follow the leader,” and for getting home from school it is the best of all. Like all other games, however, it is liable to abuse—but of that we must say more presently.

It was a dull, dark, drizzling afternoon in February—one of those

days which seem to have been intended for November, but have somehow come three months late by mistake. The boys of Hayford School were suffering from depression of spirits consequent upon the dismal weather. They had found it almost impossible to have any sport in the playground, and their studies in consequence seemed about twice as difficult as usual, and schoolwork generally had assumed a very dreary aspect.

But school was at last over, and the lads came out, thankful indeed that lessons were done, but exhibiting none of that boisterous exhilaration of spirits which we like to see in young people. They moved moodily about the playground, as if too languid even to start home just at present.

There was one lad, however, who seemed to have escaped the melancholy infection, for his eyes were bright, and every movement of face and limb was quick and eager. He had been detained for a little after the rest trying to find a lesson-book which had somehow got astray from his desk. Having got it he hurried out of school, swinging his satchel over his shoulder as he went. Making a run down the passage, he rested his hands a second on the shoulders of one of the big boys who happened to stand with his back towards the door, and then vaulted lightly and cleverly over his head, and alighted a couple of yards in front of him. With a hearty laugh at the puzzled face of the boy who so unexpectedly found his shoulders used as a leaping-bar, Harry Holmes—for that was the lively boy's name—threaded his way through the little crowd, and, standing at the gate, shouted, in a clear ringing voice, to four of the lads whose homes lay in the same direction as his own—"Now, Will Harrison, Fred Green, Tom Jones, and Alfred Winter, aren't you going home to-night? Here goes! Follow the leader!"

A huntsman's "Tally-ho!" was never more readily or more cordially responded to than was this challenge of Harry Holmes. "Follow the leader! Follow the leader!" was shouted in reply by four different voices; and away the boys dashed through their sleepy companions, out of the gateway, down by the side of the school, and away through Hawthorn Lane, and on towards the town.

No wonder they so readily responded. It was just what the boys wanted, although it is most likely they would not have thought about it in their present despondent frame of mind had not Harry's quicker wits hit upon it as a good game to occupy them on their way home.

And where could there be found a better fellow for a "leader"? Harry Holmes stood about five feet six inches in his boots, had plenty of wind, and, as he carried no superfluous weight of flesh, he could hold on at "hare and hounds" until the other boys were thoroughly wearied out. And then, though he was very strong and venturesome, he was always considerate enough when playing at "Follow the leader" to think of those who had to come after him; and so he never set them what they could not be expected to perform. And,

most important of all, he was very careful to keep out of mischief, for he very properly thought that boys had no right to indulge in sports which cause other people annoyance, damage, or inconvenience.

But we must get back to Harry and his friends. Down Hawthorn Lane they went in single file, with a few yards between each. First ran Harry Holmes, apparently all legs and arms, not at all exerting himself, but going along in an easy, swinging trot which he could have kept up easily for an hour at a stretch, but which he knew would be quite fast enough for his "followers" to keep pace with. Next came Will Harrison, almost as tall as Harry, and second only to him in athletic skill. He like the "leader" had settled into an easy trot, and was eagerly waiting for some opportunity of showing his strength or agility. Then there was Fred Green, a rather short, thick-set, but tight-limbed youth, who, though good at any trial of strength, hardly liked a long face. Fourth in the chase came Alfred Winter, a thin little fellow, who looked like a very small edition of Harry Holmes, although he was several months older than Harry. He had good wind, high spirits, and plenty of daring and endurance, and was just one of those lads who so often develop into strong, sinewy, hale men. Last of all came poor Tom Jones, a short, stout lad, whose legs seemed hardly long enough for his body, and whose breath was a great deal too short for both. He was a good-tempered lad, and plucky enough too, but it took all his energy to keep anything near the last of his schoolfellows, and he once or twice felt strongly tempted to call to them to stop and rest awhile.

On they ran down the lane till they came to a place where the scavengers had swept up the mud into heaps on one side of the road. Forthwith Harry issued an order that the lads should "follow the leader" and do as he did, striding over the first mound, hopping over the second, and jumping over the third, and so on throughout the series. At first the lads managed it easily enough, but Fred Green, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, at last burst out laughing at the comical sight of Harry Holmes and Will Harrison twisting their legs about these mud-heaps like compasses. Then the laughing became general, and one after another miscalculated the distance and alighted on the edge of the heap, spreading it wider and wider, so that when last of all poor Tom Jones had to come, his short legs seemed shorter than ever, and always managed to drop him with his feet in the mud, and once or twice he had a narrow escape of tumbling in altogether.

Fortunately for Tom there was a stile just beyond the mud-heaps, and there the other boys rested while waiting for him to come up. After letting him sit a bit—for they could see that he wanted a rest worse than anybody else—Harry announced that the stile must be cleared with a running-jump, and so saying he stepped a few paces back and cleared it in grand style. Will, Fred, and Alfred followed his example, but Tom Jones knew it was of no use to try; so the "leader" commuted the sentence in his case, and allowed him to

vault over by resting his hands on the top bar. But even this was too much for Tom's heavy body and short legs. He made one or two brave attempts, but always fell on the same side. So at last Harry Holmes and Will Harrison mounted the top bar of the stile, and, standing one at each end, and holding the hands of the faulty leaper, they quickly hoisted him over and set him down on the other side.

There was another stile at the end of the lane, and in the distance between, the boys indulged in all kinds of strange and eccentric vagaries at the signal from their "leader." Sometimes they wound along snake-like from one side of the way to the other, then they would hop for a considerable distance on one foot, and at other times they leaped the ditch at the wayside, ran for a yard or two along the hedgerow, and then jumped back to the footpath. As Farmer Stokes said to his shepherd, as they met them on the way from market—"Bless me! They'm as lively as fleas—they'm here, there, and everywhere all in a minute."

As they came to the end of the lane the stile had again to be leaped, and again Tom Jones had to be hoisted over it. The road now lay through a quiet street, and the only diversions the boys could find were jumping over the whitened doorsteps, winding from one side of the street to the other, and darting down long, straggling passages, which brought them out a few yards higher up.

At the end of this street Harry Holmes had to wish his school-fellows "Good night"; so he appointed Will Harrison as his deputy "leader" for the rest of the way; and, vaulting over the palisades in front of his father's house, he playfully challenged the boys to "follow the leader," and ran into the house.

"Follow the leader! Follow the leader!" shouted the boys, as they now turned the corner with Will Harrison leading the van. They had not gone far before it became quite clear that he was a very different leader from Harry Holmes. Not content with jumping over people's doorsteps, he jumped on them, leaving large deposits of mud on the stones which had been so carefully cleaned and whitened. A little farther on he began using every boot-scraper he met with, and pulling the bell-wires as he passed; and as the other three felt bound to do the same, you may be sure the people were very much annoyed on coming to the door to find they had been deceived by a lot of rude boys. Once or twice Tom Jones—who was of course last—had a very narrow escape of getting caught.

Dr. Sharp, having been annoyed by the first ring of his surgery bell, was just going away from the door in a towering passion, when ring number two came. Rightly guessing who were his persecutors, the doctor armed himself with a stick, and holding the door ajar jumped out as soon as he heard advancing footsteps; but Tom Jones caught a glimpse of the doctor's stick and got clear away. Again, higher up the street, a dog came barking after him, and seemed half inclined to have a bite out of Tom's legs.

Now these boys lived on the other side of the town and had to

pass through the market-place, and as it was market-day you may be sure Will Harrison found plenty of opportunities for mischief. In front of the grocer's—Mr. Cole's—were one or two empty packing-boxes; so as Will ran past he jumped heavily on one of them, making a great noise and splitting the wood. The grocer was of course very much annoyed, but by the time he had got from behind his counter the four lads were clear of his shop, and he could only threaten them.

A little farther on, at Mr. Sand's, the drysalter's, Will found a pile of empty casks, and forthwith sent one rolling. Each of the others did the same, and as the street slanted very much the four casks went rolling on, and when one stopped another gave it a bump and sent it on again. Down the street they went, faster and faster, till at last two of them rolled among a heap of china and crockeryware which was spread out in the market square for sale, smashing a whole lot of plates and cups and saucers.

Of course the boys knew nothing of this. They did not wait to see where the casks rolled to; they were on the look-out for more fun. Will Harrison led the way in and out through the stalls, now upsetting a parcel, and now knocking down some old woman or little child.

On the other side of the market square they found an unoccupied stall, with a slanting plank lying against it. Of course they could not pass this. Will Harrison ran up the plank, and after jumping heavily three or four times on the stall he sprang off on the other side. Now the stall had not been designed to bear such treatment, and the first jump upon it strained its supports very much. Each succeeding jump of the four boys weakened and bent the framework, and when Tom Jones was just about to spring for his last jump the whole fabric came crashing down, throwing him heavily on the pavement, and splitting the timber of the stall in every direction. Poor Tom was rather badly hurt by the fall, and he could only just hobble off in time to escape being captured by a policeman, who, hearing the crash, went in pursuit of the boys.

The boys ran as fast their legs could carry them, but although the policeman could not catch them he was close enough behind to notice where one of them lived, and so he got the name of Will Harrison, who it so happened lived near.

Accordingly, just as Will was sitting down to tea with his father, mother, and sisters, and laughing to himself at the mischief he had been doing—"jolly fun," he called it—he was terrified to hear the servant announce that a policeman wanted to see Master William. Pale with fear he went with his father to the door, and found besides the officer the enraged proprietor of the crockery-stall and an assistant from the drysalter's. He at first stoutly denied having broken any crockery—and indeed this was the first he knew of it—but on hearing that the damage was done by two of Mr. Sand's casks he was obliged to own that he started the first from the shop door. Of course his

father had to pay smartly for the broken crocks, and also for the damaged stall, or else allow his son to be brought before the magistrate on a charge of wilful damage.

It was a miserable ending to Will's sport. He had to go with his father to see the parents of the three other boys, who paid a part of the expenses; but as Will had been the "leader," his father thought it only fair that he should pay twice as much as any of the others. It turned out the most expensive game Will had ever played at; for weeks afterwards he was without pocket-money. Never after that would the boys of Hayford School join in a game of "Follow the leader" if Will Harrison wanted to be the guide.

Now I hope all boys who have read this story will be careful when they are playing at this game that the "leader" is a boy whom they can trust. And if at any time the boy should want to lead them into mischief I trust they will stop, and choose rather to incur their schoolfellows' displeasure than run the risk of causing inconvenience or damage to other people and disgrace to themselves.

But there are other lessons to be learned from this story, or it is very likely I should never have written it. Although I daresay it never occurred to you before, and though it may sound rather strange to you now, it is nevertheless quite true that in a certain sense all of us, the oldest as well as the youngest, are playing at "Follow the leader." Life itself may be called a great game of "Follow the leader." Yes, and a very serious game it is, too, with most people! We are all to some extent running after and imitating our "leader," the ideal of excellence and perfection which we have adopted for our emulation.

In the story you have just read you must have noticed what a great deal depended on the qualities of the "leader." As long as Harry Holmes kept the lead there was nothing but merry and healthful exercise; but when Will Harrison took his place, though the race was more exciting, it soon ended in disgrace and punishment. But you know if the lads had been bent on mischief they might have gone out of their way to do it even while Harry directed them; and so if they had been cautious and prudent they might have declined to follow Will when they found he was leading them into danger.

Now it is just so in life. Our happiness, prosperity, and success depend on the choice of a "leader," and on the closeness with which we follow in his steps. The nearer we imitate a good "leader" the better; but if we find we have commenced to follow an unsafe one, why, we must either leave him at once and find a better, or walk very warily, and only emulate his example when we feel it would be wise to do so.

The most important question is the choice of a "leader." Of course there are many sorts and many grades. I suppose the very smallest of the boys at Hayford School played occasionally at "Follow the leader," but the feats of their "leader" would bear no comparison

with those of Harry Holmes. I daresay you have often heard the old proverb—"It is better to be a king among cobblers than a cobbler among kings"—and however wise or foolish it may be it suits my purpose now to use it, as showing how it comes that we have so many little "leaders," who are almost unknown out of their own little circle of followers. But besides these petty "leaders" there are men who by great genius, force of character, or nobility of soul raise themselves to the proud position of great "leaders" in grand social, political, religious, and philanthropic movements. But only one or two such men do we find in an age, for the great masses of the people are only qualified to follow in the wake of these mighty men, while all petty "leaders" must bring their various followers as regiments to join the glorious army, in which they must be content to take subordinate rank.

I hope when my readers grow up to be men, and take their places in the busy world, they will look out for noble "leaders," and ally themselves closely with those movements which have for their object the physical, social, and moral advancement of their fellow-men.

But they want leaders now—they cannot do without them. I would say then to every boy who reads this (and to girls too), try to imitate the best qualities of all around you. If there is a boy who is wonderfully clever at arithmetic, reckon him your "leader" for the time being in that particular study. Watch him closely, learn his methods, find out the secret of his success, and imitate and emulate him until you can work sums as well as he, and then you can look out for another "leader." Do the same by the boy who excels you in grammar, in geography, or in history. But chiefest of all adopt as "leader" that boy who seems to you the gentlest, the bravest, and the most generous. Try to reproduce in yourself all that is good and true and noble in your fellows, and gradually your character will exhibit these good qualities more and more. You will become yourself a "leader" for others. You will lead a happy, useful life, and be loved and respected by all who know you.

GRASS.

BECAUSE grass is so common in the British Islands it shares the fate of most common things, and is less thought of than it should be; yet, perhaps, we should think more of it if we knew how much better off we are than many other nations as regards our grasses. They play such a leading part in the scenery of these islands as to win the admiration of many foreigners when they draw near our shores. There is nothing like them where they come from. The groves of Vallombrosa, for instance, are very famous, but even there you can hardly find a piece of green grass on which to lie down. Then, again, with us there

are very few barren spots—we find either trees, plants, or grass nearly everywhere. But it is not so in tropical countries. We light, for instance, on splendid masses of trees, but they take up all the soil, or are broken up into patches, leaving around them other patches covered—not with grass (as they would be here) but with ugly sand, on which the eye cannot rest with pleasure. The Rev. J. Geden noticed at one place in Egypt that the grass was so beautifully bright that the word “emerald” cannot describe it, nor, indeed, can any other word; but then, beyond this mass of verdure lay a barren desert, and the two, instead of melting gradually into each other, were divided by a wavy line, so sharp that the hand of man might have drawn it. It cannot be said of Great Britain as Van de Velde says of several very hot countries—“All is green, or all is bare.” Even where there are no trees, shrubs, or plants the grass covers our soil all over with a soft carpet, which the frequent showers keep in a state of such bright green that our island has been compared to an emerald set in silver, because of the beautiful contrast between its verdure and the shining seas around. “Why,” say some of you, “I thought the sea was blue.” So it is in fine weather; but we have far less of this than many other countries, and very often some such word as “silvery” or “shining” would far better than “blue” describe the appearance of our British seas.

Green is one of the most healthy colours for the eye. What a mercy it is that so common a thing as grass is of this colour! Suppose our meadows had been all glittering white or red, how the eye would have been pained by gazing on them; or, supposing they had been sober black or brown, how dull and gloomy they must have seemed! Grass grows where hardly anything else can; even the wide deserts of the East are in most cases covered during the winter and spring with a rich, tender grass, and the most dry and desolate wastes have their green spots, called oases, many of which are very large. Hence we read in the Old Testament of “the pastures of the wilderness.” Look again at the common annual meadow grass of our own country, which sheds its seed eight months in the year, which is so hard to kill, and which we try to get rid of with quicklime, salt, or even boiling water. No wonder so hardy a grass grows everywhere, even in the backyards of smoky London if there is but a pinch of dirt between the stones for it to lay hold of and drag its head through. In the country it is the most plentiful of all the grasses, but grows very short.

There are more than 2000 varieties of grass known to us, and careless observers would say that they are very much alike; yet when closely looked into they will be found to differ as much in form as one flower does from another. It seems a strange fact that a meadow sown with many kinds of grass yields a better crop than if sown with only one; this law of nature secures to the cattle a greater variety of pasturage, and adds much to the beauty of our meadows. Different kinds of grass ripen at different seasons of the year, ranging

from April to October. All the vernal grasses are fragrant, and where they are not grown there is none of that rich scent in the hay which is so pleasant just after mowing. Though the quantity would be small, we can still get grain that makes good bread from the grasses which grow wild in our fields. Mr. Miller goes so far as to say that wheat, barley, and rye were once field grasses, but have by careful cultivation been made what they are. However, he does not pretend to know from which of the grasses they have been raised, and until he can tell us this his statement has yet to be proved. Still, if all we read about M. Fabre's doings be true, a very great deal may be done to improve even wild grasses in size and the quality of grain they bear.

Strange to say there is one grass in this country which grows in the sea; this is the well-known sea-wrack,* abounding on all parts of the coast. Though it has a root at the bottom of the sea it is no sea-weed, but a real grass, which in late autumn bears grass-like spikes fully developed. From this grass Mr. Harben proposed to get a kind of cotton during the Lancashire cotton famine. The idea has been laughed at, but one thing is certain—this gentleman got a large sum for it at the time.

The word "grass," as used in our version of the Bible, sometimes has a wider meaning than we now give it. Thus, in Matthew vi., 30, our Saviour describes the wild lilies as "the grass of the field"; here, however, Dr. Campbell translates "the herbage of the field" as coming nearer the meaning of the Greek. The fact is, the Hebrews divided the whole vegetable kingdom into two classes—"trees" and "grass," or rather "herbage," and the latter included herbs and flowers whose stems die away in winter. Dr. Lindley, one of our greatest botanists, admits that to those who know nothing of botany the ancient division into trees, grasses, and herbs might seem very natural, and yet it is very unsatisfactory. Under it we should not know where to place the lavender, tree-mallow, &c. Lavender is an herb-like plant when young, and a small tree when old; the tree-mallow is an herb in the north of Europe, and a tree in the south; the castor-oil plant is an annual in England, and a tree fifteen feet high in Barbary and Spain; while the bamboo is a grass in leaves and flowers, but a tree in height. All this may be very true, but it does not tell in any way against the Bible. We have no proof whatever that the Hebrews thought their division into trees and grasses was scientifically correct, or even wished it to be so; they seem to have followed it for the sake of convenience. Arrangements of plants both may and must be made for other purposes than those of science, and we certainly have no right to complain if what was meant for one purpose does not answer another.

The Bible sometimes compares wicked men to the short-lived grass

* *Zostera marina*.

on the housetops. Eastern housetops are flat, and with a wall round them, and there the inhabitants pass much of their time. As they are covered with earth rolled flat and hard with a roller, it would be no easy matter for grass to grow on them, and if it did it would be soon trodden under foot. Twice in our version the word "hay" is wrongly used. In Isaiah xv., 6, we read, "For the hay is withered," &c. Now in the East grass is never made into hay, the sun dries it quite enough while growing. Dr. Taylor gives a better translation of the passage: "The tender risings of the grass are withered, the tender buddings of the grass are quite ruined." Proverbs xxvii., 25, he translates thus: "The tender risings of the grass are in motion, and the buddings of the grass appear, and the tufts of the grass collect themselves together."

In Numbers xi., 5, we read of Israel in the desert longing for "the leeks" which they had eaten in Egypt. Often in our version the word in the original is rendered "grass,"* and there is certainly one kind of grass which the modern Egyptians devour eagerly; indeed, a traveller tells us that he saw a group of men eat up their heap of it before the donkeys had finished theirs.† However, Hebrew scholars tell us that the word in question properly means not only grass but green things in general. If so, it might include leeks, which we know were grown in Egypt from a very remote age. It is rendered "leeks" in the most ancient Greek and Chaldee versions, and perhaps the leek may be the chief, though not the only green plant it refers to in this passage.‡

Everything in the Bible is important, even the names of plants, minerals, and places; if they were not important God would have taken good care that they should not be in the Bible. Well, if so, how much more important are its spiritual lessons, and many of these draw their illustrations from grass. One of the most striking of these is in Isaiah xl., 6, 7. Most of you know the passage—it compares man's strength and beauty to the withering grass and fading flower. "After all, the greatest trouble is to think that we shall ever die. We admit in words that we must, but how seldom do we let our minds dwell on it till we FEEL it! Yet die each of us shall; you, brother, with all the rest of the children of men. I see a death-bed before me now. The attendants move about noiselessly; the lights burn dim; the sufferer lies breathing his last—pale, exhausted; his soul sitting on his lips; life like a spent steed panting to the goal; the silver cord loosening; the golden bowl breaking; a few breaths more, and he will be gone. That death-bed is YOURS.

* For instance, in 1 Kings xviii., 5; 2 Kings xix., 26; Job xl., 15; Psalm xxxvii., 2; &c. It is rendered "herb" in Job viii., 12; and "hay" in Proverbs xxvii., 25; Isaiah xv., 6.

† See a writer in *The Christian Treasury*.

‡ See Dr. Kitto's "Biblical Encyclopædia"; Dr. Angus's Bible "Hand-book"; and "Plants and Trees of Scripture."

All your dear wife, or your sweet children, or your best friends can do is to take a last sad farewell as you lie, perhaps unconscious, at the most able only by a faint look, or the scarce felt pressure of the hand that has lifted yours, to bid a tender good-night to all under the sun. And so you fare on, alone, into the great darkness, and are no more seen amongst men. Since this must come some day, and may come any day, how wise to acquaint yourself with God, and be at peace!" These words of Dr. Geikie's were written for grown-up people, but how truly they belong to young ones each day's experience shows. S.

JACK FROST.

AT this season of the year the readers of the JUVENILE may be interested in reading a few words about Jack Frost. Why frost should be personified we cannot tell, nor do we know who christened him Jack. He is a regular visitor, and, unlike most of us, he pays his visits in the winter, and about Christmas he is generally very welcome. Sometimes he comes earlier than we expect him, and before we are prepared for him; and often when we conclude he is gone away for the summer he will suddenly turn back and nip the blossom from our trees, and thus deprive us of our summer fruit. But it is of no use complaining, for he takes no notice; and, indeed, we have but little right to grumble, for the good he does far more than compensates. This should be the case with every little boy and girl. Now as we write for children (though we know there are men and women who read the JUVENILE), we shall keep up the personification, and call our old winter visitor Jack Frost.

Jack Frost is very skilful. You may have observed what a clever artist he is. On a frosty morning when you rise from your warm bed you find the windows adorned with the most wonderful tracery. Leaves, feathers, and the most ornamental sprays are mingled together in singularly curious and fantastic forms. All this he does in the dark, for Jack Frost requires no light to pencil his delicate figures, and he generally chooses to lavish his greatest skill on the windows of the rooms in which we sleep. This is occasioned by our breathing, which imparts a degree of moisture to the air, which, settling on the panes, is condensed by the low temperature without, and its minute particles are frozen into crystalline forms. But you will observe that when the sun shines the beautiful workmanship disappears, the crystals dissolve, and at first cohere to the glass, but ultimately the smaller drops unite and form larger drops which overcome the attraction of the glass, and, obeying the law of gravitation, which draws all bodies to the earth, run down the panes. Thus does the solar heat destroy the skilful embellishments of Jack Frost.

Now many of the beautiful images which children paint of the future are but frost crystals, transient, and doomed to be effaced. Life itself in many cases is but a frost crystal—of short duration. It is very beautiful and promising, but very frail, and is brought to a speedy close. As you gaze upon the panes so elaborately adorned and see the crystals dissolve, remember the shortness of life, and be admonished to prepare for a world of enduring beauty. "For what is your life? it is even a vapour which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Jack Frost is very powerful. The feats of Samson, in breaking the ropes by which he was bound like threads and carrying away the gates of Gaza, bear no comparison to the feats of Jack Frost. He conquers the water so that it becomes ice, and locks up our pools and lakes. In some countries the noblest rivers are rendered unnavigable, and the seas are frozen into mountains of ice. In our own country frosts have sometimes been very severe. In 1063 the Thames was frozen over for fourteen weeks. In 1607 fires were lighted on the ice, and all sorts of diversions carried on; and in 1684 the Thames was covered with ice eleven inches thick, and a fair was held upon it, and the frost was so severe that nearly all the birds perished. Now frost is of less specific gravity than water, and therefore does not sink. In this we have a merciful providence, for if water increased in density by freezing, and thus became heavier, it would sink, and layer after layer would be formed at the bottom of our lakes and seas, where the sun could scarcely ever penetrate; and it is supposed that the fishes, on which so many depend for subsistence, would all be destroyed. But as ice is lighter than water, and covers its surface, the water is preserved at a higher temperature, because the heat which it derives from the earth cannot escape. Almost everything expands with heat, but water expands with cold or frost, and it is on account of the expansion of its particles and increase of its volume that it floats on the water. When water is frozen it must and will have room to expand. The power of Jack Frost in this respect is irresistible. An officer of artillery at Quebec during a hard winter filled a bomb-shell with water, and it burst by the expansive force of the frost. Frost has split up trees and broken stones which have contained water. Jack Frost has broken iron pipes which under other circumstances would require a force equal to 28,000 pounds. On the Alps the water sometimes collects during summer in the great fissures of the rocks, and when the frost comes they are rent by its force, and sometimes they break off with a noise like thunder. The power of frost in the Arctic regions is almost incredible. Captain Kent Kane, in his Arctic explorations, tells us of spirits many degrees above proof and chloroform and chloric ether being frozen. Indeed, ice has greater density in the Polar regions than in less severe latitudes. There "the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen" (Job xxviii., 30). In this grand and powerful law of Nature we have an illustration of the might and majesty of

God. Children, be careful not to offend Him; for He is terrible in majesty, and greatly to be feared.

Jack Frost is very useful not only in drying the roads, but in enriching the soil with gaseous matters; and when he is very severe, lest he should do mischief, he covers the earth with snow. Snow is frozen vapour, and keeps the earth warm. "He giveth snow like wool," says the Psalmist. Snow is a bad conductor of heat, and therefore does not allow the warmth of the earth to pass away. It is like a woollen covering to preserve the seeds, bulbs, and roots from being destroyed by the frost. Frost is also healthy, because it infuses oxygen into the blood, by which it is purified. It will do boys and girls good to be in the open air in frosty weather, and especially if they have sound respiratory organs. Frost in many other respects is of great advantage.

Jack Frost is skilful, powerful, and useful. Children, bring your best skill to bear on all you do. Those who succeed best as workmen, teachers, artists, musicians, or as business-men, are the skilful. You may never have much physical strength, but you may be powerful. You may acquire moral and spiritual power. You may have power over temptation, power over your passions, your hearts, and the world. Let both your skill and power make you the more useful. The chief end of life should be usefulness, that when life closes you may go to the grave "mimed," and the world be the better for your having lived in it, because you have lived to bless it. This is our desire and prayer for you.

J. HAKKERT.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XI.—ASTRONOMY.

SEVERAL times during the course of these conversations the planet Jupiter has been mentioned, but it has been only a passing reference, and we wish now to speak about it more particularly, for it is next to the Asteroids, or minor planets, in distance from the sun.

ANNIE. "Is it much farther from the sun than the Asteroids?"

"Yes, about twice as far. Jupiter is distant from the sun more than four hundred and seventy-five millions of miles, or more than five times the earth's distance from the sun."

HERBERT. "How is it, then, that he is seen to shine so brightly?"

"Because of his enormous size. He is the largest planet of the entire solar system, being upwards of eighty-five thousand miles in diameter, and therefore equal in bulk to more than thirteen hundred globes as large as the earth."

BERTHA. "Does Jupiter travel round the sun at a very rapid rate?"

"Not quite half so rapidly as the earth, but at the rate of about thirty thousand miles in an hour."

ANNIE. "At that rate, how long does it take him to get round the sun?"

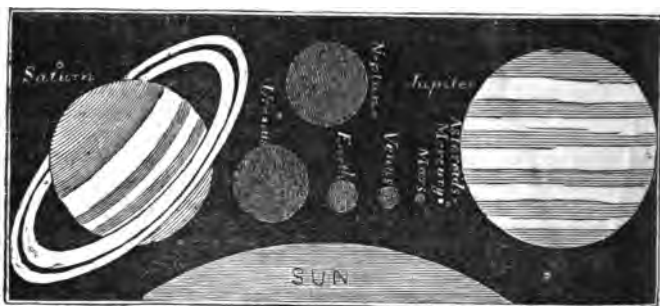
"Four thousand three hundred and thirty-two of our days; so that one of his years lasts nearly as long as twelve of ours. But there is not so much difference between the seasons on Jupiter as there is on the earth."

BERTHA. "Please tell us what you mean by difference between the seasons?"

"I mean that the summer is very little warmer than the winter—indeed, there is scarcely any summer or winter, but one regular heat nearly all through the long year."

HERBERT. "Does Jupiter get from the sun as much light as we do?"

"No; we are so much nearer that it is said we get twenty-seven



times more light than Jupiter; and the sun appears, if viewed from his surface, to be not one quarter the size which it appears to us."

ANNIE. "Are the days very long on Jupiter?"

"On the contrary, they are very short; for though so large a planet it travels round so quickly that its daylight continues not quite five hours, and its darkness the same; and they do not vary as ours do, but are nearly the same length all the year round."

HERBERT. "Then if the day and night together don't last quite ten hours, and one of his years lasts nearly twelve of our years, is there not a great number of days in a year on Jupiter?"

"Yes, more than ten thousand."

BERTHA. "Will you please tell us what Jupiter's belts are?"

"They are certain broad streaks of dark shade which, when viewed through a telescope, are seen stretching right across from east to west on the planet."

BERTHA. "And of what do they consist?"

"They are supposed to consist of vapour or clouds; for when closely watched they are seen to change their forms and assume

different shapes just as clouds do, sometimes dividing and then uniting again."

ANNIE. "If they are clouds, are they not a short distance away from the surface of the planet?"

"Yes; they float in his atmosphere just as clouds do here, at a short distance from the earth's surface; indeed, it is said that Jupiter's atmosphere is so densely laden with clouds that of the planet itself we know nothing because we can see nothing."

BERTHA. "God has kindly given a moon to the earth in order that we may have light in the night-time. Has he given anything of the kind to any other planet?"

"Yes; He has given to the planet Jupiter not less than four moons, which can be seen through our telescopes."

ANNIE. "Are they as large as our moon?"

"With one exception, they are larger. Europa is the smallest, and is about fifty-four miles less in diameter than our moon; but Ganymede, the largest, is one thousand two hundred miles more, being three thousand four hundred and thirty-six miles in diameter."

HERBERT. "Are they as far from Jupiter as the moon is from the earth?"

"They are farther. The nearest of them, Io, is thirty thousand miles more distant from Jupiter than our moon is from us; while the furthest, Callisto, is five times more distant than our moon is from the earth."

BERTHA. "How long does it require for Jupiter's moons to travel round him?"

"Not so long as the moon we have; for the nearest one performs its revolution in less than two of our days, and the most distant in less than seventeen."

ANNIE. "Do you know when Jupiter's moons were discovered?"

"They were discovered by Galileo in 1610, immediately after the invention of the telescope, and the account of their discovery is so pleasing that I must give you a full extract from a book which contains the most interesting history of astronomy of any that I know:—

"On the 8th January, 1610, the telescope was for the first time directed to the examination of the planet Jupiter. Its disc was clearly visible, of a pure and silver white, crossed near the centre by a series of black streaks or belts. Near the planet Galileo remarked three bright stars, which were visible to the naked eye. He carelessly noted their positions with reference to the planet; for he believed them to be fixed stars, and of no special interest except to point out the change in Jupiter's place. On the following night, induced, as he says, by he knew not what cause, he again directed his attention to the same planet. The three bright stars of the preceding evening were still within the field of his telescope, but their positions with reference to each other were entirely changed, and such was the change that the orbital motion of Jupiter could in no way account for it. Astonished and perplexed, the eager astronomer awaits the

coming of the following night to resolve this mysterious exhibition. Clouds disappoint his hopes, and he is obliged to curb his impatience. The fourth night was fair, the examination was resumed, and again the bright attendants of Jupiter had changed. His suspicions were confirmed—he no longer hesitated, and pronounced these bright stars to be moons, revolving about the great planet as their centre of motion. A few nights perfected the discovery—the fourth satellite was detected—and this astounding discovery was announced to the world.”

HERBERT. “Will you please tell us what book it is that you speak of?—for I should like to get it, in order to read it through.”

“The extract I have given is from a book called ‘The Planetary and Stellar Worlds,’ by O. M. Mitchel, A.M. It is published in London by James Blackwood. It is not a dear book, and any of our ministers would procure it for you at the price of a few shillings if requested to do so.”

BERTHA. “Are the four moons of Jupiter always visible through a telescope?”

“Not all of them. There are times when all the four may be seen, but there are also times when only three or two are visible, the others being hid from us by the shadow of the planet or by the planet itself; for, you know, in moving round it they are constantly changing their positions. Sometimes, also, they cast their shadows on the planet when they pass between it and the sun. Next month we shall have something to say about Saturn.”

HOME.



HAT a sweet sound this word home has! How much we all think of our own homes, but never do we fully appreciate their privileges until in some way or other we are called upon to leave them. The time of our absence may be long or it may be short, still with what an intensity do we look forward to again mingling with the group of loved ones at home. Other places do not possess for us the same charm, the same quiet, the same peace, the same rest, and, above all, the same love, that we find in our own homes. I often wonder, when contemplating the blessings of a good earthly home, how it is that we give so little thought to our heavenly home—to that home that awaits us all. At times we seem to glide along as though the future were a blank, living only for the present. We are so much engrossed with the cares, perplexities, and turmoils of this life that we spare only a small portion of time in preparing for our long, our final home. In seasons of our greatest prosperity we are in the greatest danger of forgetting the great Giver of it all; we may still remember to go through the form of thanking God with our lips,

and at the same time our hearts be so wrapt up in our own temporal affairs that our prayers become merely a form. Thus in our thoughtlessness we sin deeply ; and oh, how it must grieve our Father to see that what He gave us as good gifts have only made us careless, and perhaps prayerless ! We forget that if the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and temporally we have a goodly heritage, accordingly we shall be judged, for where much is given much will be required ; and those to whom God has appeared to give much when below will, in the great day when He comes to number up His jewels, be judged according to those advantages. We shall meet many people in our heavenly home that we little thought ever would get safe landed ; but our Father knew more about them than we did, and those imperfections that appeared so numerous to us were covered and forgiven by His great love. He knew their hearts, and saw that all was right there ; whilst with our imperfect sight we saw only the exterior, and judged more hardly than our Father. We were not willing to receive them as brothers and sisters, but He claimed them as children, as those for whom He died. How much greater His love than ours ! What a mercy it is for the world in general that God deals with us more gently than we deal with one another. How kindly He guides the erring ; with what strength He leads the weak ; and oh, how tenderly He raises the fallen !—perhaps those whom we have shunned, from whom we in our pride of hearts have turned aside, lest haply the hem of our garments might have touched theirs, and ourselves thereby become contaminated. They were once innocent and pure, but great temptation overtook them and they fell. How they have suffered for their weakness God and themselves only knew ; but was not the soreness of the trial known to God ? And oh, how He hates the sin, but still pities the sinner ! Why, then, should we despise or shun them whom our Father still yearns over ? There will be many a poor wanderer on earth gathered into our Father's home at last. With what a feeling of safety they will first tread the streets of the glorious city ! What joy they must feel to know that for ever they are at home—all their wanderings over ! that all their sins though scarlet are made white as snow in Christ's blood ! With what joy they will watch for the arrival of those whom they had caused to weep and mourn whilst upon earth, for they know that when once those dear ones have crossed "the river" all will be peace : no more tears, no more sighs, no more troubles. And oh, what a welcome they will give as they see them approaching the shore ! Won't that be a glad welcome home ? There we shall join our friends who left us on earth, for our Father called them home a little while before. The parting was hard ; we thought we could not bear it. But God knew better. He helped us through. And when we arrive at home he gives them all back again, to love us in heaven as they could not love us on earth ; for is not the greatest earthly love imperfect ? I often think we shall know each other better in our heavenly home than ever we have done in that upon earth. We frequently hear the question

asked, shall we recognise our friends in heaven? I should not like to harass myself with the thought that we should not. Why, it would not be heaven without our friends. I believe we shall know every one there, but those who were nearest and dearest upon earth will still be so in heaven, only in a purer form; and that those whom we loved upon earth, but whose feet wandered and slipped, so that our Father pronounced over them the stern command, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," that they will be buried in oblivion, that to us in heaven they will be as though they had not been. But this must be left; it is one of those things God did not intend us to know until He had gathered us home. Are we not sure that God has arranged all these things far better than we could have done? And ought we not to content ourselves with the thought that He cannot err, and that all must be well when we land at home?

SARAH E. TURNOCK.

Editor's Table.

Batley, December 15, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—In a short sketch of the life of Thomas Olivers, one of the early Methodist preachers, and a contemporary of John Wesley, in the "Day of Rest" for November 29th, it is stated that he is the author of the hymn, "Lo! He comes with clouds descending." On looking in our Hymn Book I find this hymn, No. 455, ascribed to Charles Wesley. Will you kindly inform me through our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR who wrote this hymn?—Yours very respectfully,

FRED SHEARD.

ANSWER.—The hymn in question has been often erroneously ascribed to Thomas Olivers. The fact is, that Olivers wrote a long judgment hymn in the same metre, and adopted the first line of Wesley's hymn as the beginning of one of his stanzas. Olivers' verse reads:—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending!

Hark! the trump of God is blown,

And th' archangel's voice attending,

Makes the high procession known.

Sons of Adam,

Rise and stand before your God!"

The second edition of Olivers' hymn has thirty-six stanzas, twelve of which may be seen in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise." They have only the first line in common with No. 455, which was undoubtedly the composition of Charles Wesley, and published in "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind," 1758. H. PIGGIN.

Canal Street, Tipton, *Decmber* 21, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—In Isaiah xli, 2, you will find the following words:—"Who raised up the righteous man from the east, called him to his foot, gave the nations before him, and made him rule over kings? he gave them as the dust to his sword, and as driven stubble to his bow." And in the 25th verse of the same chapter it says:—"I have raised up one from the north, and he shall come: from the rising of the sun shall he call upon my name: and he shall come upon princes as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay." Will you kindly inform me who is the righteous man mentioned in the second verse, and whether he and the one mentioned in the 25th verse are one and the same? An answer through your next JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige.—Yours respectfully,
G. W.

ANSWER.—We understand that God is expostulating with His people in this chapter, and impressing them with a sense of His greatness and majesty, which, indeed, is the burden of chapter xl. also; and He refers in the 2nd verse of chapter xli. to His call of Abraham, the great ancestor of the Jews, and therein showed His singular love not only to the Jewish nation, but to the principles of righteousness in that He called the righteous Abraham "from the east," and made him His agent and instrument in founding the Jewish nation, and carrying out His purposes. We understand this to be the purport of the passage both in the 2nd and 25th verse.

January 13, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—I would draw your attention to Malachi i., 2, 3, which read as follows:—"I have loved you, saith the Lord. Yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us? Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith the Lord: yet I loved Jacob. And I hated Esau, and laid his mountains and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness." Will you account for this hatred in next month's JUVENILE, remembering that God is gracious, full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy toward the children of men? In my estimation Esau was a man of noble qualities and liberal disposition. When he sold his birthright Jacob was pinching on the one hand, and hunger on the other; and we know well that if hunger's voracious cravings be not appeased, they will soon wither and shrivel up life's vitals. In your last month's JUVENILE this query was hinted at by "A Constant Reader," but I did not think your answer sufficiently definite, probably owing to the manner in which the "should have been" query was proposed.—Yours truly,
CHARITY.

ANSWER.—We did account for "this hatred," or in other words this loving less, this preferring one man to another, in the last month's INSTRUCTOR, page 22. And the passages now quoted by our correspondent from Malachi confirm our interpretation, which was this:—"God does elect men, and families, and races of men for His providential purposes." And He chose Jacob and His descendants rather than Esau and his descendants for His providential purposes. God is, in these words of Malachi, pleading with the descendants of Jacob, and showing them how He had loved them in their progenitor. Our correspondent asks us to "account" for

this. "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus?"—Romans ix., 29. Our correspondent says Esau was a man of noble qualities. Well, perhaps he was in some respects, but we apprehend he did not like steady work very well; "he was a cunning hunter, a man of the field," but Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents—Genesis xxx., 27. And it generally happens that the "plain men" who dwell in tents, that is abide at home and mind their business, have "a mess of pottage to spare," while such sublime men as Esau was are often in want. Who forced him to hunt? Who compelled him to pursue that fatiguing, hazardous life, except his own inclination? And so he hunts and sweats and exhausts himself, and then comes to Jacob for food. But it was not food he wanted only, he wanted the red pottage, something toothsome and savoury, and for this mess of pottage he was willing to sell his birth-right. And what was that? It included the priesthood of the family, and for selling this for so trifling a price St. Paul calls him a "profane" person. We dare say he had noble qualities, but he lacked prudence and self-control, and he came to grief as a consequence, as all our young readers will who have the same defects of character. We believe, without at all justifying Jacob's cunning, that God's election of him in preference to Esau for His providential purposes was wise and good, and at any rate there it is, and why it is is plain enough, for God foresaw what the two men would be fit for, and He acted accordingly.

Truro, January 10, 1874.

REV. SIR,—Amongst the conditions prefixed to the first instalment of "Biblical Questions" in this month's JUVENILE, I see there is none regarding the age of competitors. Under such circumstances, both young and very far advanced scholars might compete, which would be much to the disadvantage of the former. I think such a condition might be laid down which would secure a greater similarity between the ages of those who try.—I am, rev. sir, yours faithfully,
AMICUS.

ANSWER.—The "puzzles" are puzzles for children. It is not easy to lay down any hard-and-fast line as to who are children. But we should say that after fifteen a young person ceases to be a child. But we cannot prescribe for every case, and if we did we could not tell how much assistance might be rendered in some cases to the children by persons who are older.

We have pleasure in inserting the following letter as requested, and hope it will bear fruit.—ED.

Milburn Place Sabbath School, North Shields.

REV. SIR,—I have read with pleasure the report of the Teachers' Conference in our Halifax Circuit, contained in your December issue, and it has often occurred to my mind, when attending the Conferences of our Sunday-school Union, that as a community something of this would be very beneficial to us as teachers, and would likewise tend to promote

the best interests of our Sunday-school work. There we should meet with fellow-workers in the cause, and encourage each other on in the good work in which we are engaged. I hope our friends here in the north will copy the example of our friends in the south, and that soon the first Methodist New Connexion Teachers' Conference will be held. Trusting that the subject will be taken up by abler hands, and the end accomplished,—I remain, yours truly,

LAMBERT GRAY.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

SALEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BELFAST, IRELAND.—The anniversary sermons on behalf of the schools connected with this chapel were preached on Sunday, the 19th October—in the morning by the Rev. Prof. Wallace, of the Presbyterian College, and in the evening by the Rev. T. Masterman, our esteemed minister. On both occasions special hymns were sung by the scholars. This, coupled with the popularity of the preachers, brought together very large and respectable congregations, especially in the evening, when the spacious edifice—capable of accommodating a thousand persons—was well-filled. It has been many years since so large collections were received, and the managers of the schools are, moreover, gratified with the very flattering remarks from members of other denominations, who state that we stand foremost in the character of school anniversaries.—On the following Tuesday evening the annual soirée was held, which also proved a great success. For a short time after tea the children amused themselves with various games, and afterwards were entertained to a series of dissolving views exhibited by the Rev. T. Masterman. A very ample supply of excellent fruit and sweetmeats was then partaken of, after which the meeting was closed in the usual manner, terminating a festival the recollections of which will long be cherished both by teachers and scholars.—CHARLES McDADE, Secretary.

PRESENTATION TO AN OLD SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER AT MOUNT GILEAD.—On Saturday, November 29th, a presentation was made to Mr. William Rogers, who for fifty-four years has been a member, and fifty-two years the superintendent of the Sunday-school at Mount Gilead, Smithy Nook. The Methodist New Connexion has had a church and school in this neighbourhood for sixty years. The chapel, which is still a substantial building, was erected in the year 1818. On Saturday the members and friends met, to the number of 230, to do honour to their veteran friend. After tea the public meeting was held, the chair being taken by Mr. Thomas Ashworth. A letter was read from the Rev. T. W. Ridley, expressing regret at his inability to be present to do honour to his old friend, for whom he cherished very high esteem.—Mr. John Kershaw, who now takes Mr. Rogers' place in the school, was called upon to read the address and present the portrait. He said he had known him for thirty years; from a lad in the school he could remember his prayers, and was impressed with his kindness and goodness. And now for many years they had lived and laboured together, and his esteem for and confidence in his friend had continued to deepen and strengthen. The following was

the address which he read :—" We feel it our duty and privilege to address you on this occasion, and express the veneration and affection we cherish for you, and our grateful appreciation of the long and faithful services you have rendered to the church and school at Mount Gilead. For fifty-four years you have been a member of this church, forty years a class-leader, fifty-two years superintendent of the school, thirty-three years a trustee of the chapel, for twenty-six years you have sustained office either as treasurer or secretary to the chapel, society, or school. You have always been correct in your accounts, and faithful and punctual in the discharge of your duties. Your continuance in office for so many years will express the esteem in which you have been held, and the confidence reposed in you. Your life has been characterised by humility, fidelity, and an earnest purpose to serve God and the Church. You have been most useful in the visitation of the sick and dying, and, we doubt not, many will be the crown of your rejoicing in the day of God. As member of the Methodist New Connexion, you have been strongly attached to its principles, doctrines, and ordinances. You have read its literature, supported its funds, and have ever manifested a deep and growing interest in its welfare. Accept the testimonial we now present to you, consisting of this address and portrait of yourself. Receive it as a token of our esteem and love. We pray that your life may be spared yet a little longer, that the evening of your days may be calm and bright, and that you may finish your course with joy, and have ministered unto you an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—Signed on behalf of the members, teachers, and scholars at Mount Gilead: John Kershaw, Thomas Ashworth, James Cryer, Thos. Parker, and George Bolton, sec.—Nov. 29th, 1873." Mr. Rogers, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, rose amid prolonged cheers to accept and address the congregation. He said: I feel and must say that I do not deem myself worthy of all this commendation; it is too much to say about a poor mortal like me. I did not want this address and portrait. You had subscribed your money before I knew anything about it, or I should have told you to keep it in your pockets, or to spend it on some worthy project in connection with the cause I love so much. I must say I am pleased with the portrait. I shall prize it, and so will my family, and for it I cannot thank you sufficiently. I have been connected with this church and school for many years. The school is a place where a man may be useful—it is a field where a man may work in teaching others. What a blessed work is this. Next to the honour of preaching the Gospel is that of teaching in a Sabbath-school. Let us do all we can and success will attend us. Many of the members of the church, the three local preachers we have, and some who have gone forth to preach the Gospel in Canada and elsewhere, have been trained in our Sunday-school; and so have many who have left the neighbourhood, and many who have gone to heaven. I have much to be thankful for. I am the honoured recipient of many mercies. Accept my best thanks."—The Rev. J. Candelet, of Bury, who was stationed in this Circuit a few years ago, and the Rev. W. Woodward, the present minister, made some appropriate remarks, and the meeting was further addressed by Messrs. G. Midgley, J. Harston, and D. McIntyre. The choir added considerable interest on the occasion by singing a choice selection of sacred songs. Votes of thanks brought the meeting to a close.

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TEASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January Number.)

7.—What nation hung chains of gold around the necks of their camels?

8.—How many persons in the New Testament are we told had dreams about Christ?

9.—Who was called from threshing wheat to deliver Israel?

10.—Arrange these letters so as to form a sentence of three words containing a Christian duty:—a, a, c, e, g, h, i, i, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, w, y.

11.—
A fisherman of Galilee.
One of Daniel's companions.
Part of the high-priest's breast-plate.
One of the Evangelists.

The *initials* give the name of an eminent servant of Christ; the *finals* the place where he was put to death.

PUZZLES FOR CHILDREN.

(Answers to Questions in January Number.)

- 1.—Benoni—Benjamin. Genesis xxxv., 18.
- 2.—He quoted Psalm xci., 11, 12.
- 3.—Proverbs iii., 5, 7, and xxviii., 26.
- 4.—Retaliation. Exodus xxi., xxiv., and Matt. v., 38, 39.
- 5.—Six. Exodus iii. and iv.
- 6.—Goliath—Obadiah—David—God.

UNCLE TEASER is pleased that so many of his young friends have tried to answer his questions. He has received replies from every Circuit in England except two. Many of them do great credit to their writers. Most have complied with the conditions, but not all—for instance, "A. Bebbington," "E. Brotherton," and "H. Perry" have not sent their addresses, and "6, Russell Street, Hanley," "1, Moore Street," and "Tepton, Jan. 6," have no names attached. Some of our young friends complain that it is the 10th or 12th of the month before they receive their Magazine, and that there is not time to reply by the 15th of each month. We cannot wait for answers longer than the 15th, but we can do this: we can extend the time *a month*. For example, the puzzles which "Uncle Teaser" gives this month will be answered in the APRIL number. Those which are given in the March number will be answered in the May number, and so on till the end of the year, which for the purpose of these puzzles will close on the 1st of December. Now, don't write to us to ask how "you stand." We have not time to reply to 200 letters, which is about the number received this month. A register will be kept of

the answers, just like the register of a school, in which the good or bad marks are put down, and each, as at the Judgment Day, will receive according to his or her works. Three persons have answered the last month's puzzles correctly, all the rest of the 200 more or less correctly, but only three have answered all the puzzles. They have a harder nut to crack this month, and we wish them all good luck, as witness our hand this 17th day of January, 1874.

UNCLE TEASER.

"CAN'T HELP IT!"

A LITTLE girl often followed after her father when he came into the house, with this question, "Father, what can I *do* for you?" and never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so often?" "Oh, father," she answered, with two great tears swelling in her eyes, "because I *can't help it!*" It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about was proof of the genuineness of that love; she wanted always to be *doing* something for her father. People sometimes are in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it?

MARY'S TASK.

"Now I never shall get done in this world! Never! Just look at all the books! and mother wants me to dust them. Oh dear! and so many of them!" The speaker was little Mary Vine. She was a girl of ten years old, quite big enough to be put to so simple a task as dusting the six shelves of books in the bookcase. "Well, why don't you go at it and do it?" said her cousin Sarah, who came into the room just then; "it won't take you any longer than it will me to mend the stockings." "But there's so many of them," said Mary. "I've counted, and there's one hundred and twenty-five." "Well, if you'd been dusting them instead of counting them you might have been half done by this time"; and Sarah passed on. Mary sat before the bookcase and complained to herself a little more. Then she took down two or three volumes; then she thought what a long time it would take, and what hard work it was; and so the task, which might have been done in one hour, occupied three. Do you think, if Mary goes on as she has begun, she is likely to make a very useful woman?

"THAT'S ME!"

A HOTTENTOT in Southern Africa lived with a pious Dutchman in whose house family prayer was engaged in daily. One day he read (Luke xviii.), "Two men went up into the temple to pray." The poor black man, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered, "Now I'll learn how to pray." The Dutchman read on: "God, I thank thee I am not as other men." "No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot. Again the Dutchman read: "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." "No; I don't do that. I don't pray in that manner. What shall I do?" said he. The good man read on until he came to the publican, who "would not lift so much as his eyes to heaven." "That's me!" cried his hearer. The farmer went on with the reading: "Stood afar off." "That's where I am," said the Hottentot. "But smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." "That's me! that's my prayer!" cried the poor creature; and, smiting on his breast, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

WHO MADE ALL THAT?

WHEN Napoleon was returning to France from the expedition to Egypt a group of French officers one evening entered into a discussion concerning the existence of God. They were on the deck of the vessel that bore them over the Mediterranean Sea. Thoroughly imbued with the infidel and atheistical spirit of the times, they were unanimous in their denial of this truth. It was at length proposed to ask the opinion of Napoleon on the subject, who was standing alone, rapt in silent thought. On hearing the question, "Is there a God?" he raised his hand and, pointing to the starry firmament, simply responded, "Gentlemen, *who made all that?*"

GOD CARES FOR HIS OWN.

A JUDGE said tauntingly to a Christian woman condemned for her religion, and who had great faith in Providence, "I shall send you to prison, and then how shall you be fed?" Her reply was, "If it be my heavenly Father's will I shall be fed from your table." And so it was. The wife of the judge, hearing of this, was so struck with the woman's steadfastness and faith in God that she supplied her with all she needed during her imprisonment, and herself was brought to the Saviour. God cares for His children.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

MANY a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in the pocket, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire, and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and land.

It is better than landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavour of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow—a desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care-burdened man—these are all born deformed. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

Poetry.

—O—

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

WHEN foolish lambs forsake the fold,
Through thorny ways to wander wide,
In noontide's heat and darkness cold
To stray upon the mountain side,
Does not the Faithful Shepherd then
With tireless steps those lambs pursue,
O'er rocky height, through darksome glen,
To bring them to the fold anew?
Great Shepherd! let Thy watchful eye
With vigilance Thy flock survey,
And by Thy presence, ever nigh,
Restrain those lambs that else would stray.
But if, despite Thy warning voice,
One wilful lamb from Thee should roam,
Ah! overrule his fatal choice;
Pursue, reclaim, and bring him home.

AFFLICTIONS SENT AS CHASTISEMENTS.—When a Christian is under the afflicting hand of God, he may well say, "I may thank this proud heart of mine, this worldly heart, this froward heart, this formal heart, this dull heart, this backsliding heart, this self-seeking heart of mine, that this cup is so bitter, this pain so grievous, this loss so great, this disease so desperate, this wound so incurable; it is mine own self, mine own sin, that hath caused these floods of sorrow to break in upon me."—*Brooks*.



MENDING THE SAILS. (See page 58.)

MENDING THE SAILS.

(See cut, page 57.)

THERE is a fisherman and his wife, the former mending his sails ready for his next adventure. His wife is looking rather sadly on the sea, on which very soon her husband will have launched his craft. What an awful amount of danger is encountered every day and every night to supply us with food and the other necessities of life! Our miners in the pit, where a spark may any moment cause an explosion which will launch them into eternity; our fishermen on the sea, in fog, storm, and darkness, plying their occupation to add to our stores of food—these and many more are all serving us at the risk of their lives. But see how quietly the fisherman takes it! He is mending his sails as calmly as if no danger was to be apprehended. So in all our affairs. It is best to go about them calmly and cheerfully. Sometimes children have to perform duties which are very unpleasant and very hard, but they will get through them better if they will be patient, cheerful, and industrious. Above all, it is of importance to see that our sails are mended, or, in other words, take care that everything is done in order and at the proper time. When you go to bed at night do not throw a stocking here and another there; a shoe in one corner and another perhaps out at the window. Then in the morning, what a cry there is, "Where is my shoe? Where are my stockings? Where are all my things?" and everybody gets distracted because there was so much carelessness and want of order overnight. Dear children, look at the picture and be sure to mend your sails; that is, be sure to keep everything in order and ready for use, and you will be glad when you become men and women to know how much this habit of order, neatness, and industry has helped you on in life.

"KNUCKLE DOWN!"

By TOM BROWN, Author of "*A Year at School*," etc.

IT is an old saying that fashions change, and no one will for a moment dispute its truth. "The fashion of this world passeth away," Fashion affects all things. There is no need to instance the sudden and violent revolutions it now and again makes in matters of ornament and dress—we are all quick enough to see those changes in their most ridiculous aspects. But custom, which is the regulator of fashion, is constantly changing. What have we to-day that is as it was fifty years ago?

It is not my intention, however, to write an essay either on fashion or change. If it had been, instead of the rather queer words at the head of my paper, I might possibly have had the French words, "*à la mode*," or the Latin motto, "*Tempora mutantur*," for the meaning

of which you must consult your teachers. But these thoughts came into my head directly I began to think of my subject. I could not help remarking what a very great deal fashion or custom has to do with the amusements and recreations of youth. Of course we all know that boys play at certain games according to the weather. We no more expect to see them playing at cricket in the winter, or spinning tops in damp, muddy, spring weather, than we expect to find them wearing light thin garments in a hard frost, or overcoats and woollen gloves in midsummer. But apart from these perfectly natural changes in the style of recreation, which answer exactly to the same changes in dress, there are others which correspond with the more sudden changes of fashion. Sometimes there is almost a rage for certain games, which after a time are almost forgotten and never played at.

For instance : Many years ago tops spun by whips were the only tops boys could get, but when I went to school—of course I shall not say how long it is since then—I never once saw a whipped top, and when I saw pictures of them in books I often wondered however they could be made to spin. Well, years rolled on, and to my surprise the fashion for whipped tops, after being out for so long a time, came in again last year. Who brought it in I know not, but there were so many in use, and they were so frequently spun in the public streets, that passers-by ran a great risk of getting out or blinded with the lashes of the whips. I cannot say how long whipped tops may remain in favour—I suppose it lies chiefly with the toy-dealers, and possibly humming-tops may be popular next summer, but I mention this just to show you how fashion affects school games ; and that brings me a little nearer my subject.

There are the various games played with marbles. I fear in these days these are going out of favour. As I go up and down the streets I scarcely ever see anyone playing at them, and toy-shop windows rarely exhibit any. Yet in my youth no games were more popular. A marble-bag was then quite as essential to a schoolboy's outfit as a slate or book-strap ; and a boy could not hope to be considered of any importance unless he had a good stock of "alleytors and commonsays." I doubt not parents are rather pleased than otherwise that marbles are not such favourites as they once were, for they often ruined the boys' pockets, and as, while playing, the lads generally knelt on the ground, the trousers knees were generally ornamented with a patch of mud or dust, which in a little while fell into a hole. For my part I am sorry the games are not popular, and not merely because I liked them when I was a boy. Grown people are always apt to think the games of their youth the best ; but, apart from that consideration, I think marble games are preferable to most others. They are all games of skill, and as such should be preferred to sports in which mere strength and animal courage carry off the palm. While we all admire physical strength, we must admit that it is an accident of birth or the result of healthy training, and a boy deserves no more credit

for it than for having the right number of fingers on his hands. We ought to show more appreciation for ability which is acquired by practice and perseverance. And it is one of the chief recommendations of marble games that the weakest and most delicate can successfully compete with their more robust comrades. But I do not suppose anything I can say will bring marble games into favour if the young folks are really tired of them and want a change. If, however, an increased demand should result, I think my friends in the Potteries—where, I presume, most of the marbles are made—ought to present me with a very handsome testimonial in recognition of the value of my advocacy.

But, dear me! I must at once come to the point and say what I have to say on the words, "knuckle down." When I began I had no intention of writing such a lengthy introduction.

To those who have often played with marbles the words will be quite familiar and easily understood, but for the benefit of any of the young folks of this generation who may not be informed on the subject I must explain them. In playing at marble games, of course the smoothest piece of level ground was chosen, but however good it might be, there were sure to be some slight unevenness, and as in a lively game the marbles often went a great distance, and sometimes into the most unlooked-for places, it is clear that occasionally the "tor" would get in a corner, down in a hollow, or perhaps behind some piece of stone. And it is equally clear that in such places its owner could not take anything like a correct aim at his opponent's marble. But for these and all other exigencies there was, as the law-books say, "a statute of limitations made and provided," and which was rigidly enforced. Now, the best thing for a player to do when he found his "tor" in a hole, or behind a stone, was to raise his hand a little higher than the obstruction, and shoot the marble so as to pass over it and hit that of the other player. But in order to claim this privilege he had to cry "Knuckle up!" before his opponent could utter the counter cry of "Knuckle down!" If the opposite player spoke first he had to rest his knuckles on the ground and shoot his marble under all disadvantages.

I hope this explanation is sufficiently clear to make it evident to all that to "knuckle down" is to labour under a disadvantage, to stoop to something unpleasant, and to be hindered from having one's own way.

Now, I want, if possible, to teach you how and when it is right to "knuckle down." Do not imagine that I am going to write an elaborate system of rules for skilful marble-playing. I have merely borrowed the expression from the playground with a hope that I might make use of it with reference to other matters.

There has to be a great deal of "knuckling down" after we have left school; indeed some of us have had to do it much oftener since than ever we did while we carried a marble-bag and gloried in a choice assortment of marbles. I suppose it is well for us that we

should have to stoop occasionally, for we are all liable to get a too exalted opinion of our importance and ability, and every time we are obliged to "knuckle down" we get a lesson which ought to be a benefit to us, and should teach us to be modest. Unfortunately in this life the things that are good for us are not always the pleasantest, and although afterwards we may look back and recognise the benefits derived from occasionally "knuckling down," it requires a very philosophic mind properly to appreciate such advantages while going through the humiliating process.

Of course "knuckling down" soils the hands. Many an unfortunate youngster has been forcibly reminded of this fact by a smart blow of the cane over his grimy knuckles, as his hand showed up in bold relief on a fresh page of his copy-book. But to our subject. Was there ever a time when people were so much afraid of soiling their hands in manual labour? To see how young folks shun any occupation where their hands would come in contact with grease, dirt, or paint, one might think they were afraid of their flesh getting poisoned by the contamination. If they were only half as anxious to keep their minds pure and their hearts unstained as they are to have white and delicate hands, what a bright hope there would be for the future of this generation!

It is high time the pulpit, the platform, and the press raised their voices in earnest protest against this foolish preference for cleanly occupations merely because they are cleanly. The absurd prejudice against manual labour hinders the full development of the mechanical genius of our countrymen, while it crowds the professions with half-educated and inefficient practitioners, and floods both private and public offices with such a number of superfluous clerks as inevitably tends to reduce wages, and hinders all, except a few favoured or very clever ones, from getting anything beyond a bare sufficiency. All work is honourable. A man should choose that calling for which Nature seems to have intended him, and for which previous training has fitted him. Having so chosen, he should conscientiously put his mind and energy into his work, whatever it is, and it becomes as honourable for him as the work of the poet or the painter. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," without being afraid of dust and dirt. Is a cathedral less grand because at its building the walls were spattered with lime and the ground covered with fragments of stone? Is a sculptor ashamed of the marble chips and sand which lie about his studio? Or is a painter driven from his canvas by the unpleasant smell of his oils, colours, and varnishes?

But whether young people shun these manual occupations or not, they are sure before very long to have to "knuckle down," no matter what profession, business, or trade they may have entered upon. Perhaps there is no more concealed specimen of humanity than is presented by a lad fresh from school, and just entering on the duties of busy life. How compassionately he looks down from his high

station at any of his schoolfellows still under scholastic control. He has dropped all his school-talk now, and instead of directing his conversation as formerly to such topics as prizes, games, and lessons, he interlards his observations with a great deal of what is called "talking shop," invariably using slangy terms, if there are any, and trying to impress a listener with an idea of his profound acquaintance with the details of his business. Of course a great deal of this conceit has to "come off" him, and it is generally by the process of "knuckling down" that this desirable end is accomplished.

If the youth is employed in a shop or warehouse there may be something occur in the absence of the errand-boy or porter, and he may be sent off with an urgent parcel, or asked to step out and hold a visitor's horse. Of course he never bargained for such work as this, and if he is very foolish he will refuse to "knuckle down," and will be forthwith sent home to his mother as altogether too high-bred for the place.

If he is in an office the other clerks will domineer over him, make him "fag" for them, and severely reprimand him for the smallest mistakes. Or he may suddenly be called to hunt up some old document out of a heap of papers burdened with the undisturbed accumulation of five or six years' dust. I remember some years ago calling at a gentlemen's office, and finding him superintending the removal of a heap of old papers and books from an iron closet. They were thickly coated with fine dust, which as it was disturbed floated about, and affected the nose almost as badly as so much snuff. The junior clerk, a lad of about fourteen or fifteen, with clean hands and white wristbands, was daintily removing the papers one by one with his finger and thumb, and stopping after almost every one either to have a sneeze or to blow the dust carefully off his fingers. His master watched him for some seconds, half amused and half irritated by his dilatoriness, and at last he said, in a tone of slight rebuke, "Come, come, my lad, don't waste your time like that. Don't be afraid of the dust: it can do no harm that soap and water cannot quickly remedy." After that the lad could not help but be more active, but I could see he felt he was stooping below his position in getting into the dust. He was only "knuckling down" a bit.

I have heard of dandified young men applying for situations as clerks, and at once declining one when offered because its duties were of a routine character, or because they would be required occasionally to "knuckle down" so far as to go out and collect accounts. They would live on the charity of their parents or friends, rather than lower their dignity by engaging in any such business. Yes, that is the term—lower their dignity! Their dignity forsooth! But perhaps we ought not to be so severe with them. When a man has only a little dignity, one can hardly blame him for taking great care of it, even when it happens to be so little as to be invisible to everyone except himself.

The counterman thinks it beneath his dignity to close up the shop

or run on an errand; and the chief shopman would never think of so far forgetting his position as to wrap up a customer's parcel. The junior clerk would almost gasp for breath if asked to run for a cab; and the senior would write out his resignation, in indignation too deep for vocal utterance, if requested for once to fold up the letters for the post. And it is the same among the artisan class. Workmen will frequently leave off work rather than do some little service usually done by apprentices. A builder's men will waste their time in lounging about, waiting for the labourers to come and serve them with a supply of bricks or mortar, not so much because they mind the trouble, for the materials are close at hand, but because they think they should by so doing, in some incomprehensible way, compromise their position as leading hands.

Now, how ridiculous all these distinctions are. As if one grade of work were more honourable than another, and as if a man lost caste by doing that which in his absurd classification ranked lower than his regular occupation. A man or a boy who treats these fanciful distinctions with more consideration than the prosperity and success of the concern in which he is engaged, is unworthy of his place. So far as I am concerned, if I had one who in an extra push, or in any exigency that might occur, refused to oblige me by doing something outside of his particular department, I should give him the earliest possible opportunity of taking his valuable and exclusive services where they would be better appreciated.

Without saying a word more on that side of the question, I think my readers will have no difficulty in seeing when it is proper to "knuckle down," but before I finish I want to show you a few things you must on no account "knuckle down" to.

Do not "knuckle down" to wealth. Oh! it is disgusting to see how men will stoop, and bow, and cringe into the very dust before a rich man, even when there is nothing at all except his wealth to command respect or esteem. Of all degradations this seems to me the vilest—to worship a low, selfish, ignoble man because of the gilded robe under the glare of which he tries to hide his moral deformities from public gaze. Never do that, my boys. Treat all with civility and courtesy, and serve those set over you with ready and cheerful obedience; but always respect a man for what he is rather than for what he has. Estimate a man by what would be left after a panic, and you will not be far misled by the glamour of his gold.

Don't "knuckle down" to deceit and trickery. Unhappily there is a fearful amount of business deception in the present day. Commercial morality is becoming a misnomer. Do not be led away by the excuse that there are tricks in every trade. Be careful how you countenance or encourage deceit, for many a man who has commenced with trivial misrepresentations has ended his business career with a gigantic swindle. If you really cannot make an honest living out of your business, leave it. It is better to be poor and honest than rich with the harvest of dishonest trading. I believe; however, with the

old proverb, that "honesty is the best policy," and if from no higher motive, I beg of you to be upright because it pays best in the end.

And now, in conclusion, let me embody the pith of what I have said in a few words. Think no kind of work a degradation. "Knuckle down" whenever you can do so without risk to your character. Take great care of your principles, and leave your dignity to take care of itself.

CHILD-PIETY.

A SERMON PREPARED FOR THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE AT ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

"How ye ought to walk and to please God."—1 Thessalonians iv., 1.



WISH in this sermon to show you how a Christian child should try to live. Grown-up people who are Christians have to live differently to others, and this is true of children as well.

There are two ways of living—a right way and a wrong way—and the wrong way is that which most persons take. They do so because they think it is the pleasanter way. They can do as they like in it. Instead of seeking to please God they can please themselves, and need not care about indulging bad feelings or doing naughty actions. So they think. Jesus, therefore, calls the wrong way a broad way, and He says, "Many go in it." But the right way puts restraints upon persons. Those who walk in it have very often to deny themselves—that is, they have to do that which their feelings would not lead them to do, and which perhaps their feelings are against their doing. They must live by rule; they must "walk circumspectly." You know what that means: they must look all around them as they walk, to see they take their steps in the right place. On this account Jesus calls the right way a narrow way. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

And why do few find it? They do not seek to know the way—this way of living rightly. That is the first reason. But there is another reason. When they know the way they do not care to be at the trouble of walking in it. They do not do what our Lord says is necessary. They do not strive to enter in. There are hindrances to getting in this way and keeping in it—hindrances sometimes in our circumstances, and hindrances always in our own hearts. Men and women find it to be so, and so do children. But the hindrances are not so many nor so great with you children as with older people. There is a verse you sometimes sing which says so—

"Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes."

Now, this is true. It is easier to begin a religious life while you are young than it will be for you to do it when you get old ; but it is not so easy at any time that you can be religious by a mere wish. Wishing of itself is a very vain thing, and does nobody any good. Trying, making effort, working with diligence and earnestness, brings success, and it does so in our Christian life as well as in anything else.

This may be a hard lesson for you children to learn, but you have to learn it if you attain excellence in anything, and especially if you become the Christians I should like you to be.

I have made these remarks to introduce to you a sermon in rhyme, which I should like you all to commit to memory. When you have done that, I should be pleased to know you said it over to yourselves the first thing every Sunday morning, and seriously asked yourselves how far you had lived according to its directions during the past week. Is this too much to ask of you? I hope not. If I am at the trouble of preparing these sermons for you, surely you will not think it is too much trouble on your part to grant me this request. If you do so I know a year hence you will be thankful for doing it.

The rhyme, let me say, has not been written by me. I do not know its author; but it was written a very long time ago, and I wonder it is not more widely known than I think it is:—

THE DAILY LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

Come hither, little Christian,
And hearken unto me;
I'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.
When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in heaven;
And softly say, "I thank thee, Lord,
For the sleep which Thou hast given."

He must say when he ariseth,
"From evil and from harm
Defend Thy little child, O Lord,
With Thine everlasting arm."
Then dressing very quietly,
The Christian child should say,
"With Thy spotless robe of righteousness,
Lord, clothe my soul, I pray."

He reverently kneeleth
To pray beside his bed;
With closed eyes and humble voice
His earnest prayers are said.

And as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
God looketh down, and smileth on
This little child in love.

He goeth to his chamber,
To his work, or to his play;
But the prayers that he hath prayed
He must keep in mind all day.
He hath asked to be obedient,
And so he must fulfil
His parents' bidding cheerfully,
With a glad mind and will.

In all his daily duties
He diligent must be,
And say, "Whate'er I do, O Lord,
I do it unto Thee."
If a playmate take his playthings,
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath asked to be made holy,
So he must strive all day
To yield his will to others' will,
His way to others' way.
No greedy thoughts dishonour
The Christian child at meals;
He eateth what God giveth him,
And ever thankful feels.

When no human eye can see him,
He knoweth God is nigh,
And that darkness cannot cover him
From His all-seeing eye.
When in a fault he falleth,
He must not hide the stain—
Repentance and confession
Must yield their needed pain.

He must kneel then in his chamber,
Confess what he hath done,
And ask to be forgiven
For the sake of God's dear Son.
Again when evening cometh
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.

Then his soul to God commending,
 He quietly may sleep ;
 God and His holy angel hosts
 Will watch around him keep.
 God bless thee, little Christian !
 Be holy, humble, mild,
 Obedient, truthful, diligent—
 A truly Christian child.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XII.—ASTRONOMY.

SATURN is the planet whose distance from the sun is next to that of Jupiter, and therefore is the planet which will form the subject of our present conversation.

ANNIE. "Is Saturn much farther than Jupiter?"

"Nearly twice as far, for it is more than eight hundred and seventy-two millions of miles distant from the sun."

BERTHA. "How much is that farther than the earth?"

"It is more than nine times the earth's distance, and the light he receives from the sun is said to be only the ninetieth part of what we receive."

BERTHA. "Then it must be very dark on Saturn, is it not?"

"Not so dark as you would suppose, for the sun's direct light is so great that the ninetieth part of what we receive from the sun has been calculated to be a thousand times more than the light which the full moon gives to us. With all this light during the day, and the help rendered him during the night, Saturn receives a very large share of light."

HERBERT. "How large is Saturn?"

"He is next to Jupiter in size, being nearly seventy-two thousand miles in diameter; so that Saturn's bulk is seven hundred and fifty times greater than that of the earth."

BERTHA. "Does Saturn move as swiftly round the sun as the earth does?"

"No; he does not travel at more than one-third of the speed at which the earth travels. His rate of progress is rather more than twenty thousand miles in an hour; but this is three hundred and fifty times more rapidly than an express train when it is going at the rate of a mile in a minute."

ANNIE. "At that rate how long does it take him to complete his journey round the sun?"

"It takes what seems to us a very long time; his orbit is so large that he has only one New Year's Day to twenty-nine of ours."

HERBERT. "How long are the days and nights on Saturn?"

"About half an hour longer than those on Jupiter, for he revolves on his axis once in every ten and a half hours. Thus with his long

years and short days, Saturn has about twenty-five thousand days in each year."

BERTHA. "Is Saturn like Jupiter in being almost without seasons?"

"No; in respect to seasons Saturn is very unlike Jupiter, for the changes of his seasons are greater even than those on the earth."

ANNIE. "Has Saturn any dark belts round him?"

"Yes; in that respect he resembles Jupiter, and the belts are thought to be clouds just as Jupiter's are."

HERBERT. "Is he honoured by the help of any moon?"

"Yes; Saturn has not less than eight moons attending him, but with one exception they are less than the smallest of Jupiter's moons, and even that one, Titian, does not reach the dimensions of Jupiter's largest."

BERTHA. "Are they very distant from the planet?"

"They vary considerably. Mimas, the nearest, is only half the distance from Saturn that our moon is from the earth, and performs its revolution in twenty-two and a half hours; but Japetus, the farthest, is more than nine times the distance of our moon, and requires seventy-nine days to complete his journey. These moons, if viewed from their primary, Saturn, will present a very beautiful and richly-varied appearance; but the most wonderful sight from the surface of the planet must be the large rings by which he is encircled."

ANNIE. "We have heard about Saturn's rings; will you please tell us what they are?"

"They are immensely large rings which surround the planet, and by reflecting the sun's light during the night-time, appear like an illuminated arch spanning the heavens from east to west, but broken by the shadow of the planet passing over it slowly, like the hour hand over a dial."

HERBERT. "Is anything known about the size of Saturn's rings?"

"Yes; our astronomers with wonderful skill have measured their breadths and diameters, and found that the outside diameter of the outermost ring is one hundred and sixty-seven thousand miles. This ring is nine thousand six hundred and twenty-five miles broad. Then inside of it there is another ring, which is seventeen thousand and six hundred miles broad. These two rings are bright because they reflect the light of the sun; but inside of this second ring there is another, which is spoken of as a dark ring, because it reflects no light. Of course there is a space between the rings, and the dark ring is nearly ten thousand miles from the planet."

BERTHA. "Are the rings very thick?"

"Not so thick as their great breadth would lead us to suppose, for they are believed to be nowhere more than about a hundred miles in thickness."

ANNIE. "Do the rings move round as well as the planet?"

"Yes; Sir W. Herschel discovered that they revolve on an axis of their own, and perform their circuit in ten hours."

HERBERT. "Of what do the rings consist?"

"Formerly they were thought to be quite solid, because they appeared so bright; but the generally accepted opinion now is that they consist of millions of small bodies, like little moons, always revolving round the planets in their own orbits, and so near to each other as to give the appearance of solid rings when viewed at the great distance there is between them and the earth. The dark ring is thought to consist of the same bodies, but so small and so wide apart that they appear at this great distance like a circular cloud of dust, through which the bright surface of the planet beyond is dimly seen."

ANNIE. "Does the appearance of the rings vary at all?"

"Yes, they are subject to change, and are thought by many to be gradually approaching the planet; but God is present there as well as here, and His hand guides them in their courses."

"ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

"PAPA, why must we ask God for what we want? Don't God know everything? Don't He know what we want? Then why don't He just give it to us without waiting for us to tell him?"

PAPA'S ANSWER.

I know a little boy three years old who has a very bad habit. He expects people to do everything for him without being asked. Let me tell you how it works. At the dinner-table this boy will sometimes begin to fret without speaking a word, as if he was a kitten and not a little boy able to say "Please." At other times he will throw out his arms or stretch out his tin-plate towards the dish of food. When bed-time comes, and his darling sister has a cup of nice new milk, instead of saying, "Please give me a cup of milk," sometimes this boy will begin to fret; and I have known him to cry a long time when nobody knew what he wanted.

Now this boy's papa and mamma are continually giving him a great many things which he does not ask for, but at other times they expect him to ask for what he wants, and sometimes when they know what he wishes do not think it right to encourage his habit, but say, "Ask for what you want; and if it be best you shall have it."

Just so God, our heavenly Father, gives a thousand blessings before we ask Him, and yet says to each of us, "Ask for what you want; and if it be best you shall have it. Ask, and ye shall receive."





VILLAGE CHILDREN.

VILLAGE CHILDREN.

THESE children are not dressed in fine clothes, but there is something about them one likes to see. They seem very fond of each other. The boy in the smock-frock is holding his little sister, who clings to him as if some danger was near, and he holds her as if he were saying, "Never mind; nothing shall hurt you." How sweet it is to see brothers and sisters thus kind to each other! May the kindness of these simple village children be cultivated in every family and in every Sunday-school.

REFLECTIONS UPON SPRING.



T this season of the year we naturally begin to look for and talk about Spring. How often have we heard it said we shall soon have Spring here again; and if the sun should be seen pouring forth his golden rays through a clear sky some morning, how everybody observes it! It is like as though the bright rays from the sun are imparting cheerfulness and vigour to the hearts and nerves of the people—so much so that, as they meet each other in the street, in each other's homes, and even at their respective workshops they are apt to salute each other with, "Good morning. What a lovely morning! It's like Spring!" And it would appear that the feathered tribe seem to recognise this delightful change in the seasons, for upon a beautiful morning in Spring how often is our attention called to a number of them collected together in a bush or upon the housetop, chattering together for hours, as though they were enquiring of each other how they had been faring, and where they had been lodging during the cold, hard, and frosty Winter, and congratulating each other that they had been able to endure the cold of that dismal season called Winter, and rejoicing with each other that they were about to witness once more the return of this delightful, life-giving season called Spring. There are many people who speak of Spring as being the most delightful season of the year, and so far as outward appearances are concerned we gladly agree with their ideas, for we too are willing to confess that we love the return of this cheering, soul-inspiring, season, Spring. Hail, all hail, thou charming season! welcome! Come and chase away dull care! come and welcome to our hills and vales, to our fields and gardens! come and welcome to our hearts and our homes! I doubt not but that the reader as well as the writer of these lines is pleased at the opportunity presents itself for us to fold up our overcoats, gloves, and scarves, and, leaving them behind, to go running into lanes and meadows, and skipping through woods and vales, and climbing over mountains, in order that we might catch the earliest shades, and gladly welcome the first approach of our well-beloved Spring.

The writer wishes here to give something like a description of a scene which came under his own observation, and at the same time he hopes it will be read by many with pleasure, interest, and profit. It was in the Spring of 1868. I was then residing in a town called Danville, which is situated on the banks of the north branch of the Susquehannah River, in the State of Pennsylvania, U.S. Well, on the morning of March 13th I took a gentle stroll down the side of the river. It was a lovely morning. The sun, which was shining brilliantly over my head, seemed to be engaged in a severe conflict with old Jack Frost, who, it appeared, had been holding nearly everything in his grasp, and exercising his mighty power over land and water, covering the former with a garment of snow and the latter with a massive plate of ice; but when he seemed to have exercised his power to the uttermost extent, just then the sun came shining forth upon him with his warming beams, which seemed to defy the powers of old Jack Frost, and bid him in threatening terms begone to his native abode. Well, I proceeded a short distance down the side of the river, and then I sat down to gaze and meditate upon the beautiful scene before me. The ice upon the river had been broken up, and was then floating in pieces, great and small, down with the stream. But whilst I sat there gazing upon that solemn yet delightful scene, I thought, How distinctly does this represent the brevity of human life! I noticed that some were small, others were larger, and some were very large. I thought it served to illustrate the different stages in life, youth, manhood, and old age. As all of these icebergs, great and small, were going down with the stream, just so are we, all of us, going down the stream of time to the grave. With such a scene as this before us, how appropriate were the words of Moses as contained in Psalm xc., "Thou carriest them away as with a flood."

It would seem very probable, too, that Dr. Watts had a scene something like this before his eyes when he penned those beautiful lines, which seemed so appropriate for such a meditation as this:—

"Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years."

It led me to think that, as these icebergs which were passing by me were but a few moments from when I first saw them until they had passed by me and were gone down with the stream out of my sight, just so with man. "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."—Job xiv., 2. Seeing then, dear reader, that these sentences are so full of truth, how great the folly of living unprepared for the great change which must sooner or later take place with us all!

Dear reader, let me remind you that the Spring of 1873 may be the last that you and I may have the pleasure of enjoying. It is therefore of vast importance that we prepare to meet our God. May God in His infinite mercy incline your heart to make the necessary preparations in time, so that in eternity you may have the unspeakable pleasure of listening to that most blessed of all invitations, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, to inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Amen.

J. R. WILLIAMS.

FAUCHETTE.

A TRUE STORY FROM THE FRENCH.

IT was a dark and stormy night, and the wind was driving through all the cracks in a poor little cottage at St. G——. Wild and doleful as it was outside, the scene within was yet more sad. Upon a bed in one corner of the cottage room lay a poor woman who was dying. At the foot of the bed, in a cradle, were two children, sleeping. Behind them knelt a young girl of about twelve years of age praying and weeping.

In the pauses between the violent gusts of wind an almost solemn silence seemed to fill the room, which was broken at last by the voice of the dying woman, who said, in a weak voice, "Fauchette." She had not spoken for three days, and in a moment the young girl was at her side.

"You are not in bed, my child," she said, in a weak voice.

"I am not sleepy, mother," she replied, calmly.

"What o'clock is it then?"

"The clock has just struck eight, mother."

"Come and sit by me on the bed, my child—I want to talk to you," said the mother. "To-morrow you will go to church, my dear, and take your little brother and sister. Whatever may happen—even if I should be——" She could not say what she meant, but poor Fauchette understood her, and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Oh! God," said the dying woman, "I leave them with Thee; oh! forsake not my children."

Then, seeing that Fauchette could not restrain her tears, she added, "God is great and good, my child; let us submit ourselves to His will. Murmuring is sinful. His Word says, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' My poor child, for six months you have been my only nurse, and taken care, too, of your brother and sister; you must be very weary."

"Tired, dear mother!" she said, taking her thin hand and stroking it; "how can I weary of taking care of you?"

For some time longer the dying woman talked to her young

daughter, until at last weakness obliged her to stop. There was a deep silence, and poor little Fauchette hid her face in the bedclothes and sobbed bitterly. Again the mother spoke: "Fauchette, where are you, my child? The light is out; I can see no more."

Fauchette, alarmed at her mother's looks, and finding she could no longer speak, rushed out to fetch the doctor. "My mother is dying!" she said; "oh! come—come quickly!"

But when they reached the cottage it was too late; and all he could do was to tell poor little Fauchette that her mother was dead.

On the morrow a sad sight presented itself in Fauchette's home. The poor girl, overcome with grief, lay half insensible at the bottom of the bed, repeating again and again the name of her mother. The little ones were sitting up in the crib, crying to be dressed. This aroused Fauchette, and kneeling down she cried to God to help her in her great need. Soon she arose, and, going to the little ones, who were still crying and calling for their mother, she told them that she was going to be their mother now, and that she would take care of them, and that they must love her and comfort her, now their dear mother was gone to be with their father in heaven.

Some days after the poor woman's death a lady came to see Fauchette, and brought her a sum of money which had been collected by some people who had heard from the doctor of her distress. This Fauchette refused to take, saying that she did not think her mother would wish her to do so, but that she hoped to be able to keep herself and the little ones by needlework, which she could do well. The lady interested her friends in the matter, and Fauchette had as much work sent her as she could do.

Months passed on, and the time drew near when she must send little Peter and Susan to school. This obliged her to work still harder. She rose at four o'clock, and worked diligently till seven or eight in the evening; and by wise order and care she made enough to pay for their schooling. No children could live happier together than the three orphans, and Fauchette won the love and respect of all her neighbours.

One day in the autumn the little village of St. G—— was all astir. A carriage had passed through, and was stopping at the house of the orphans. The inmates were as much astonished as their neighbours when they saw the doctor and the vicar get out and come into the house.

Fauchette, who was now grown into a fine young woman, received them politely, and asked what she could do for them. They had come to take her, they said, and her brother and sister to Paris, and they must prepare to go at once.

As soon as they were ready the carriage went rattling away through the little street of the village, while all the people came out to their doors to see the sight of Fauchette, Peter, and Susan sitting inside with the doctor and the vicar. They drove into Paris, and stopped at a large building. The gentlemen then conducted the three orphans

into a large room where many people were assembled. The president of the meeting arose and told in a few words the history of Fauchette. Hearing her name mentioned and herself praised for what seemed to her to be the only way she could have acted, made Fauchette think she must be dreaming; but at last she was recalled to herself by the president saying, "To you is awarded 10,000 francs as the prize of virtue, in accordance with the will of the late Baron Monthyon, for the encouragement of good conduct among the poor of France."

Fauchette was so overcome that she could not utter a word of thanks, and she fell down fainting on the floor. They carried her into a room, where she soon recovered her senses. Her first act was to kneel down and thank God who had given her the strength to do His will. After receiving the kind words of their friend the doctor, they returned again to St. G——.

Let us notice two things in the character of Fauchette. First, her *faithfulness*. She looked upon the little ones as the charge that God had given her. Then, her *unwavering trust in God*. This was the mainspring of all her fortitude. Without this she must have sunk under the difficulties which surrounded her. But He who says, "As thy day so shall thy strength be," was ever near to comfort and cheer her.

THE LITTLE WITNESS FOR JESUS.

As little Charlie was walking in the street one day, he came to a group of boys; among them were two or three he knew. As he passed along he heard one of them say, "There goes Piety! Hurrah for Piety! Pi-Pi-Pi-e-ty!" When Charlie first heard it he began to feel ashamed, and his first thought was, "I'll turn down the next street and get out of their way." Immediately these words seemed whispered in his ear, "What! ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend?" It appeared to him like an angel had spoken. He quickly turned around and said, "No; I'll never be ashamed of such a friend as He"; then walking up to the group, he said, "Boys, I wish you knew and loved Jesus, too." Not another word was spoken. The boys had no reply to anything like that. They thought Charlie was coming back very angry, and began to think, "He isn't so pious, after all." And one said, "Hurrah for a fight!" and began to roll up his sleeves. But it wasn't a fighting spirit that came back to them, but the Spirit of Jesus in Charlie's heart. Do you know, my little friends, that His Spirit will give you courage to do right at all times? Learn to love Jesus, little ones; then you can say like Charlie, "I'll never be ashamed of such a friend as He."

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TEASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January Number.)

(February Questions will be answered in April. See note on page 53.)

12.—How many instances are there on record of women eating with men?

13.—Where do we find an account of the first purchase of land?

14.—Which psalm describes the character of Judas?

15.—From the sentence, "This is my beloved son," give the name of a Hebrew worthy, and also a river closely connected with his history?

16.— Arrange these letters that you may see
A friend to one in lone captivity.

a, d, e, h, i, o, p, p, r, s, t, u.

17.— One of the Evangelists.

One of the spies.

A servant maid.

A grandson of Japheth.

A king of Judah.

A prophet who reproved a king.

1 (the initials).

A river of old,

As I've been told,

Did through the good land flow ;

Like a silver stream

Did its waters gleam,

As it shone in the sun's soft glow.

2 (the finals).

When health hath fled,

To that river's bed

A stricken warrior came ;

He plunged in,

Glad health did win ;

Now give that soldier's name.

LITTLE things and little people have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as the sands on the seashore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather ! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck ; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.

—Dr. Chalmers.

Editor's Table.

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Methodist New Connexion Sunday-school, Whitefield.

DEAR SIR,—We have been reading to-day, Feb. 1, Psalm cxix., and we were puzzled to know what the following words meant:—Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth, He, Vau, Zain, Cheth, Teth, Jod, Caph, Lamed, Mem, Nun, Samech, Ain, Pe, Tzaddi, Koph, Reah, Schin, Tau. Will you please explain this in your next month's magazine, and you will greatly oblige,

JAMES ECKERSALL.

ANSWER.—We have explained this before. The words referred to are the names of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, and the Hebrews used the letters of their alphabet to represent numbers. Thus, where we should say one, two, three, &c., the Hebrews used the letters Aleph, Beth, Gimel, &c. In the Psalm referred to the letters mean figures 1, 2, 3, &c.

Manchester, Beswick Sunday-school.

DEAR SIR,—Having had the subject of the Marriage of Cana these last three Sundays, we cannot come to any conclusion of the wine—was it intoxicating or not?—which our Saviour made, and we would very much like to know your opinion. Please put it in next month's JUVENILE.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—Neither can we come to any conclusion on this subject, because the record does not tell us what sort of wine it was; and in all our answers we never pretend to be wiser than what is written.

Ballinahinch, 21st January, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to answer me the following:—Proverbs xxxi., 6, 7, and in Deuteronomy xiv., 26. You will please to answer these two as soon as convenient, and oblige yours,

A GOOD TEMPLAR AND A READER OF THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER.—What are we expected to "answer" in this case? Is it expected that we should harmonise the two passages? We gave our opinion last year on this subject and passage, Proverbs xxxi., 6, 7. We have not the volume at hand to refer to the page, but if our correspondent is a reader of the JUVENILE he must have seen our answer. The passage in Proverbs permits us to give wine to those who are of a "heavy heart"—that is, to those who are sick and feeble and need it as a medicine. And who objects to this? But the passage does not authorise the indiscriminate giving of wine to anybody, and much less does it warrant the giving of it as it is given at the gin-shops, or for the purpose of mere indulgence. Then, as to the passage from Deuteronomy, it must be remembered that the people lived in a wine-growing country, and hence it became an article of commerce. But we live in a different country and under another dispensation. No healthy man, certainly no healthy young man, needs either wine or strong drink. As to what the sick or aged may need, we leave that to the doctors, advising to all uniform temperance and sincere godliness.

							£	s.	d.
Eunice Hamner	0	6	0
Mary A. Pickard	0	5	8
Hannah Edwards	0	5	6
Agnes Davis	0	5	3
Mary Wrench	0	5	0
Phoebe A. Statham	0	4	0
Elizabeth Lawrance	0	4	0
Mary A. Heath	0	3	3
Mary E. Ford	0	3	0
Elizabeth Lawrance	0	1	6
Annie Stanley	0	1	3
Arthur L. Carr	0	14	0
Alfred Taylor	0	7	6
James Mozrall	0	5	2
David Lawrence	0	5	0
Charles Mullineux	0	6	0
Alfred Hicks	0	2	8
George T. Whittaker	0	2	0
Jesse Gerrard	0	1	9½
John Hicks	0	1	5
William Simcock	0	1	3
Samuel Weaver	0	1	0
Alfred Johnson	0	1	0
Sums under 1s.	0	1	1
Collection at the meeting	8	3	5½

£10 6 7

The scholars have done remarkably well with their books and cards, having collected a much larger sum than last year. There is a decrease in the collection at the meeting, which may be accounted for by the fact that one or two families connected with us were detained at home through bereavement. However, we are thankful to report an increase on the total amount of 10s. 0d. We are pleased to mention that our esteemed friend—and one of the superintendents of girls' room—Mr. Rowley, kindly promised to give a book each to the girl and boy who should collect the highest amount next year. We feel sure this will encourage our scholars who engage in this work, which needs so much energy and perseverance. A cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Rowley for his kind promise, and also to our worthy chairman for presiding, brought a very pleasant and profitable meeting to a close.—E. J. C., Sec.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

In a little brown one-story wooden house, nestled among the trees at the foot of a hill, lived the Widow Wood. She lived all alone, save her little boy—her only child, Johnny. Her husband was a poor, hard working man, who had contrived to pay for their little home, having one cow, and kept his garden in good order, when he was suddenly removed by death. Johnny was too young to remember his father, and the neighbours lived at a distance, and so he and

his widowed mother were all in all to each other. The school-house was far off, too, but as soon as his little legs had got long enough, Johnny was found at school. Early in the morning, washed and combed, he would kiss his mother for a long day, with his little dinner basket hung on his arm, while she, charging him to be "a good boy," would turn back to her lonely home, to spin or to weave, or to do something by which to earn a pittance towards their support. Sometimes she would go out to meet him towards night, when she thought it time for him to come home, and then, hand in hand, little Johnny would tell her his joys and sorrows, how the boys called him "a baby," and "a milksop," because he stoutly defended his mother, and then how Miss Pierson praised him for getting his lessons so well, and called him her "model little boy."

"I don't think they ought to laugh at us if we are poor, do you, mother?"

"Why, no, not if we do as well as we can."

"And it's no disgrace to eat rye-pies, is it, mother?"

"Certainly not, if we cannot afford to have wheat."

"They throw and pull me around, they do, because I am little and feeble. I can't fight them; but I tell you what, mother, I'll grow, and I'll be a good scholar, and be a doctor or a lawyer, and then we will live in a big house, and you shall dress like a lady, and I'll have good clothes, and we'll eat wheat, and see if they will laugh any more!"

"Well, Johnny, you be a good boy, and learn to love your books, and I will do all I can for you."

The widow wiped a tear silently from her face, and felt that this little confiding boy was dearer to her than all the wealth in the world.

So she silently toiled and denied herself everything possible, and kept her child at school. When he had learned all they could teach him in the little red school-house, she sent him to an academy. He was the poorest boy in the school, the poorest dressed and fed. People wondered why Widow Wood should "kill herself with work, just to keep that great boy at school." They said "he had better be earning something for his mother." But the widow kept silent, and toiled on. At length the time came when Johnny was ready to go to college. Could she ever meet the expense? She had earned and saved something every year by her loom, in view of this possibility.

After he had entered college, she milked and drove her own cow to pasture, cut her own wood all winter, and one day in the week, sometimes two, went out washing. Soon it began to be whispered round that "the widow's boy was doing well"; and then that "he was a fine scholar," and the day he graduated, the first scholar in his class, the poor mother took his arm after the exercises of the day were over, and with tears and smiles walked with him through the streets of the city, the happiest mother in all that city.

A few years after, she saw him taking a commanding position in

his profession—one of the most honoured and distinguished men in our country. She did see him in his elegant house, surrounded by a great library, and a most gifted family of children, and she did live with him and lean upon him as upon a strong staff; but I am not sure that she was really happier than when chopping at her wood pile, that she might save a little to help her boy through college. They are both dead now; but I knew him well, and his invaluable writings are now on my table before me. Such is the simple but true story of "The Widow's Son."

THE LAMB OF GOD.

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary."

So sang Kitty. I called her to me with the question, "Do you know what is meant by the 'Lamb of Calvary?'"

"Jesus is called the Lamb of God in the Bible, and He was crucified on Calvary."

"But now, can you tell why Jesus is called the 'Lamb?'"

"Because He was gentle."

"Partly; but there is another reason; can you think?"

"No, auntie; and I wish you would tell me about it"; and she drew her cricket to my feet and looked up, all interest and attention.

"You know long, long ago, when all other nations on the earth were idolators and ignorant of the true God the Lord singled out one little nation to be His chosen people."

"The Jews?"

"Yes; and you must remember that God was training them for a great work, and——"

"What work?"

"To make Him known to the rest of the world."

"The Jews! Why, they crucified Christ!"

"Some of them did; but you forget the disciples, who were the first preachers of the Gospel, and the many who heard Him gladly, only a few of whose names we know—Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, for instance, who were all Jews. Well, God was educating this nation, and one of the great lessons they needed to learn was His hatred of sin. When their training began they had just left Egypt, where many idols were worshipped, and sin was thought lightly of. But in God's sight sin is so dreadful that death is the only punishment severe enough for it, and so He told the Jews. But in teaching them of His justice, He at the same time taught them of His mercy, by accepting the lives of animals instead of their own."

"Sacrifice?"

"Yes; but do you think these animals' lives could really atone for sin?"

"No, and that has puzzled me; why did God have them offered so often?"

"To impress upon men that 'without shedding of blood is no remission' of sin, and to keep that truth constantly before their minds; to make them feel more and more the dreadfulfulness of sin, and that even these sacrifices were not enough to atone for it, and so to prepare them for the one great sacrifice which would be sufficient, not only to take away the sins of one person or one nation but of the whole world—Jesus Christ. He is our sacrifice, of which the old Jewish ones were types or figures, and so He is called the Lamb of God. And He was a perfect offering for sin, so that no more are needed. He gave Himself! What exceeding great love must be in His heart for us! And now He says to each of us, 'I died for thee; canst thou not live for Me?'"

"What shall we answer Him?"

THE BREAKER OF CHAINS.

ONCE there was a deceitful man who wished to make slaves of some ignorant savages. So he went to them, taking some round circles of bright steel, and he said to them, "Put these bracelets on your arms." The poor creatures thought they were pretty ornaments, and they gladly put them on. Now, these bracelets were not really bracelets, but handcuffs, made to fasten prisoners with. So, when the Deceiver had once got the men in his power, he said, "Now put these pretty chains on your ankles, and these on your legs, and this big chain round your neck."

Then most of the ignorant men obeyed him gladly, and went on putting on the chains; but some said, "No, we have had enough; these chains on our wrists cramp us; take them off again." But he laughed at them, and answered, "You should have thought of that before; now you are in my power and must do as I bid; put on these other chains, or I will make you." So all the wretched slaves (for they were slaves now) did as they were bid, and made themselves more and more completely slaves. And the worst of it all was, that when the Deceiver had them completely in his power he set them to work at making more chains for other people.

Many and many a time the poor men struggled to get free, but all in vain; and many a time people came with large hammers and huge stones, and tried to break the chains, but it was all to no purpose, the hammers and stones made a great noise, but they broke nothing; and the Deceiver only laughed at them.

At last there came one bringing a bag full of files, and he offered one to each prisoner. Some of the prisoners were so used to their chains that they liked them, and did not take the files, because they did not want to be free. Another of the prisoners said, "This file is of no use; can this little thing do what the great hammer there could not do? Look at this thick chain round my body; though I worked for a year I could not break it." So some of them would not take the files; others threw them down after a few moments' trial; others worked

patiently away. Those that had only the thin bracelet round their arm soon filed it through (and sometimes the heaviest chain would snap asunder with a touch of the file); others, who had many thick chains, had to work on patiently for years before they were quite free; but in the end all that worked gained their freedom.

The Deceiver is Sin, and the chains are Sinful Habits. A bad habit sometimes at first does not seem very wrong. For instance, many a little child will steal a piece of sugar, or tell a falsehood for fun, who would not steal money or tell a serious lie.

When we have once been caught with these little sins we are loaded with heavier ones. Punishment and warnings do not break us from our sins.

Then Christ comes with the file, and if we patiently work away in love for Him we shall be freed in time. Sometimes Christ frees us while we are quite little children, sometimes not till we are older; sometimes He frees us suddenly, sometimes not for a long time. The longer we have gone on serving as slaves to sin the harder it is to gain our freedom.

THE CHILD AND THE INFIDEL.

ONE day some years ago a little girl about eight years old was sitting on the grass in front of her father's cottage in Prussia. Her father was a common labourer. They were very poor, and the little girl was very meanly dressed, but she was a little Christian. She loved Jesus, and it made her very happy to think about Him and sing sweet hymns in His praise. This was just what she was doing at the time of which I am speaking. She was singing about Jesus, and her eyes were filled with tears. While she was singing, a nobleman who lived in that neighbourhood passed by. He was very rich, and indulged in all kinds of wicked pleasures. He was an infidel too, and was very fond of making a mock of religion and religious persons. He heard the little girl's sweet voice as she was singing. He saw her happy-looking face; and yet her eyes filled with tears, and he stopped a moment to talk with her.

"Why do you weep, my little girl?" asked the Count. "Are you sick?"

"No, sir," she replied; "but I am so happy!"

"How can you weep if you are happy?"

"Because I love the Lord Jesus Christ so much."

"Why do you love Him so much? He has been dead a long time. He can do you no good."

"Oh, yes, sir! He died, but He lives again in heaven."

"Well, suppose He does—what benefit is that to you? If He could help you He would give money to your mother that she might buy you better clothes."

"I don't wish for money; but the Lord Jesus Christ will take me one day to heaven."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the Count, "your grandmother, or some such foolish person has told you this."

"No, sir, it's not nonsense!" cried the child; "but it's true! I know it's true; and it makes me glad."

The Count turned and went away; but he could not forget what he had seen and heard. The happy face of that sweet child, with her bright eyes filled with tears, seemed to be before his mind all the time. And her earnest words, "It's true, and it makes me glad!" were ringing in his ears wherever he went. He said to himself, "How strange this is! There's nothing in infidelity to make a poor child like this so glad. There must be something in religion that I don't understand." Then he would try to banish these thoughts from his mind; but he found it impossible; and after a long and hard struggle, he gave up his infidelity, and became an earnest and devoted Christian.

Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold,
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray."



LADY JANE GREY ENTREATED TO ACCEPT THE CROWN.

LADY JANE GREY.



N the annals of England there is not a sadder story than that which relates the life and misfortunes of Lady Jane Grey. She was the daughter of a Duke, the niece of a King, and her beauty and accomplishments have been celebrated by every writer who has undertaken to relate her story. She was married by the time she was sixteen, and before that, though a mere girl, she had learned several languages. She was able to speak and write Latin and Greek, as well as French and Italian. She attained to considerable knowledge in the arts and sciences which were known at that day. She was amiable by nature, and pious by the grace of God. She never did harm to any one, except as she became an unwilling instrument in the ambitious schemes of others. By these ambitious persons she was exalted to the throne and reigned just ten days! And for that brief taste of royalty she paid the forfeit of her life. She delighted in her studies, and while her friends would be hunting she would read Plato. She and her husband were both beheaded. Her father-in-law and several of her relatives suffered death in the same way. It was a time of cruelty and bloodshed; a time when neither worth nor innocence could screen the victims of royal vindictiveness and ambitious state policies from the sad oppressions which were common in those days. If some kings and ambitious nobles had never lived, what misery the world would have been spared! The peasant girl of France is made to say, in the well-known lines—

"Oh, if I were King of France, or what's better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, or weeping maids at home.

All the world should dwell in peace, and if kings would show their might,
The men that make the quarrel should be the men to fight."

And truly one cannot but wish it were so. But as it is, the innocent often suffer while the guilty escape. Let our young friends turn to their English histories and read the touching story of Lady Jane Grey. We have given two cuts; the first represents the scene when she was solicited to accept the crown, and the other, on page 99, when she was led to the block. Well, the lesson is to us all "do the right," and fear not. This world is a vain show, and happy is he or she who is ready, when the summons comes, to leave it and go to a better.

AN UNPLEASANT REMEMBRANCE.

TWO CHAPTERS IN A SCHOOLBOY'S HISTORY.

By TOM BROWN, Author of "*A Year at School*," etc.

CHAPTER I.



VERY well remember that when I was a boy I often asked at the commencement of a story if it were true, and many a time I have felt half the interest fade away from some narrative which had quite enchanted me, upon hearing that it was a work of fiction, or, as we young folks had used to put it, "a tale made up out of somebody's head." Since then I have grown older, and I hope somewhat wiser, and although I trust I shall never prefer fiction to fact, I have learned that a story may be true, although it is not a literal account of events which have really taken place. It is quite possible for a work of the imagination—be it prose, poetry, or painting—to be true to nature in general, and to human nature in particular, although the circumstances it narrates or pictures never really occurred in the order or connection in which they appear.

But now I am going to humour my young readers in their very natural and proper preference for a true story, for I presume young folks are much the same now as when I was a schoolboy, and that they are as eager as I was in their relish for a "real rightly true story." The facts I am going to relate happened at the school I went to, and the boy I shall talk about attended there at the same time as myself, so you see I ought to be well informed on the matter, even if I had not the additional advantage of having heard the boy tell the story many a time since he left school. The circumstances of the case as I shall give them will be strictly true. I shall merely alter the names, as, although the schoolboy in question may by this time have little boys of his own, he might not like me to let everybody know this little incident of his youth.

I recollect quite distinctly the first day Walter Marsh came to Hexley school. He was a rather pale-faced lad of about fourteen, with dark curly hair, and bright blue but anxious-looking eyes. He was one of those nervous, highly-excitable lads who are usually timid and yielding to any who choose to domineer over them, and before he had been at school a week it was an understood thing that Walter Marsh might be snubbed and sneered with impunity.

But while he was considered of such little importance in the playground, he took quite another position in the schoolroom. He was quick at learning and conscientiously industrious, and besides being able to keep pace with his fellow-pupils on every other subject, he was wonderfully clever at grammar, parsing, paraphrasing, or indeed any kind of composition. Poetry was his favourite study, and as the boys of the first class were then taking Cowper's "Task" as a reading

book, it quite astonished some of the oldest of them to see how readily Walter comprehended the meaning of the poet's similes and allusions, and how promptly he could express, in a few pithy lines of prose, the meaning of the most complicated poetic figure.

It is very rarely the case that a lad can be clever at his lessons without gaining at least the admiration, if he does not secure the affection, of his fellows in the playground. And so it was that one or two of the lads who had at first set Walter down as a poor-spirited coward, began to take some notice of him, and to interfere on his behalf when any big dunce presumed to take liberties with him; and when his bashfulness and natural reserve had rubbed off a little, they were pleasingly surprised to find in Walter an affectionate, cheerful, and grateful, though rather timid, companion. And so during the first few weeks the new boy crept gradually into the esteem of his schoolfellows, and Mr. Edwards, the school-master, had already remarked once or twice upon his good behaviour and general attendance.

But, alas! Walter had fallen on evil times. He had entered our school just as we were in all the hurry and worry of preparation for the Annual Examination and School Festival. Very little time was allowed in which to give explanation to those of the new-comers who happened to be behind their class-mates in any particular subject, all the rest of the time being devoted to continuous hard work in known rules. Happily for Walter Marsh, he was quite able to hold his own in his class on every subject except one, and that was music.

Now, Mr. Edwards was very fond of music, and was possessed of great taste and considerable powers of execution. And although he paid due attention to all other subjects, he always made a great point of the musical performances at the Annual Festival, and for that reason he spent a great deal of time and energy in training the elder scholars to sing glees, part-songs, and choruses on that occasion. For about a month before the busy work for the examination began Mr. Edwards had spent an occasional afternoon in teaching the rudiments of the musical notation, and so great was his success that many of the older boys could sing fairly from the notes, while nearly all in the higher classes had some knowledge of the science. But, of course, as Walter Marsh had not been in time to hear these preliminary lessons, the dots, lines, and strokes written on the blackboard, which were so intelligible to the others, were to him an unknown language.

It wanted only one short week till the holidays. Mr. Edwards had taught the elder scholars several musical selections, but he had just received from a friend a new piece which he had been for some time anxiously expecting. It was a very sweet melody, which he had once heard, but of which he had until now been unable to procure a copy, and, although the time was so short, he determined to get it up for the festival. The consequence was that just as the lads were congratulating themselves upon being quite ready for Christmas, they

found a new piece of music written on the blackboard, and were surprised to hear that they were expected to learn it in three or four days.

The piece in question was not one of those gay, lilting airs which children catch without an effort, but a plaintive minor, which required careful and skilful intonation to bring out its beauties. If it had been a merry school chorus, with a tune like a march, the boys would have learned it at once; but as it was, every time they tried it they disliked it more and more, and though Mr. Edwards sang each part over to them and played it on the harmonium, they seemed to have no better idea of singing it than at first.

Now it is not surprising that under these circumstances Mr. Edwards should be vexed. He had many causes of irritation. As a teacher, he was annoyed because the lads could not learn the piece; as the conductor, he was vexed to think they might sing it badly at the festival; and as a musical critic, he was irritated to hear this beautiful melody distorted in time and tune almost past recognition. He was a man of great determination and force of character, however, and having attempted the piece, he resolved that the lads should learn it. Accordingly, on the Friday afternoon he dismissed the younger boys at the usual time, and having marshalled the first four classes opposite the music-board, he quietly announced his determination that the piece of music should be learnt before they left.

It had become quite dark outside, and the gas had been lit for some time in the school. The last sound of the retreating footsteps of the happy youngsters in the lower classes had died away, and there were the elder boys seated in front of a tune they did not like, but which they would have to sing before they were allowed to go home. Some of the boys had a long distance to go, and they thought drearily of the desolate journey through the cold and the darkness. It was getting near tea-time too, and most of the boys began to feel a growing emptiness underneath their waistcoats, and to wonder how long it might be before they would be able to regale themselves with hot tea and buttered toast. Added to these causes of discomfort was a vague consciousness of injustice on the part of the master in insisting on their learning a tune at such short notice. And so it was no wonder that the lads made but little progress in the task before them.

But if these were the feelings indulged in the breasts of those boys who had some knowledge of music, and who might therefore fairly be expected to sing the air with some degree of correctness, what were the ideas of the few who, like Walter Marsh, had neither knowledge of notes, a taste for music, nor a manageable voice? Walter could not help feeling that he was an injured individual—he was being kept in long after the usual time, not for any fault of his own, but because a number of other lads either would not or could not sing a certain piece of music. He even began to feel angry at his schoolfellows for their slowness in learning, and half wished the

master would give them all a gentle chastisement to quicken their musical perceptions.

He tried hard to interest himself in the piece before him, and listened attentively to hear something which might explain the mysteries of the quavers and crotchets—the dots and dashes which seemed to be dancing and leaping over five-barred gates all over the music-board. But it was in vain. All he heard were interjectional remarks from the master, such as—"Mind that quaver rest!" "B flat, remember!" "Now *crescendo*!" "Fortissimo!" etc., etc. He even tried to help in singing the piece after hearing it played a few times, but his voice was such a queer one, and his notes so much below pitch, that the lads near him looked round to see where the sounds came from, and he was afraid to proceed lest he might throw the others out of tune, and so bring down the master's anger on his head.

Utterly wearied with the tune and everything associated with it, Walter's attention began to wander, and his eager blue eye flitted about from one side of the room to the other. If he might have done so, he would very much have preferred to sit at a desk and work a difficult sum, or write out a couple of pages of Cowper, but he could plainly see that Mr. Edwards was in no trifling mood, and would not be likely to listen patiently to a request for permission to do so.

At last Walter found something to occupy his thoughts. A little to the left of the blackboard containing the tune was another, on which a verse of poetry had been written as a writing copy for one of the junior classes. It was that well-known stanza from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," in which the poet so beautifully speaks of modest worth:—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Walter was, of course, instantly attracted by the beautiful similes, and pleased with the smoothness of the verse. Over and over again he read the lines with his eyes, until at last, absorbed by the musings they called up, he forgot where he was, and read them aloud just as the boys finished singing.

Mr. Edwards heard a voice, and looking round he thought he saw Walter's lips move. Thinking he had detected the cause of his scholars' slowness to learn, and fully resolved to punish severely any case of inattention, he asked, in a sharp, stern voice, "Marsh, were you talking?"

(To be concluded next month.)



SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIII.—ASTRONOMY.

WE have already considered all the planets which were known to the ancients. For thousands of years they were thought to be all the planets attached to our system, and Saturn's orbit was regarded as the farthest boundary over which the sun exercised any direct influence. But after the invention of the telescope astronomers were able to observe the motions of the heavenly bodies much more closely than before. It was then found that the movements of Saturn were not quite regular; there was something uneven about them which led a few astronomers to think there might be another planet far out of sight whose attraction slightly disturbed the regularity of Saturn's course. Yet nothing came of these suspicions, and when the discovery of an additional planet was made, it was made by Sir W. Herschel in a manner generally called accidental.

HERBERT. "Will you please explain to us how another planet could cause irregularities in the motions of Saturn?"

"By its attraction. You will perhaps remember that in our first conversation I spoke about the attraction of gravitation, and told you that when a ball is thrown up it falls to the ground because the earth draws it. In like manner one planet draws another a little out of its course; every planet exerts a little attraction over all the others, so that when astronomers found Saturn to be moving at one time more rapidly than at another, they began to wonder if its motion was disturbed by the attraction of gravitation, which some unknown planet exerted over it."

ANNIE. "Will you please tell us how Sir W. Herschel discovered the planet?"

"He was looking through his telescope one night in March, 1781, when he observed a star which seemed to be a little different from other stars. He altered his telescope, so as to magnify it, and took particular notice of its position amongst the other stars which were near it. The next night he examined it again, found its position changed, and after two or three observations on succeeding nights he became convinced that it was in motion round the sun. Yet he did not for a moment suppose it to be a planet; his belief was that he had found a strange sort of comet; but as it continued to be watched night after night, its motions showed it to be no comet; it was found to be a newly-discovered planet with an orbit outside the orbit of Saturn."

BERTHA. "What name was given to this new planet?"

"At first it was called Herschel, after its discoverer, but it is now called Uranus, after the heathen God, who was said to be the father of Saturn."

HERBERT. "What is the distance of Uranus from the sun?"

"Seventeen hundred and fifty-three millions of miles, or more than nineteen times the earth's distance from the sun."

BERTHA. "Is Uranus a large planet?"

"Not so large as Saturn or Jupiter; but his diameter is thirty-three thousand miles, and his entire bulk is equal to seventy-two globes as large as the earth."

ANNIE. "How long do his years last?"

"As long as eighty-four of ours; but the length of his days is not certainly known, because of his immense distance."

HERBERT. "Has Uranus any moons?"

"Yes; he has four—the same number as Jupiter; but strange to say they revolve in an opposite direction from the satellites of all the other planets of which we have spoken. While the moons of other planets revolve, like their primaries, from west to east, those of Uranus are found to revolve from east to west."

ANNIE. "Is Uranus the most distant planet belonging to the solar system?"

"No; there is yet another, called Neptune, discovered so recently as the year 1846."

BERTHA. "Will you please tell us how Neptune was found?"

"His discovery is one of the most remarkable events recorded in the history of any science, and ought to set at rest any doubts which may have arisen in our minds about the exactness of astronomical observations. It was by no such accident as that which led to the discovery of Uranus, but was the deserved reward of patient toil. When our astronomers had carefully examined the orbit of Uranus for some time, they were convinced that some irregularities existed in his movements for which they could not account. They considered the influence which the sun and all known planets had over him; but found after all that he was drawn out of the even path in which they thought he ought to travel. Then came the question—Is there yet another planet attached to our system and exerting its attractive influence over Uranus? No one had ever seen such a planet, and if it existed it was quite invisible to the naked eye; but they were determined to search for it, and began to calculate the disturbances in the motions of Uranus in order to find that point in the heavens to which their telescopes should be directed. In this country, a young man named Adams took the matter in hand. He worked hard, and after five years of close observation he felt sure that he knew very nearly the place where the planet would be found. In the month of July, 1846, the large telescope of the Cambridge observatory was directed to the search. There was great expectation amongst astronomers, and all were eager to have the honour of finding the new planet. Sir John Herschel remarked, 'We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain.' Its movements have been felt trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis with a certainty hardly inferior to ocular demonstration. But while observations were being conducted in England, the astronomers of other countries were not idle.

Especially a young Frenchman named M. le Verrier had been closely studying the movements of Uranus for the same purpose as Professor Adams. He came to nearly the same conclusions as our English astronomer; both of them calculated the distance of the unknown planet, its size, its weight, and the period of its revolution. On the 18th of September, 1846, the French astronomer wrote to a friend of his in Berlin—Dr. Galle—telling him in what point of the heavens he believed the new planet would be found, and requesting him to search for it. The Berlin star maps were exact and trustworthy, but on the first evening of examining the heavens a small star was found which did not appear on the maps; this led the observer to conclude that it could not have been there when the maps were made, or it would have been marked. He noted its position with great care, and anxiously awaited the coming of the next evening to see whether it had moved. As soon as the next evening came the telescope was again directed; the star had moved; it had moved just in the direction which M. le Verrier and Professor Adams had indicated, and at about the same speed; it then became clear that the planet was found, and men everywhere expressed their admiration for a science which could detect the movements of an unseen body at a distance from our earth of more than two thousand five hundred millions of miles."

HERBERT. "Why however could they tell its distance from the sun when they had never seen it?"

"They would not know exactly until the planet was found, but they could tell from the distances between other planets what was the probable distance from Uranus of the unknown planet. It was found that each planet was rather more than half the distance of the next one; thus Jupiter is a little more than half the distance of Saturn; the asteroids are rather more than half the distance of Jupiter; Mars is a little over half the distance of the asteroids; and the earth is rather more than half the distance of Mars; so it was thought likely that if there was another planet it would be rather less than twice the distance of Uranus, and the result showed it to be so."

ANNIE. "What is the real distance of Neptune from the sun?"

"Two thousand seven hundred and forty-six millions of miles, a distance which it would require a cannon-ball, travelling at the rate of twenty miles in an hour, two hundred and sixty-one years to pass over."

BERTHA. "How long does it require for Neptune to travel round the sun at that great distance?"

"Not less than one hundred and sixty-four years."

ANNIE. "What is the size of Neptune?"

"He is rather larger than Uranus, but only about half the diameter of Saturn."

HERBERT. "Has he any moons?"

"One has been discovered at nearly the same distance from his surface as our moon is from us."

LITTLE MAGGIE.



OD shows himself in various ways to his children. To some He gives riches, to others He gives gifts, which, when rightly used, are productive of good. Then, again, there are some who are the subjects of poverty, who have no idea of home comforts, of cheerful, smiling faces, but who drag on a weary existence from year to year, hoping for better things.

In one of the principal towns in England, in one of its narrowest and dirtiest streets, lived a man of the name of Ernest Kemp, with his family. A joiner by trade, he might have made a respectable living, had not drink held him in its fiery clutches, and scattered his good intentions to the wind. Little Maggie was his youngest daughter, a bright-eyed lass of ten years. The neighbours far and near loved Maggie for her good qualities; her diligent and tiny feet were never still in trying to do good for someone. Yes, young as she was, little Maggie had always something nice to say to her friends.

It was customary with Maggie to attend a ragged school three nights a week, for the purpose of learning to read and write. Most of the boys and girls in the neighbourhood attended this school, and it would have been an interesting sight for a stranger to have seen them in the midst of their lessons, to have noticed the eagerness with which each face was bent upon the studies, how attentive they all seemed, and how diligently they kept to the work before them.

The teacher of the school had lately given various prizes to the scholars for their good attendance, and also for their quickness in learning. Little Maggie was one of the fortunate number who took off a prize. Oh! how her little heart beat with joy; how, with fleeting footsteps, she ran home with the good tidings to her parents, so that they might know she had not been backward in her learning. And is not this so with every little boy and girl throughout England? Whilst I am writing, pleasant thoughts come crowding through my mind of the happy days I spent at school. How, when quarter-day arrived, our books were packed up; then we had a glorious romp in the play-ground, the head master and senior teachers joining us, finally finishing up with a tea party.

It was, however, sufficient for Maggie and the rest of her school-mates to bear off their hard-won honours, without either caring for or expecting a tea party. But their teacher did not think so. Mr. Platley was a man who had seen much of the world; and, moreover, was a careful, judicious, and patient teacher.

Mr. Platley, therefore, decided to give his young friends a treat, in the form of a tea-party. Great was the rejoicing when he made this announcement. It was something novel for these young street Arabs to sit down to a plentiful supply of currant-bread, seed-bread, plain bread, and tea; and the teacher was amply repaid for his kind-

ness by the hearty manner in which they did justice to the things set before them. There was Tommy Sanderson sat at one corner of the table, drinking hot tea, and attacking first one plate and then another, just like clock work; whilst in the centre a noisy, boisterous little fellow had got a large plate of seed-bread placed right before him, and was evidently bent upon finishing it before he left off.

And where was little Maggie all this time? Oh! there she sits, very quiet and orderly. Her pleasant-looking face is all aglow with smiles to-night. Maggie never remembers having such a glorious tea as this in all her life before. Her meals have generally been a dry crust, with perhaps the least morsel of cheese; and very often nothing at all.

At length tea is over, and the school is cleared for a bit of fun. Yes, fun; for Mr. Platley does not believe in delivering long, dry addresses to children. He notes the eager look in their eyes; how they hurry the forms and tables on one side of the room; and, in a moment as it were, a ring is formed, and the young folks are whirling round at an amazing speed. But when it is nearly time to go home, Mr. Platley desires them to sit down for a few minutes, for he has got something to say to them. It is this: he wants them to be good and attentive at their lessons, and at home also, for the next six months, and he will then give them another tea-party.

Time rolls on, and little Maggie grows until she is no longer little, but a tall, strong girl. By her industry she has risen to be an assistant teacher in the school where she first learned her alphabet. She is thus enabled not only to keep herself, but to give her mother nice presents occasionally. Her father, too, has reformed from his drunken habits, and is now a steady, hard-working Christian. This change is due to Maggie; for as she grew older, God made her the means of converting her father, and bringing him to a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

S. FOSTER.

THE ARAB AND THE INFIDEL.

A FRENCH infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa called the Great Sahara, in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening as he rose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly, "How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet? Even so," said he, pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "that foot-print is not of man."

A LOST CHILD.



AFTER the terrible massacre in Damascus in 1860, thousands of the Greek and Greek Catholic families migrated to Beirut, and among them was a man named Khalil Ferah, who escaped the fire and sword with his wife and his little daughter Zahidy. I remember well how we were startled one evening in 1862, by hearing a crier going through the streets, "Child lost! girl lost!" The next day he came round again, "Child lost!" There was great excitement about it. The poor father and mother went almost frantic. Little Zahidy, who was then about six years old, was coming home from school with other girls in the afternoon, and they said a man came along with a sack on his back, and told Zahidy that her mother had sent him to buy her some sugar-plums and then take her home, and she went away with him. It is supposed that he decoyed her away to some by-road and then put her into the great sack, and carried her off to the Arabs or the gipsies.

The poor father left no means untried to find her. He wrote to Damascus, Alexandria, and Aleppo, describing the child, and begged his friends everywhere to watch for her, and send him word if they found her. There was one mark on the child which he said would be certain to distinguish her. When she was a baby, and nursing at her mother's breast, her mother upset a little cup of scalding hot coffee upon the child's breast, which burnt it to a blister, leaving a scar which could not be removed. This sign the father described, and his friends aided him in trying to find the little girl. They went to the encampments of the gipsies, and looked at all the children, but in vain. The father journeyed by land and by sea. Hearing of a little girl in Aleppo who could give no account of herself, he went there, but it was not his child. Then he went to Damascus and Alexandria, and at length hearing that a French Countess in Marseilles had a little Syrian orphan girl whose parents were not known, he sent to Marseilles and examined the girl, but she was *not his child*. Months and years passed on, but the father never ceased to speak and think of that little lost girl. The mother, too, was almost distracted.

At length light came. Nine years had passed away, and the Beirut people had almost forgotten the story of the lost Damascene girl. Your Uncle S. and your Aunt A. were sitting in their house one day, in Tripoli, when Tannoos, the boy, brought word that a man and woman from Beirut wished to see them. They came in and introduced themselves. They were Khalil, the father of the little lost girl, and his sister, who had heard that Zahidy was in Tripoli, and had come to search for her. The mother was not able to leave home.

It seems that a native physician in Tripoli, named Sheik Aiub el Hashim, was an old friend of the father, and had known the family and all the circumstances of the little girl's disappearance, and for

years he had been looking for her. At length he was called one day to attend a sick servant girl in the family of a Moslem named Syed Abdullah. The poor girl was ill from having been beaten in a cruel manner by the Moslem. Her face and arms were tattooed in the Bedawin style, and she told him that she was a Bedawan girl, and had been living here for some years, and her name was Khoda. While examining the bruises on her body, he observed a peculiar scar on her breast. He was startled. He looked again. It was precisely the scar that his friend had so often described to him. From her age, her features, her complexion and all, he felt sure that she was the lost child. He said nothing, but went home and wrote all about it to the father in Beirut. He hastened to Tripoli, bringing his sister, as he being a man could not be admitted to a Moslem harem. Then the question arose, how should the sister see the girl? They came and talked with your uncle, and went to Yanni and the other vice-consuls, and at length they found out that the women of that Moslem family were skilful in making silk and gold embroidery which they sold. So his sister determined to go and order some embroidered work, and see the girl. She talked with the Moslem women, and with their Bedawin servant girl, and made errands for the women to bring her specimens of their work, improving the opportunity to talk with the servant. She saw the scar, and satisfied herself from the striking resemblance of the girl to her mother that she was the long-lost Zahidy.

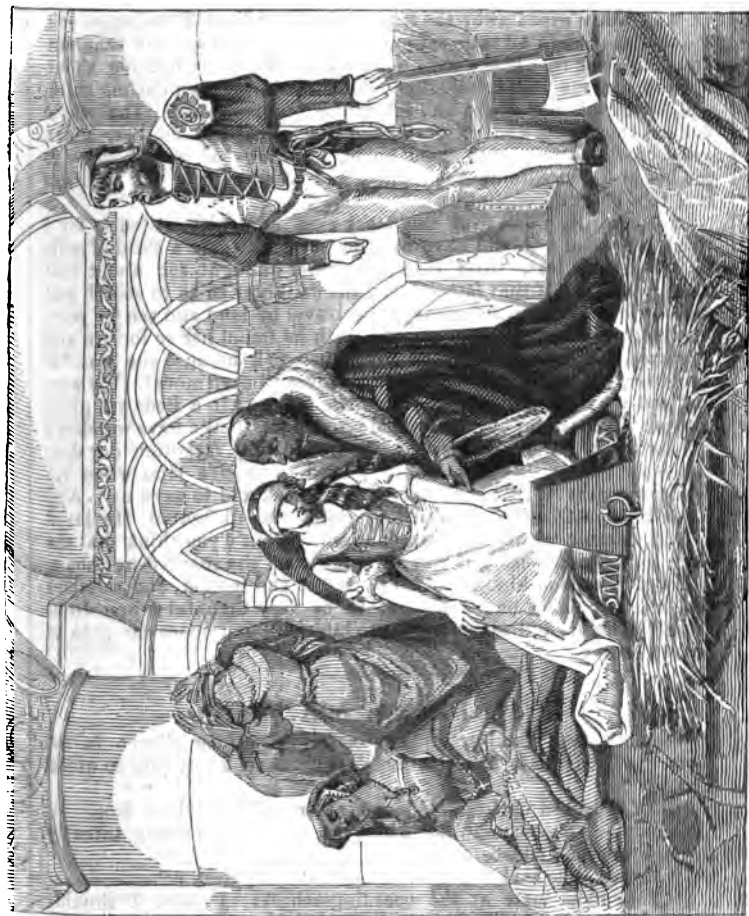
The father now took measures to secure his daughter. The American, Prussian, English, and French Vice-Consuls sent a united demand to the Turkish Pasha, that the girl be brought to court to meet her father, and that the case be tried in the Mejlis, or City Council. The Moslems were now greatly excited. They knew that there were not less than twenty girls in their families who had been stolen in this way, and if one could be reclaimed perhaps the rest might, so they resolved to resist. They brought Bedawin Arabs to be present at the trial, and hired them to swear falsely. When the girl was brought in the father was quite overcome. He could see the features of his dear child, but she was so disfigured with the Bedawin tattooing and the brutal treatment of the Moslems that his heart sank within him. Yet he examined her, and took his oath that this was his daughter, and demanded that she be given up to him. The Bedawin men and women were now brought in. One swore that he was the father of the girl, and a woman swore that she was her mother. Then several swore that they were her uncles, but it was proved that they were in no way related to the one who said he was her father. Other witnesses were called, but they contradicted one another. They then asked the girl. Poor thing, she had been so long neglected and abused that she had forgotten her father, and the Moslem women had threatened to kill her if she said she was his daughter, so she declared she was born among the Bedawins, and was a Moslem in

religion. Money had been given to certain of the Mejlis, and they finally decided that the girl should go to the Moslem house of Derwish Effendi to await the final decision.

The poor father now went to the Consuls. They made out a statement of the case and sent it to the Consul-General in Beirut, who sent a joint despatch to the Waly of all Syria, who lives in Damascus, demanding that, as the case could not be fairly tried in Tripoli, the girl be brought to Beirut, to be examined by a special Commission. The Waly telegraphed at once to Tripoli, to have the girl sent on by the first steamer to Beirut. The Moslem women now told the girl that orders had come to have her killed, and that she was to be taken on a steamer as if to go to Beirut, but that really they were going to throw her into the sea, and that if she reached Beirut alive they would cut her up and burn her. So the poor child went on the steamer in perfect terror, and she reached Beirut in a state of exhaustion. When she was rested, a commission was formed, consisting of the Moslem Kadi of Beirut, who was acting Governor; the political agent; Delenda Effendi; the Greek Catholic Bishop Agabius, the Maronite Priest Yusef, and the agent of the Greek Bishop, together with all the members of the Executive Council.

Her father, mother, and aunt were now brought in and sat near her. She refused to recognise them, and was in constant fear of being injured. The Kadi then turned to her, and said, "Do not fear, my child. You are among friends. Do not be afraid of people who have threatened you. No one shall harm you." The Moslem Kadi, the Greek Catholic priests, and others, having thus spoke kindly to her, the father and mother stated the history of how the little girl was lost nine years ago, and that she had a scar on her breast. The scar was examined, and all began to feel that she was really their own daughter. The girl began to feel more calm, and the Kadi told her that her own mother wanted to ask her a few questions.

Her mother now went up to her, and said, "My child, don't you remember me?" She said, "No, I do not." "Don't you remember that your name was once Zahidy, and I used to call you, and you lived in a house with a little yard, and flowers before the door, and that you went with the little girls to school, and came home at night, and that one day a man came and offered you sugar-plums, and led you away and carried you off to the Arabs? Don't you know me, my own daughter?" The poor girl trembled; her lips quivered, and she said, "Yes, I did have another name. I was Zahidy. I did go with little girls. Oh, ya, imme! My mother! you are my mother!" and she sprang into her arms and wept, and the mother wept and laughed, and the Moslem Kadi and the Mufti, and the priests and the bishops and the effendis, and the great crowd of spectators wiped their eyes and bowed their heads, and there was a great silence.



EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.—See p. 86.

After a little the Kadi said, "It is enough. This girl is the daughter of Khalil Ferah. Sir, take your child, and Allah be with you!"

The father wiped away the tears, and said, "Your Excellency, you see this poor child all tattooed and disfigured. You see how ignorant and feeble she is. If she were not my child, there is nothing about her to make me wish to take her. But she is my own darling child, and, with all her faults and infirmities, I love her." The whole council then arose and congratulated the father and mother, and a great crowd accompanied them home. Throngs of people came to see her and congratulate the family, and after a little the girl was sent to a boarding-school.

I can hardly think over this story even now without tears, for I think how glad I should have been to get back again a child of mine if it had been lost. And I have another thought too about that little lost girl. If that father loved his daughter so as to search and seek for her, and expend money, and travel by land and sea for years in trying to find her, and when at length he found her so forlorn and wretched and degraded, yet he loved her still because she was his daughter, do you not think that Jesus loves us even more? We were lost and wretched and forlorn. A worse being than a Bedawin gipsy has put his mark on our hearts and our natures. We have wandered far, far away. We have served the world and forgotten our dear Heavenly Father. We have even refused to receive Him when He has come near us. Yet Jesus came to seek and to save us. And when He found us so degraded and sinful and disfigured, He loved us still, because we are His own children. Don't you think that the little lost Damascene girl was thankful when she reached her home, and was loved and kindly treated by father and mother, and relatives and friends? And ought we not to be very thankful when Jesus brings us home, and calls us "dear children," and opens the gate of heaven to us?

JOSIE'S BOX.

"WELL!" Mrs. Hamlyn said, interrupting a long silence in the room, "what is there in your uncle's gift that keeps you so quiet, Charley?"

Charley looked up from his low seat into his mother's face. In his hand was a sovereign, at which he had been looking intently through the long silence.

"Mother," he said, "do you remember Josie Gray?"

"Your room-mate at the boarding-school? I think I should, Carley, as you have talked of him so much since you came home."

"Well, mother, he has to stay all alone at the school through the two months' vacation. His father and mother are dead, and his guardian never has him at his house. He is so lonely, mother, you can't think! Ever so many of the boys would like to have him visit

them, but his guardian will not allow it. You know, mother, nearly every boy in the school gets a box from home now and then, on his birthday or at Christmas, or if he sends home very good reports. Every time I had one, Josie would look so sad—not as if he envied me, mother, but as if it reminded him that he had no one to send him a present. He told me once he never had a box at any school. His guardian used to send him money sometimes—just so much a year, and pays everything for him; but he never has little nice things mothers send. Not because he is poor—I believe he will be rich when he is a man—but because he has nobody in the world to think of him. Now, mother, I was thinking that Uncle Charles said I might do exactly what I liked with this money, and if you will help me, I should like to send Josie a box. A real box, such as you send me, directed to himself, and with some things in it to amuse him while he is alone.”

“I will help you, certainly. Shall I make a loaf of the cake you like so much, and put in some other things? and if you can wait until to-morrow morning, I will go shopping with you with pleasure.”

In the large play-room of Mr. Maxwell's boarding-school, a week later, a little boy, ten years old, wandered about with a sad face and slow steps, as if very lonely and miserable. Outside, the rain poured down steadily; inside, the matron was busy, and all Mr. Maxwell's family being away for the holidays, the matron had the care of the lonely little boy. He had read awhile, had tossed a ball in a corner for a few minutes, had puzzled out a long sum, and was wishing it would clear up so that he could go out.

Visions of the happy holidays his school-mates were passing in their pleasant homes came to the child, and after a little struggle to be manly, he broke down into a long fit of crying.

“Everybody has forgotten me,” he sobbed. “The boys don't even write, as they said they would.”

The tears were still in his eyes when he drew near the window and saw the little covered cart belonging to the school coming through the rain from the village. Every day the little cart went for supplies, always calling at the post-office; and one of the greatest of Josie's pleasures had been accompanying Bob, the hired man, in this ride. He stood looking at Bob till he drove round the corner of the house out of sight, and then he dried his eyes. Perhaps, after all, one of the boys had written him a letter!

“Josie, Josie, come here! Here is something for you.”

Mrs. Banks was calling, and Josie ran very quickly to answer her. Bob stood grinning in the hall, and Mrs. Banks pointed to—what? A box, a real box, directed—

“MASTER JOSEPH GRAY.”

Josie could hardly trust his eyes. Surely he was dreaming! How many times he had longed for a box, but never, never hoped to get one!

"Oh! Mrs. Banks, who can have sent it?"

"Your guardian, perhaps."

"No; he gives everything for me to Mr. Maxwell."

Off came the lid. Folds of white paper on the top, and a letter.

"Dear Josie," the letter said—"Will you accept this box from me, with much love? Mamma helped me to select the presents, and she sends the cake and other things. I have put in some of the books we used to talk about that you said you would like to read. I hope you will not mind their being somewhat worn. Please write and let me know if the things reach you safely.—Your loving friend,

"CHARLEY HAMLYN."

Under the white paper came, first, a great frosted cake, some preserves, oranges, and candies. Next came three games, puzzles for many a lonely hour, a pocket-knife, a drawing-book, and a box of good water-colours, with brushes, palette, and cups, and a portfolio of pictures to colour. Underneath all a layer of the books Josie had longed to read, a little worn; as Charley said; but oh! so full of pleasant hours!

"Oh! Mrs. Banks, isn't it a splendid box?"

"Indeed it is. You won't cry any more to-day, I hope."

"Nor for many a day. I was so lonesome," said Josie. "But I've got good company now. Won't you put the good things in your closet, and give me some when I come to you? I am sure I shall eat all that splendid cake at once if I get one taste. First a slice for you, one for Bob and Sallie, one for me, and we will put it away. Oh! look at this box of candy! Here is an almond—just what you like."

Uncle Charles had never given a present that held more pleasure than the sovereign he gave Charley; for while one little boy was made happy for weeks with his box, the other was quite as much pleased with thinking of Josie's delight, and his own share in helping him to find pleasure in his long, lonely holidays in school.

SPEAK NO BAD WORDS.

"How is it I don't seem to hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war. "Oh, 'cause I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy, brightly. "Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor. "I didn't know he gave any." "He did," said Jem, "and I keep 'em safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem, slowly and distinctly: "'I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more cometh of evil.'" "Them's from the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor.

Editor's Table.

—o—

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to explain the following verses? In St. Matthew's Gospel xvi., 18 and 19, we read: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Please give me your opinion on this, as there are many opinions about it.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

JNO. MILLINGTON, A READER OF THE "JUVENILE."

ANSWER.—So there are many opinions on this passage, and perhaps ever will be. Peter means a rock, and we understand that our Saviour, in allusion to the meaning of Peter's name, showed how he had founded his church not on Peter but on a rock. Peter had some powers conferred on him, but no more than the rest of the apostles, for we read in Matthew xviii., 18, that this power of binding and loosing was given to all the disciples, of whom it is said "whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." Papists believe that Peter had a special power given to him to remit sins, and that all Popes have inherited his power, but there is no proof of this, either in the passage before us, or in any other passage in the Word of God.

Darby Hand, March 5, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—I respectfully ask you to give me your views as to the "unpardonable sin" or blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. What is this sin? "Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."—Mark iii., 28, 29.—Yours respectfully,

E. B. P.

ANSWER.—We gave an answer to this question in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1871, pages 103—4, to which we refer our correspondent. We have another communication on the same subject from "Inquirer," to which we give the same answer.

Methodist New Connexion Sunday-school,

Old Hill, March 2, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—Please to explain, in your next JUVENILE, whether it is right to buy books on Sunday, such as tracts, magazines, &c.; for God gave us six days to work in, to buy books as we need.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

ANSWER.—As a rule, we do not think it is right to buy books on the Sunday, but there are tracts and magazines, of a religious character, which could not be circulated except in Sunday-schools. They are generally not paid for on Sunday, but whether they are or not we do not think it wrong to circulate such magazines and tracts on Sunday, because it is a work of necessity and of mercy too, for they contain Gospel truth, which is adapted to save the soul.

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TEASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January and February Numbers.)

ANSWERS.

- 7.—Midian. Judges viii., 26.
 8.—Two. Matt. i., 20, and xxvii., 19.
 9.—Gideon. Judges vi., 11.
 10.—Pray without ceasing.
 11.—Paul. Rome.
 UNCLE TEASER regrets the omission of a "t" in No. 10.

QUESTIONS.

- 18.—Name two entire books of the Bible in which God is not mentioned by name from beginning to end?
 19.—What saying of our Lord Jesus Christ was repeated by the Apostle Paul which is not recorded in any of the four Gospels?
 20.—If human laws oppose Christ's laws, show from Scripture which we are to obey.
 21.— Three brave men risked their lives to gain
 A draught of cold water for one in pain;
 What did he say and what did he do
 When they brought him this token of love so true?
 22.— A minor prophet.
 A king of Judah.
 A son of David.
 A spy.
 A son of Jacob.
 The initials name a renowned Hebrew, and the finals a relative from whom he received both good and evil.
 23.—I am a sentence of 14 letters.
 11, 12, 2, 14, 6 is what afflicted an Apostle.
 3, 4, 8, 1 is an Eastern delicacy.
 8, 1, 2, 6, 4 is what few people like to be.
 14, 8, 11, 12, 13, 4 is an adverb.
 14, 8, 11 is an animal.
 My whole is a Christian duty.

"75, Lawrence Street, Sunderland," has no name attached.

In reply to several correspondents, it is not necessary to write the questions; place the number of the question before your answer—that is all that is required.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

—O—

DANESMOOR AND PELSLEY, CLAY CROSS BRANCH. — Juvenile Missionary Meetings were held at Danesmoor on February 1st, afternoon and evening. The following youths took part in the afternoon service: George Thomas Dunn, David Yates, Sarah Skelton, George Hatfield, William Brilsford, and William Vickers. Mr. Henry Banks presided. Collection £1.

At night, William Anderson, Elizabeth Matthews, Margaret Dunn, Archer Brooks, John Banks, and William Banks were the principal actors in the scene. They recited pieces and dialogues, and sang hymns. Mr. Thomas Waldron presided, and the amount collected was 17s. 4d.

The undermentioned children have collected by cards the amount placed opposite each name:—

						s.	d.
Willie Banks	5	6
Jos. Walters	5	0
Martha Crofts	4	2
Willie Anderson	4	0
Ann Linace	2	6
Ann Winfield	1	8
Mary Radford	2	0
Sarah Williams	1	8
Ellen Lynam	1	3
Rebecca Brunt	1	0
Total						£1	8 9

Altogether the children at Danesmoor school have realised £3 6s. 1d. this year for the missions, a pleasing improvement upon all former years.

The Pelsley school has contributed the following amounts by the persons named, which is also an advance upon last year:—

						s.	d.
Little Rosa	13	0
Billy the Painter	8	8
The Little Soldier	6	0½
Sally Beardmore...	5	0
Hatfield...	4	8
Mary Spelch	3	3
Tommy Holland...	2	7½
Total						£2	3 3

CHEADLE, LONGTON CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—We held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, February 1st, 1874. W. E. Brownfield, Esq., presided. An earnest and soul-stirring address was delivered by the Rev. T. Guttridge, superintendent, minister of the Longton Circuit. A number of scholars greatly added to the interest of the meeting by their usual supply of pleasing and appropriate recitations, interspersed with singing, conducted by Messrs. H.

and W. Spooner. The attendance was good, and a very enjoyable season was spent, it being the best meeting we have ever had of that kind. The report, as read by the secretary, was as follows :—

Collected by books, boxes, and cards :—						s.	d.
Miss R. Robinson	17	3
„ E. Johnsen	15	0
„ M. Fernyhouse	14	0
„ R. Spooner	11	6
„ L. Spooner	8	11
„ S. A. Hawley	2	10
„ H. Shaw	2	6
„ M. Shaw	2	3
„ M. Allard	1	6
„ M. Alcock	1	9
Mr. J. Ball	10	5
„ A. Emery	5	1
„ J. Hawley	8	4
						<hr/>	
Collection at Meeting						£4	16 4
						1	15 6
						<hr/>	
Total						£6	11 10
						<hr/>	

A. PERKIN, Secretary.

W. BALL, Treasurer.

LONDON DISTRICT.—GUERNSEY.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday, January 25th, 1874, our annual sermons on behalf of St. Paul's Juvenile Missionary Society was preached in Bethesda Chapel* by our esteemed minister, Rev. T. Addyman, both morning and evening. On the Wednesday evening the annual missionary meeting was held—the Rev. T. Addyman presided. A hymn having been sung, the Rev. William Blake prayed. The Chairman opened the meeting with a very appropriate address, and the Secretary read the report, which showed that the society is in need of juvenile workers and the Churches' prayers and support. The society has raised, since its commencement in the year 1855, £400 13s. 6d.—£25 3s. 7d. having been raised during the last year. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. M. Blake (Independent), and the following young men of kindred societies :—Our esteemed friend, Mr. A. Le Lachuer, who is always ready to lend us a helping hand; Mr. E. Devenish (Primitive)—this is the first time that Mr. Devenish has come to our meetings, but we hope it will not be the last, for unity is our strength; Mr. Jones (Wesleyan)—this is the second time we have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Jones, and we hope to hear him again and again yet. The addresses were of a highly interesting and profitable character. The collections amounted to £9 3s. 10d.—an advance on last year of 17s. 4d.—THOMAS GAVED, Secretary.

BETHEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—LEEDS SECOND CIRCUIT.—Reverend and Dear Sir,—I have pleasure in again forwarding the report of our annual juvenile missionary meeting, which we held on Sunday, December 7th,

* Our own chapel, St. Paul's, being closed for repairs, the Independents have very kindly lent us their chapel until ours is finished.

and a very pleasant meeting we had. The chair was taken by our old friend, Benjamin Mellor, Esq., and the glorious cause was advocated by the Revs. John Addyman (missionary from Canada), Samuel Meldrum, John Robinson, and Messrs. John Shaw, Alfred Thorpe, and Benjamin Hewitt. We had a full meeting, a good collection (amounting to more than £5), and also the presence of the Master. Oh, sir, what a gloriously grand thing the Gospel is! I have found (glory to God) the salvation which it provides, and oh! how I long that everybody else should know of it; and when I think of the hundreds of millions of poor sinners that are found in Africa, in India, in China, &c., that never heard of the Gospel, I feel ready to cry out, "Lord, send me!" Oh, I do long for the time when the whole earth shall be flooded with the Gospel of Jesus Christ! Lord, hasten the time!—C. E. HILL, Secretary.

CHEALYN HAY.—WOLVERHAMPTON CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, January 18th, a very interesting service was held in our chapel at Chealyn Hay. Some time ago Mr. W. Crutehley suggested that the scholars and teachers of our Sunday-school should present to the trustees a new Bible and a new hymn-book. The presentation took place on the above-mentioned day, with this difference, that the gift was doubled—new Bible and hymn-book being presented for the service of the old and another of each for the service of the new chapel. Besides the scholars and teachers, many of the friends came to witness this pleasant and indeed memorable service. After singing, prayer, and a few introductory remarks by the minister, Mr. Crutchley, as senior superintendent, rose and, in appropriate words and with deep emotion, presented, on behalf of the Sunday-school, two new hymn-books to the Rev. J. E. Grayson, as the representative of the Connexion. The present was suitably acknowledged; and then Mr. Geo. Pearson, as junior superintendent, in a few well-selected observations, presented the two Bibles to Mr. Joseph Hawkins, as the representative of the trustees. In words of approval and of encouraging counsel Mr. Hawkins accepted the gift, and the service closed with a song of thanksgiving and with prayer. The Bibles and hymn-books are both substantial and beautiful. None but persons connected with the Sunday-school were permitted to contribute to this object, so that the gift was emphatically a Sunday-school gift. A few months ago a subscription was started by Mr. Henry Hawkins for the purpose of a Communion service. The service was obtained from Messrs. Elkington, of Birmingham, and is of a very chaste and beautiful pattern. Since then a new Communion table has been purchased. The same friend has now directed his attention to the securing of a baptismal font, which will probably be in its place before this is in print. These things tend greatly to enhance the convenience and beauty of our services, and reflect credit upon all who have taken part in them.

RELIGION is not confined to devotional exercises, but rather consists in doing all we are called and qualified to do, with a single eye to God's glory and will, from a grateful sense of His love and mercy to us. This is the alchemy which turns everything into gold, and stamps a value upon common actions.—J. Newton.

Memoirs.

—o—

HANNAH WARD.

HANNAH WARD, daughter of George and Sarah Ward, was born at Ladymore in the parish of Sedgley, Staffordshire, September 22nd, 1859. From there she moved with her parents to Rose Hill, Willenhall, where she became connected with our Methodist New Connexion Sunday-school, and was taken ill with the sad disease called smallpox. She was a very quiet, loving, and honest girl, and she was remarked as being a motherly kind of a girl; for she was very careful and industrious. She was taken ill on the 30th of May, and continually grew worse, and on the 7th of June, 1872, she sent for me at breakfast. I went to her home to see her, and I found her in a very low state indeed. I asked her if she was happy? She said she was. I then asked her if she could tell me what it was that made her happy? To which she replied: "It is God that makes me happy." I prayed with her, and it seemed a delight to her, for she followed me in every expression. I then left her, and in the meanwhile she asked them to send for her father, for she wanted to see him. By the time he came home I returned, and was present in the room; and although she was in such great suffering she was very thoughtful in many things; but more about heaven than anything, for while I was in the room she said to her father, "Father, come nearer me, father." The father came nearer, and she put her arms round his neck and said, "Father, father, promise to meet me in heaven." To which the father, half choked with grief, said, "I will, my dear; I will." I saw her again the same day, and I found her very happy indeed. And when her mother was giving her some milk to drink, she would often say to her, "I shall have my milk in heaven just now, mother." And from that time she seemed to get worse and worse, but still held fast to her Saviour—to my Saviour, to your Saviour, to my God, and to your God. From that time she seemed to have a vivid apprehension of the time of her death; for she often remarked, "I shall die at six o'clock, mother." She did not expect ever to get better again. She very often would say to her mother, "I shall die, I shall die, mother." She did not fear to die, for she had sought refuge in the open side of her bleeding Saviour, and she was safe from harm. She was happy, and loved Him who had bought her with His blood. I saw her again on the 8th. Still in the Lord, and a good assurance of heaven. I wished her good-bye, hoping if we never saw each other again on earth, we might meet in heaven. I saw her no more, for she was too low to speak, but she still kept close to her Saviour's side, and her happy spirit took its flight on the 12th of June, 1872, in the thirteenth year of her age, to dwell with God her Saviour. There is no doubt of her being in glory, singing with the angels. And I pray that God may bless this brief sketch to all who may read it, and enable them to become wise unto salvation while time and opportunity are theirs.—W. H.

SOWING DISCORD.

"AUNT ALICE, I think Sarah Lee is the most disagreeable girl in our school; she is always making mischief. Now I have helped her ever so many times in her lessons, and lent her my History, but she is not in the least grateful. She told Mabel that I was very proud of my curly hair, and that my composition wasn't half as good as Mary Gray's."

"Were not both statements true?" quietly asked her aunt.

Laura blushed, but presently said, "I think it is very bad of her to talk about me in that way. I suppose she was provoked because I got above her in spelling. I am sure it was not my fault that she missed. I told Mabel I thought that was what made her so spiteful."

"You never talk against her, do you, Laura?"

"No indeed; I am sure I never did."

"Take care, my child; I think I can convince you that you said she was the most disagreeable girl in school; that she was always making mischief; that she was ungrateful, and spiteful because you got above her. Now, did she ever say anything half as bad about you? How would it sound if what you have just said was told her, exactly as you have said it? Would you not be very sorry indeed to have her hear it?"

Laura looked, as she felt, very much confused, and she had no apology to offer.

"Always look carefully within when one speaks ill of you, and see if you do not deserve it, and cannot learn a lesson from it. Then, before you allow yourself to get angry, ask if you have not said quite as bad things about the other person. There are a great many hasty words spoken which hurt nobody but the speaker, unless they are repeated. To do this is a tale-bearer's business; that is strictly forbidden in the Bible. 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among my people.' It was wrong for Mabel to repeat the words that gave you so much pain, and it is quite likely that she reported your answer also. Of all seed-sowing it is the poorest to sow discord among those who should be good friends. I think the true course for you, dear, is to repent truly of your unkind words, and seek by constant kindness to be at peace with your friend. As you are much the greatest offender, it is proper that the first step towards peace-making should come from you."

THE baby wept;
 The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
 And soothed its griefs and stilled its vain alarms,
 And baby slept.
 Again it weeps,
 And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
 From present pain and future unknown harms;
 And baby sleeps!

—DR. HINDS.

THEY WILL LAUGH AT ME.

"Yes, I know I ought to be a Christian, and I want to be, sometime."

"Why not be one now? What hinders?"

"I am ashamed to tell you, and yet I will. I am afraid of the laugh of my companions."

"Perhaps they would laugh at you, and if they did, it would not hurt you. I remember what a bugbear the fear of one of my companions used to be. I wanted to make known my desire to be a Christian, but couldn't. I saw this friend and tried to shun him, but couldn't. He came to me and said, 'Hallo, Charlie! I hear you are going to be a Christian. How is it?'

"'It is so,' said I, and then left him. In a little while he came back and asked me other questions about it. I answered them, and then said, 'To tell the truth, William, I've been dreading to see you; I expected you would laugh at me.'

"'Well, you are mistaken,' he exclaimed, quickly; 'I am bad enough myself, but if I see anyone else trying to be good, I am not bad enough to laugh at him. Go ahead, Will, and don't be afraid to show your colours.'

"Thus it has often happened. All those crosses look heavier and uglier in the distance than when you take them up."

"Yet the sneer and laugh often do come."

"So they do; but if you are really in earnest and ask Christ to help, these little things will not harm you."

"A young friend of mine was ridiculed for being a Christian. It was some months after he had set out for the heavenly city, and he said, 'Have you just found it out? I am sorry you did not discover it by my conduct long before this.'"

"Yes, that is the best, the manliest way. Do right, and if the wicked laugh at you, look up and let them laugh."

KEEP THEM OUT.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said one little boy to another who had just uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "it's no matter what he says. It goes in at one ear and out at the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow; "the worst of it is when naughty words get in they stick. So I mean to do all I can to keep them out." That's right, keep them out; for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.



THE STORM.

THE sun is sinking in the west, the sultry day is o'er,
The impending storm is murmuring with a low and sullen roar ;
A darkness steals across the sky with a strange and lurid gloom,
The affrighted birds fly to and fro to seek a sheltering home.
And now the vivid lightning's flash leaps on from cloud to cloud,
The thunder's awful peal breaks forth with bellowsings fierce and loud ;
The tall and supple trees bend low before the furious blast,
The sturdy oak is rooted up, and on the earth is cast ;
The riven clouds their contents pour with violence on the ground,
And fruits and flowers, crushed and bruised, lie scattered all around.
Rage on, thou boisterous tempest ! but thou canst not make me fear,
With all thy angry bellowsings, for I know my Saviour's near.
His powerful arm is round me cast, I lean upon His breast,
And midst contending elements I feel at perfect rest.
My Saviour whispers, "Peace, be still"—the raging storm obeys ;
The clouds disperse, the moon appears, and sheds her gentle rays.
Oh, happy they who calmly trust our Heavenly Father's word,
That those shall never moved be who rest upon the Lord.

Batley.

E. B.

"TELL ME AGAIN."

A POOR Caffre had heard a missionary speak of "the wrath to come," though he did not understand the meaning of it. He came into the colony, was brought to the missionary, explained his anguish, and asked what he must do. The missionary preached to him the Saviour. He listened with eagerness, and stood trembling, and said, "Sir, I am old and stupid ; tell me again." And being told again, the tears rolled down the sable cheek of this man of noble and athletic frame, and he confessed his wonder at the love of God and the compassion of the Saviour. He resolved to come and live near the missionary, that he might hear again and again the glad tidings. The little space in the village was, however, already occupied, and as he had acquire property, and that property was cattle, there would be no room to graze them. He told his difficulty to the missionary, and added, "I am a Caffre, and I love my cattle ; but I'll part with the last one I have if that stands in the way of coming to hear the Word !" He had found the pearl of great price, and he would part with all he had to procure it. The missionary arranged matters for him, and he now resides on the spot, a consistent, devoted Christian.

A PERSON converted in youth is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through the long, bright day. But a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while.

“HE CLINGS TOO.”

A LITTLE girl was looking at a picture of a faint and exhausted woman who had just escaped from the raging waves of a stormy sea, and was clinging to a rock which rose in mid-ocean, and was surmounted by a cross. “What does that mean?” asked the child. “It is called the Rock of Ages,” was the answer. “That means Jesus, to whom we cling for salvation. You know the hymn says, ‘Other refuge have I none.’” “Oh, yes,” said the child, after a moment’s hesitation, “but that rock isn’t my Jesus. When I cling to Him, He reaches down and clings too.” Our clasp is weak; He is strong. Our hands are feeble; His are almighty. Our puny arms may unclasp and let go their hold, yet we do not fall, for underneath us are the “everlasting arms.” Let us cling to Christ, though with a feeble hold, and He will cling to us so firmly that none shall be able to pluck us out of His hands.

Poetry.

—o—

SAVIOUR, bending at Thy feet,
All my sins I now deplore,
Grant me Thy forgiveness sweet;
To Thy favour, Lord, restore.

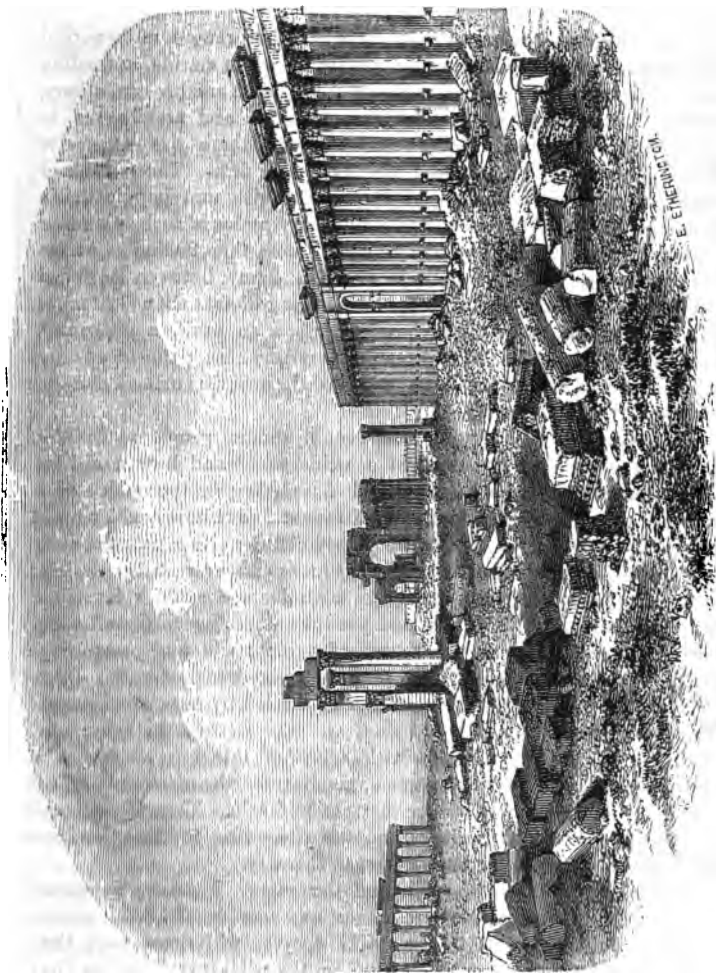
Helpless mine own self to aid,
Lord, I ask that by Thy power
I may now anew be made;
Saved from sin this very hour.

Saved from sin, my soul set free
From its heavy load of guilt;
For this I urge the sinner’s plea,
For me, for me, Thy blood was spilt.

Helpless mine own self to aid,
At Thy footstool, Lord, I kneel;
Ask for mercy, Thou hast said,
I will thy transgressions heal.

My transgressions, oh! how great!
How vast their sum! they swell each day.
Lord, I groan beneath their weight,
Take, oh take them all away.

Do not let me plead in vain;
Hear, and hearing answer now.
Purge from every guilty stain,
Wash my foul heart white as snow.



RUINS OF PALMYRA. (See page 114.)

PALMYRA.

WHAT remarkable ruins we have here! What ranges of beautiful columns, thousands of Corinthian pillars of white marble, extending for a mile and a half; some, as you see, are fallen and broken, others, like a forest, stand erect, with their capitals and architraves in beautiful proportion. Besides these ruins, there are extensive hillocks near at hand, covering others of older date. These relics of ancient grandeur are proofs of immense wealth and population in past ages. And yet how strange to find the remains of such splendour in a desert—in the very midst of a desert more than 200 miles across its arid bosom! For Palmyra is nearly mid-way between Baghdaad on the east, and Damascus on the west, being distant about 120 miles from each. The ruins stand, however, upon an oasis, a green and well-watered spot, amidst an ocean of sand, where palm-trees once flourished, and from them the city received the beautiful name Palmyra, or the City of Palm-trees.

But you may well inquire what could induce people to build a city so large and splendid in a wilderness? and how could its inhabitants become so wealthy and flourishing in the midst of a desert? Commerce and trade is the answer. But how could people carry on commerce in a desert? They could neither produce corn nor fruits for exportation; and as they had neither forests for timber, nor mines for metals, how could they manufacture articles for sale? True they could not do either, and yet they were famous for all sorts of commerce! Here is the secret of their trade and prosperity. Silks, ivory, gems, and all sorts of produce and manufactures from India and other parts of Asia used to be carried by merchants across this desert to Judea, Tyre, Sidon, and the western nations; and Palmyra was built on an oasis in the midst of this great desert as a resting-place, and a central place of meeting for the merchants of all nations. Here the goods were bought and sold. Thus the citizens became populous and wealthy, and the place rose to the splendour which its magnificent ruins manifest to this day.

Another question—who founded this city? I answer Solomon, for he greatly promoted the commerce and wealth of his kingdom, and if you turn to 2 Chron. viii., 4, you will there read that "Solomon built Tadmor (Palmyra) in the wilderness," and at that time this wilderness belonged to Solomon as a part of his kingdom.

True, indeed, the present ruins are of the Grecian style of architecture, and are, therefore, more recent than the architecture of

Solomon's time; but beneath the huge mounds and hillocks that lie all about the place, there are buried the old ruins of Solomon's buildings.

It was a fine stroke of policy in Solomon, and well compatible with his reputation for wisdom, to erect a city in this situation; for it was just the enterprise required to promote and expedite commerce between the nations of Europe and Asia, and thereby to enrich his own dominion, while he benefited the world.

Tadmor is the ancient name, Palmyra is the classic name of the city; but it is remarkable that in modern times the city has recovered its ancient name, and at this day the Arabs of the place call it Tadmor, the very name which it had when Solomon built it 3000 years ago. Tadmor, however, and Palmyra both mean the same thing—the former is Hebrew, the latter Greek, and both mean the City of Palm-trees.

EGYPTIAN HEAD-DRESSES.

GOD has provided a natural covering for the head, and originally neither man nor woman wore any other. But as men wandered into different climates the head was covered as a protection, and in any country where fancy, not necessity, ruled, the head was diversely covered and attired. The statues of heathen gods and goddesses have generally their heads uncovered; so of heathen philosophers. We never read of the Jewish patriarchs having their heads covered, and priests and monarchs seem to have seldom covered their heads, except on official and state occasions, when the priest wore his turban, and the monarch his crown, and the soldier his helmet. Women covered their heads with their veils, and men sometimes wrapped theirs in their mantle. The monuments of Assyria and Babylon represent monarchs with a high conical covering, richly ornamented, and the hair and beard elaborately curled; but the eunuchs have no head-dress, and that of the common people is very plain. The ancient Egyptian monarchs have a lofty helmet or cap; but ordinary men have a plain covering; the women have long hair and elaborate head-dresses, as represented in our engraving. Wigs, variously ornamented, were also worn.

The head-covering in the present day is very diversified. The American Indian adorns his head with feathers, and the Drusian ladies have a monstrous horn standing out from the forehead, up

holding a kerchief or veil. The Turk wears a massive turban, the Englishman his hat, which in one century is fancifully turned up like a shovel, and in another tall and straight like a chimney-pot. The ladies in my early days wore bonnets as large as a coal-scuttle, and



EGYPTIAN HEAD-DRESSES.

in my latter days as small as a teacup. Now they have begun to wear hats like those of the Alpine rangers, which are placed sometimes on the forehead, sometimes far away at the back as if falling off, and sometimes on the top of a mass of hair partly natural and partly

false, but so upraised and spread out as to make the head have a most unsightly and monstrous appearance. We look with wonder at the fashions of former centuries, and exclaim, "However could our ancestors be so foolish as to dress like that!" Our great-grandchildren will look at the pictures of the present day, and exclaim, with equal astonishment, "However could our grandmothers dress in a way so unnatural, uncomfortable, and ridiculous as they did in the nineteenth century!" As to the question, "How should a Christian dress?" we would say, "As becometh a Christian"—in such a style as excludes extravagance, secures comfort, honours God, and presents a becoming example to others. In dress, as in all things, we should ask, "Is this pleasing to God?" and that alone should be our rule.

AN UNPLEASANT REMEMBRANCE.

TWO CHAPTERS IN A SCHOOLBOY'S HISTORY.

By TOM BROWN, *Author of "A Year at School," etc.*

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

HAD Mr. Edwards spoken less angrily, or had Walter Marsh paused a second before replying, the latter would certainly have explained that, although he had involuntarily articulated some words, he was not talking in the usual meaning of that term. But terrified at his teacher's stern question—the first harsh words yet spoken to him in the school—he hastily rose, with pale face and trembling lip, and replied, "No, sir!" He resumed his seat, and his face flushed crimson as he thought that his answer, while partly true, was also partly false.

Mr. Edwards was not satisfied. He was sure he heard the voice, and felt confident the new boy was the offender, and so he determined to find out the truth, if possible. So he turned to Walter's right-hand neighbour, and said, "Jones, did you hear Marsh speak?" Now Bob Jones, I am sorry to say, was rather unscrupulous. He must have heard Walter's voice, but as he rather liked him, and as he did not know what he had said, he at once got up and said, "No, sir."

The master turned his keen grey eye to the boy sitting on the other side of Walter, and said, "Wilson, did you hear Marsh speak?" Now Charlie Wilson was another friend of Walter's, and knowing how severely Mr. Edwards would punish what he certainly believed to be a barefaced lie, he was sorely tempted to shelter his friend by a falsehood. But principle prevailed, and he said, "Yes, sir, I heard him speak, but I do not think he was talking to anyone, for he was looking towards me, and I did not hear what he said."

"Never mind what he said: he has told me a lie," said the master. "Marsh, stand out from the class."

Everyone expected the offender would get a severe caning on the spot, but while so angry the master felt he dare not trust himself to administer bodily chastisement, so he merely said he would deal with Walter afterwards.

The degree of punishment, however, mattered little to the culprit. To keenly sensitive boys like him bodily pain is never half as hard to bear as mental anguish. Walter cared not for canings or tasks. The punishment he already felt so overwhelmed him that no slight infliction of physical torture could add to its agony. His whole body literally shook with the vehemence of his emotions. He had never been in disgrace before, and he felt as if he could never again face his comrades or meet his parents. And then the cause of his disgrace was the bitterest feature of his calamity. To have been punished for late attendance, carelessness, or disobedience would have been bad enough; but to suffer on a charge of lying seemed immeasurably worse. No one in the school—not even the master himself—detested lying more than did Walter Marsh, and no one despised a liar more than he. And yet as the crowning feature of his punishment he stood out before his teacher and his new schoolfellows branded as a liar. And then another ingredient in his cup of bitterness was a sense of injustice. He felt he did not altogether deserve the disgraceful name. He knew that only his timidity had hindered him from giving the particulars which would have cleared him from the dread imputation. At times he felt inclined to go and give his teacher the necessary explanation, but then arose a bitterness of feeling, and he thought he would rather bear the injustice than run the risk of being again disbelieved; and so the poor boy stood, tortured by his bitter reflections, and feeling it would be easier to die than to live under such disgrace.

The time which had been the unconscious occasion of so much pain to Walter Marsh was at last learned sufficiently well, and the boys gladly ran off home. Charles Wilson, however, who somehow felt assured his new friend was no liar, lingered behind, and at last summoned up courage to ask his teacher if Walter Marsh might go home with him. Mr. Edwards had in some degree regained his usual good temper, so he sent Charles to his schoolfellow, to ask if he were sorry for his fault, and if he were now prepared to confess it.

Charles gladly went, and having delivered his message, he soon learned from his fearful friend the full particulars, which he at once explained to Mr. Edwards. That gentleman saw at once that his sternness had frightened the boy into a dangerous equivocation, so he went to him and fully acquitted him from the charge of telling a wilful lie, but cautioned him in future never to let timidity keep him from telling the whole truth, as it was often difficult to know a half-truth from a lie.

Walter went home, feeling somewhat comforted, but he had had a bitter lesson on lying which he never forgot. After the holidays Mr. Edwards treated him with the same kindness as before his disgrace, and though some of the boys at first held aloof from him, Charles Wilson remained his firm friend, and was never tired of defending his friend's character whenever it was assailed. Seeing that the master had received the offender again into favour, his schoolfellows gradually forgot his disgrace, and in a short time no one was better liked in school or out than Walter Marsh.

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed away. And what amazing changes may take place in that short period of time! What may not be accomplished in two years? In that time many a man has made his fortune; and although it takes far longer to build up a character than to build up a fortune, the effect of two years' active life upon anyone's character must not be lightly estimated. If, as is certainly the case, every act of our life tends to the beautifying or defacing of our character, the results of two years' succession of such momentary acts must be very evident for good or evil.

There had been great changes in Huxley school in the interval. Most of the boys who had been in the first-class when Walter joined it, were now in the busy world seeking their varied fortunes, and among the number was his fast friend, Charles Wilson. Most of the boys who had witnessed Walter's punishment had entirely forgotten the occurrence, and those who remembered it thought too well of him to think of paining him for a moment by reviving to such an unpleasant remembrance.

Of course, the two years had not passed without effecting some change in Walter Marsh. It is hardly necessary to say he was a better scholar—it would have been very sad if, with his abilities, he had not been. He was now the head boy of the school, and always carried off the first prizes. His compositions were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-pupils; and when at a public gathering he was put forward to recite some poem, or to read some literary extract, his declamations were loudly applauded.

With these changes Walter had also grown in the esteem and love of his schoolfellows. He was not by nature fitted for the more boisterous sports, and yet, even in the playground, he was looked on as a leader, and his wishes and suggestions attentively considered; while in school all admired his attainments, and love alone kept them from envying him.

But pleasing as it is to record these evidences of his improvement during two years, it would be sad if we had to cloud them by the reflection that in that time his moral character had become weaker instead of stronger. Happily we have not to do so. Walter had

gradually rubbed off a very great deal of that natural timidity and reserve which had threatened to hinder his success, as to mar his future usefulness. The conscientious care and attention which had previously marked his character had still increased, and together with self-reliance and perseverance, had developed a character which promised well for his future.

It was again getting near Christmas, and the careful preparations for the Annual Festival were in full swing. To Walter Marsh especially was it a busy time. He expected to leave school at the end of the "half," and was therefore anxious to do his utmost for the credit of the school and the honour of his teacher before leaving. He had written an address in blank verse, which he was to recite to the audience at the public meeting. Although he had never been so fond of music as of some other studies, he had, nevertheless, under the tuition of Mr. Edwards, discovered a fair degree of taste for that science; and while his voice prevented the hope of him ever becoming a good singer, he was as well up in the theory as any other boy in the school.

It is not, however, of Walter's attainments, or even of the festival that I have to speak, but these things come into my mind as I thought of the contrast between Walter at this time and what he had been two years before.

One afternoon, in the end of December, the first four classes were seated in the gallery at the end of the school, and Mr. Edwards was trying very industriously to explain the mysteries and complications of cube-root. Now, I suppose cube-root is about as uninteresting a rule as can be found between the covers of the arithmetic. There is some slight appearance of interest in sums where a thousand oranges, or four hundredweight of nuts, have to be divided among two hundred and fifty children. A boy who had an idea of being an apprentice in a shop might perhaps be pleased to learn how to find the value of a certain quantity of butter, sugar, or tea. And it is just possible that some lad with a taste for finance may even take a pleasure in apportioning the various profits of certain partners called A, B, and C. But how can any boy be expected to take a pleasure in cube-root unless he is a second Bidder or an automatic calculating machine?

I daresay some of the boys of Huxley school wondered for what malevolent purpose the arithmeticians had invented such a difficult, incomprehensible method of calculation. Very likely some of them had a crude idea that it was established by a council of hard-hearted schoolmasters for the express purpose of tormenting and distracting their pupils. But whether they thought so or not, there was abundant evidence that some of them at least had given up the rule as altogether beyond their comprehension, and were busily engaged with more interesting topics.

Mr. Edwards had just put the last figure to the simple example he had worked out at length on the blackboard, and had turned to judge from the faces of his pupils whether they had followed all the

processes of calculation, when there was a slight rustle at one side of the gallery, and three marbles came rolling, dancing, and leaping down the steps, finally resting at the teacher's feet. Of course there was a pause in the lesson, and all eyes were turned in the direction from which the marbles had come. The boys who sat near and knew nothing of the marbles looked wonderfully innocent, and those who did know something about them looked as innocently surprised as they could under the circumstances.

Mr. Edwards took up the marbles, and asked whose they were. They were nice marbles—two white alleys and a common—of the most approved style, and apparently very smooth and round; but yet the owner, with a wonderful disregard for his property, refused to put in his claim. Either he had become very magnanimous all at once, or else he coincided with an opinion generally understood, though not expressed, that the owner, when he got the marbles back, would be likely to get something else which would make him remember them for many a day. Everyone was silent.

The schoolmaster stepped up to that part of the gallery at which the ill-fated marbles had so unexpectedly started on their frolicsome journey, and asked the question again, but again received no answer. He then began to question the boys separately; but just where the marbles came from there was a bevy of unscrupulous lads, held together by partnership in many a scrape, and fully resolved to protect each other at no matter what risk. So when the owner of the marbles had denied his ownership, the other boys in his set followed his example, and denied all knowledge of them.

Mr. Edwards was very rightly indignant at this wholesale falsehood, for he was certain the marbles must have come from among the lads who so stoutly denied that they had dropped them: so after having in vain asked most of the boys who sat near, he turned to Walter Marsh, who was seated on the topmost seat just above them, and said—

"I know I shall get at the truth now. I am sorry to say I cannot believe some of those who have denied their knowledge of these marbles, but I shall place the most implicit confidence in what Walter Marsh tells me, for *he never told me a lie yet.*"

Thus called upon, Walter rose, and while his face flushed and his hands twitched nervously, he named the boy to whom the marbles belonged, and in proof of his assertion said the bag containing the rest of the marbles was hid under his slate. Of course, the boy was convicted and severely punished, and all his accomplices were set hard tasks for their wicked and foolish defence of him.

But why was it that Walter Marsh was so unusually agitated when called upon for his evidence? Mr. Edwards could not account for it, and when school was leaving he asked him the cause. Walter replied—

"You said, sir, that I had never told you lie, but you forgot my disgrace nearly two years ago."

"I am very sorry to have reminded you of such a sad event, my boy," said his teacher, "but your conduct has been altogether so exemplary that I assure you I had quite forgotten the circumstances until you named it. Never mind, Marsh; 'let bygones be bygones'; you shall not be reminded of it again by me."

You see now why it was that Walter was so confused. It was "an unpleasant remembrance" that had excited him. The mention of a lie, even when his master was paying him a compliment, brought up so vividly the bitter burning disgrace which had so sorely oppressed him, that for a minute or two he felt over again its shame and sorrow. And this is the lesson I want to teach you by this little story—namely, that long after faults and wrongs are forgiven, their evil consequences still follow us, and are among the bitterest of our experiences. Many a man is constantly haunted with the "unpleasant remembrances" of the follies and sins of his youth. They may meet us at any time, and when we fondly flatter ourselves that we have seen the last result of our follies, they may appear in a form more annoying than ever. A word, a name, or a trifling incident may call up some memory-picture which shall give us the most exquisite and lasting pain. So let us always recollect that if we desire to be secure from the stinging remorse of these "unpleasant remembrances," we must be careful what we do or say now, for each action of our lives is liable in years to come to be either an annoyance or a pleasure to us.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIV.—ASTRONOMY.



WE have yet a little more to say about the solar system, for it has other bodies attached to it besides planets and their satellites: there are comets and meteors, of which, hitherto, we have said nothing. Whether or not any planet exists at a greater distance from the sun than the orbit of Neptune, we do not know; but if there is any such planet revolving round the sun it is most likely that our astronomers will find it before many years have passed away, for their instruments and calculations are now so perfect that such a body could not long escape their observation. About fifteen years ago it was believed by some astronomers that there was another small planet very near to the sun, nearer even than the orbit of Mercury; and one person who was practising as a country physician in France, declared that he had seen it crossing the sun's disc. This declaration seemed to make it certain that such a planet existed, and at one time it was so firmly believed in that a name was chosen for it. Vulcan was the name to be given to this fearless attendant on the burning sun; but observa-

tions made since have failed to find the owner of the name, and the accepted opinion now is that no planet exists nearer to the sun than Mercury.

BARBARA. "Will you please help us now to remember how many planets there are altogether?"

"Of large planets there are eight. Their names and the order of their distances from the sun are the following:—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Between Mars and Jupiter come the asteroids or minor planets, of which, you will remember, I told you a hundred and twenty-six had been discovered up to November, 1872. In addition, some of the large planets have moons or satellites travelling round them. The Earth has one, Jupiter has four, Saturn has eight, Uranus has four, and Neptune one, making in all a hundred and thirty-four planets and eighteen moons, or one hundred and fifty-two bodies revolving round the sun, without reckoning comets and meteors."

HANNAH. "Will you tell us, please, what is the difference between a planet and a comet?"

"There are several differences: one is, that planets shine only by reflecting the sun's light, while comets shine by their own light; another, that planets consist of solid substance, while many comets seem to be composed of some kind of luminous gas, through which the light of a star passes quite freely; and a third difference is found in the form of their orbits; planets revolve round the sun in an orbit called an ELLIPSE, but some of the comets revolve in an orbit to which the name PARABOLA is given."

BARBARA. "Will you please explain these terms to us?"

"Eclipse is the name given to a figure which is oval, but a parabola is much longer in proportion to the width than an oval is. You have seen the wooden hoops by which oaks are held together. In form they are circular. Suppose now that you take one of these hoops, and stretch it with your hands just a little, so that two of the sides are slightly drawn from each other, and the other two come nearer together; its form will no longer be circular but elliptical; in that form it will represent the pathway of a planet round the sun. Again, take the hoop, and this time stretch it so far that the points where your hands take hold begin to crack and break; its form will then be almost parabolic, and in that form it will represent the pathway of a comet."

ANNA. "Then are comets sometimes very near the sun, and sometimes very far away?"

"Yes; their distance from the sun varies greatly. At one part of their orbit they are near, at another part they are distant. Halley's comet is fifty-seven times farther from the sun at its greatest distance than when it is nearest; but some vary considerably more than this."

HERBERT. "About how distant are they from the sun at their nearest approach?"

"Some of the short-period comets get no nearer the sun than we are. Halley's comet approaches to rather more than one half



THE COMET.

the earth's distance, but some of the long-period comets are said almost to graze the sun's surface. A comet which appeared in the year

1680 was a hundred thousand miles nearer the sun than our moon is to the earth, and Sir Isaac Newton estimated that its heat then was two thousand times the heat of red-hot iron."

HERBERT. "Why is one of them called Halley's comet?"

"Because Halley computed its orbit, and foretold the time when it would again return. It was in the year 1682 that it made its appearance, and Halley, who was an Englishman, and a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, paid great attention to its movements; he very carefully observed its position night after night, and after much patient toil in the most intricate and difficult calculations, he boldly ventured to make the prediction that it would come again either at the close of the year 1758 or the beginning of 1759. This was the first time that the period of a comet had been reckoned, and many were doubtful about the result; but Newton's friend had not staked his reputation as an astronomer on a mere guess; he knew he could not live to see whether his calculations would be proved correct or not, and this caused him to be the more careful. True to the time predicted, the first sign of the comet was obtained on Christmas-Day, 1758, after an absence of seventy-six years. The same comet re-appeared in 1835."

BERTHA. "Will you please tell us what is meant by short-period and long-period comets?"

"The short-period comets are those which complete their revolution in a few years: thus Encke's comet travels over the whole of its orbit in three and a quarter years; Biela's comet, in six and a half years; and Faye's comet, in seven and a half years. Long-period comets are those which are said to require a much longer time; such are the comets of 1858 and 1811, which are estimated to return, the one in two thousand one hundred, and the other in three thousand years."

ANNIE. "What is the appearance of a comet?"

"Most comets have a brilliant head or coma, and a long flowing tail, which does not shine quite so brightly as the head; but some comets have no tail, others have two; and in the year 1744 a great comet appeared having six tails. The last mentioned was a very beautiful comet, each tail was bordered by a bright edging, and the space between the edges was faintly illuminated, while the spaces between the tails were quite dark; all the tails seemed to strike out from one point of the coma."

HERBERT. "What is generally the length of a comet's tail?"

"There is no general length; they vary from a few million of miles to more than a hundred millions. Even in the same comet the length of the tail is by no means regular, for as the sun is approached the tails in most cases rapidly increase their size, as though the great heat of the sun made the head of the comet to burn fiercely, and to throw off a long train of luminous smoke, steam or gas. A comet which appeared thirteen years ago had a tail twenty millions of miles

in length. The comet which approached so near to the sun in the time of Sir Isaac Newton shot forth a tail sixty millions of miles long in two days; the entire length of this comet was one hundred millions of miles. A comet which appeared in 1843 had a tail stretching to the enormous length of one hundred and twelve millions of miles."

ANNIE. "Have not comets sometimes been regarded with great fear?"

"Nearly always; and the more magnificent the appearance they have presented, the greater has been the dread with which they have inspired the ignorant. Rulers, also, have frequently used them as a means for the accomplishment of their own selfish purposes by working on the superstitions of the people."

BERTHA. "At what speed do comets travel?"

"They vary as much in speed as they do in size, and almost in like manner, for as the tail generally lengthens the nearer the sun is approached, so the speed always increases as the sun's attraction is more powerfully felt. Some of the short-period comets can be watched through the whole of their orbits, their speed is found not to vary to any great extent; but the long-period comets, when first detected in their approach to us, are very slow, travelling sometimes at little beyond the speed of an express train. Their velocity gradually increases as the distance between them and the sun grows less, until eventually they hurry along at a terrific rate, and sweep round the centre of our system at a speed twenty thousand times greater than that of the swiftest express. The comet of 1680 passed round the sun at the rate of one million two hundred thousand miles in an hour, and then hurried away no one knows whither, excepting that it was in the direction from which it had previously come, but from that time to this it has never been seen."

HERBERT. "Can you tell us how it is that the light of a star passes freely through a comet?"

"The only explanation of which it is capable is found in the rarity or lightness of the substance of which comets are composed; for though some of them are several thousand miles in diameter, they are so transparent that even faint stars may be seen through them, and the brighter stars can be seen quite distinctly."

ANNIE. "If they are so light, then, could they possibly injure the earth, if one of them should strike against it?"

"There is no likelihood that the earth would be injured in the least by coming in contact with an ordinary comet, but the comet itself might be very seriously interfered with by such a contact."



THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. *How could the whale swallow Jonah?*

MR. EDITOR.—I read in Jonah i., 17, that a great fish swallowed Jonah, and that he was three days and three nights in the belly of that fish. Now, sir, we have heard it said that the throat of a whale is so narrow that it is not possible for even a man's leg to pass through it. Besides, if Jonah was so long in the stomach of a whale, how could he remain alive? I do not myself disbelieve the Bible, but some people trouble us with such questions, and I should be glad if you would kindly give me an answer in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. F. H.

ANSWER.—Our young friends need not be concerned at what scoffers say, for their objections are always founded in either ignorance of facts or perversions of truth. It is so in this instance; for the passage in Jonah i., 17, does not mention a whale at all, but merely speaks of "a great fish." But you ask, is not the fish called a "whale" in Matthew xii., 40? I answer, it is called "*ketos*" in the original Greek; and that word means either a whale, or a shark, or a sea-calf, or any sea monster. This being the case, the objection grounded upon the narrowness of the whale's throat vanishes; for the fish which swallowed Jonah might have been, and probably was, a shark, and several species of the shark are capable of swallowing a man whole; and, in fact, sharks have been found on several occasions with a man entire in their stomachs.

As to Jonah being preserved alive in the stomach of the fish, this of course, was a miracle. And certainly if God gives life to man, He can preserve it when, and where, and how He pleases. He who preserved Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego alive in the burning, fiery furnace, was surely able to preserve Jonah alive in the stomach of the great fish.

The preservation of Jonah in the body of the fish is referred to three times as a real fact in the New Testament—Matt. xii., 40; xvi., 4; and Luke xi., 30, where our Lord speaks of the event as a type or sign of His own resurrection. It is therefore an undoubted truth, and all attempts to explain it away are to be resisted, being founded not in reason, but in unbelief. We believe it just as we believe all other Bible miracles, because God has recorded it in His Holy Word for our instruction and edification.

2. *Joseph of Arimathea and his tomb.*

DEAR SIR.—When reading about our Lord's death, I find that Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of our Saviour, and buried it in his own tomb. But as Joseph lived at Arimathea, a town a long way from Jerusalem, how was it that he had his tomb in Jerusalem, and not in his own town, where one might suppose he would have his family grave? Will you please explain this for
A. CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.—Our inquirer is right in his opinion that Arimathea is

some considerable distance from Jerusalem; for it is commonly supposed to be the Ramah spoken of in 1 Samuel i., 19, which is near to Hebron, about fifteen miles from Jerusalem. But though Joseph had his country residence at Arimathea, yet, being a rich man, he could afford to have also another residence in Jerusalem. Moreover, he was a counsellor, or a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim; and as such he would have to reside much in that city in order to attend to his official duties. As a religious man, he would delight in the services of the temple, and hold the very city in reverence where the temple stood; and we can well understand how a pious man under deep religious feeling would desire his body to lie within the walls of the venerable city of Jerusalem. This feeling is so powerful even now in the minds of Jews that they carry away the very dust of Jerusalem to thousands of miles distant; and to be buried in Jerusalem they regard as their highest honour and the richest privilege. Even when their graves in Palestine are far away, the foot of the grave is always made to turn towards the city of Jerusalem.

3. *The corner, the nail, the battle-bow, and the oppressor.*

SIR,—There is what appears to me a very hard verse in the tenth chapter of Zechariah. It says:—"Out of him came forth the corner, out of him the nail, out of him the battle-bow, out of him every oppressor together."—Zech. x., 4. Pray, sir, whatever can be the meaning of the words, "corner," "nail," "battle-bow," and "oppressor"? And will you please say where these things come from, and what they are to do?

A CANDID INQUIRER.

ANSWER.—Don't be discouraged. It is a hard text for a Sunday scholar; but we will try to explain it.

The word "*corner*" is, as my young friends know, sometimes applied to a great stone placed at the angle of the foundation of a building; and when thus used it is called a corner-stone. Such a stone is a prime one in a building; for it is of itself large, strong, and solid, and it serves to bind the walls together, and give them cohesion and strength. This same word, "*corner*," is applied to men who are the chiefs or heads of a people or nation; because it is for them to be wise, courageous, and faithful, that they may be a bond of union, and a source of vigour to the people in every trying hour.

The word "*nail*," as used in Scripture, does not mean a sharp bit of iron like those which we use in making a box, but a stake or peg made of wood, brass, or iron. Sometimes such were driven into the ground to hold fast the cords of a tent, and sometimes they were built in with the walls of a house for the purpose of bearing articles of dress, furniture, implements, and weapons hung upon them; and these large nails being thus used, were necessary to give stability to a tent and utility and convenience to the walls of a habitation. Nails were used in speech as figures to denote strength and usefulness; and in this sense are applied to great and good men whose sagacity, prudence, and character give strength and stability

to a nation, or to the Church of God. Hence God, speaking of Eliakim, says, "I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place."—Isaiah xxii., 23.

The word "*battle-bow*" means a weapon of war by which arrows and javelins were hurled by soldiers against their foes; and the word is here used to signify a successful warrior.

The word rendered "*oppressor*," or "*crusher*," needs but little explanation, for it simply means one who has power to overcome and subdue his fellow-men. Sometimes, however, it is used to signify an exactor, as in Isaiah lx., 17.

All these—the corner, the nail, the battle-axe, and oppressor—are said to come out of him; but who is intended by the word "him"? Simply the tribe of Judah. But why is it here said that all these come out of Judah? For this reason: Judah had but lately returned from captivity, and was reduced in number, weakened in resources, and therefore despised by surrounding nations. But God here shows that mighty chiefs and rulers should spring out of Judah, who should give unity, strength, valour, and success to the nation—men who, like the "corner-stone," should unite and consolidate the nation; like "the nail" or stake in a sure place of the tent, should render the nation stable and useful; like the battle-bow should become a terror to their adversaries, and, as men of valour and power, render them successful against all tyrants and all evil-doers.

But the text in its highest sense is probably a prophecy of Christ, who in due time should come from the tribe of Judah to be the "corner-stone" on which men build their hopes of salvation; "the nail" to bind the Church together; "the battle-bow" to secure her victory over every foe, and the opponent or crusher of sin and misery in every form throughout the world, until His enemies are put under His feet.

4. WHAT IS THE FEAST OF PURIM?

The word "*Pur*" occurs in Esther iii., 7, and the words "*Pur*" and "*Purim*" occur in the same book, ix., 24, 26. I do not find these words in any other part of the Bible, and should feel grateful if you would explain them.

A. R. J.

ANSWER.—The words are not English, nor are they pure Hebrew, but derived apparently from the Persian. "*Pur*" means a *lot*, and "*Purim*" is the plural, meaning *lots*. If you turn to chap. iii., 7, you will there find that wicked Haman, bent on destroying all the Jews in the 127 provinces of the Persian empire, cast lots to find out the most lucky month and the most lucky day in which to accomplish his bloody purpose. He fixed finally upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, supposing that to be the period fixed by casting lots. Accordingly, having persuaded King Ahasuerus that the Jews were enemies to him and his kingdom, he induced him to sign letters to all the governors of all the 127 provinces where the Jews were residing, that they should all be destroyed on that day.

But Esther, the queen, was a pious Jew, and she showed the king that her people were peaceable subjects, and that the bloody-scheme for their destruction was a wicked device of Haman, prompted only by envy and malice. The king, being convinced of this, caused Haman to be hanged, and then he issued throughout all his empire a decree enjoining the Jews to defend themselves against their enemies; and all the rulers of the provinces helped them in their self-defence. In consequence of this great deliverance the Jews made the anniversary of that event a time of joy and feasting; and from that period they held an annual festival on two successive days—the fourteenth and fifteenth of the month Adar—in commemoration of their wonderful deliverance, and they called that commemoration the Feast of “Purim.”

There is, my dear young friends, a greater deliverance for us—namely, salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ! Have you got this great salvation?

FOREST HILL, LONDON.

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE SALVATION OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

At Forest Hill there has been a movement lately for the salvation of the Sunday scholars in this populous neighbourhood. The schools in this place, including all denominations, are united as a Branch of the Sunday School Union; and at a meeting of the committee of the same it was resolved to have first a united prayer-meeting of all the teachers, which was held in our school-room, and well attended, and was a season of spiritual power. It was further resolved to hold three meetings in one week for all the scholars. Our commodious Sunday-school was so crowded on the first night that we had to adjourn to the chapel, which also was crowded. Several gentlemen from London, who take a very deep interest in this good work, came to assist. They delivered soul-stirring addresses, urging a present salvation, and singing and prayer gave a very interesting variety to the service. After the general service, another was held for inquirers, when a large number remained, and the teachers and other friends entered into personal conversation with scholars individually. After this a number of teachers met in the adjoining vestry to unite in supplicating the Divine blessing upon the previous meetings of the evening.

On the following Wednesday and Friday evenings of the same week similar meetings were held in the same place, the ministers taking part in each. Each meeting was numerously attended by both scholars and teachers; many were deeply impressed; and we have since heard of pleasing instances in which real spiritual good was wrought in the souls of the children. To God be all the praise!

We would urge upon the teachers and managers of our Sunday-

schools throughout the whole Connexion to have such meetings. They will prove a blessing to teachers and scholars, and direct the attention of both to the great end of Sabbath-schools—namely, the salvation of the children. Then the dear children becoming saved, will carry home the glad tidings to their parents, and many living now without God will be drawn to public worship and to the enjoyment of salvation.

A PRESENT SALVATION ;

OR, "I MUST HAVE IT SETTLED TO-NIGHT."

Not long ago, at a special service held for the purpose of bringing to immediate religious decision those persons who were wavering and halting between two opinions, there was a man present who was convinced of sin, and very anxious for salvation. The minister and friends prayed with him and for him some hours; but the man was still unhappy. Ten o'clock came, and then the minister, taking out his watch, said, "Well, friends, it is getting late; I must go home to my family." The man, in distress, said, "Oh, sir, do not leave me; I feel I must have it settled to-night." The minister and friends knelt down again with him, and continued for some time to plead with God, when the man, resting on Christ for salvation, found peace with God, and went home rejoicing that the great question of his salvation was settled by the assurance of faith. The man was a collier, and the next day, while toiling in the mine, a large mass of coal fell upon him. Other men, seeing what had happened, were deeply concerned, and began at once to remove the coal as fast as they could. They heard a groaning, and, listening, they heard a voice faintly uttering these words, "Thank God, it was settled last night: all is well." He was rescued while yet alive, but soon after expired, rejoicing in God. Oh, what a mercy to that poor man that the great question of salvation was settled the night before. Dear reader, you know not how soon God may summon you into eternity, and if the great subject of salvation be not settled how awful your doom! I urge you, God urges you, to get it settled now; for "now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

THE USE OF OUR EYELIDS.

Did you ever consider the structure of the eyelid, that little organ which covers the eye? It is a beautifully soft covering, which lies so gently over the eye that you never feel it unless it happens to become hurt or inflamed. It closes of itself when you sleep, and opens of itself when you awake, and that so gently that you seem to make no effort to do either one or the other. It is like a beautiful curtain or window-blind, but far superior to them; for they require pulling with the hand, and will neither rise nor fall unless you use your hand

to cause them to do so. Now suppose, my dear young friends, your eyelids were so made as to require the fingers to be used every time you wanted to open them? You would then be made to think about your eyelids; and what a deal of trouble you would have to read or to look at any object in the streets, or even to look at the face of your father, or mother, or sister, or brother; you would have to stand before them with your two hands holding up your two eyelids! I think you would find this so inconvenient and troublesome that you would soon cease to use two hands for this purpose, and use only one; and then what would happen? Why, by ceasing to use one eye it would always remain closed; and remaining closed it would, after awhile, lose the power to see, and gradually become blind; and the other eye, by being so much handled, would become sore and diseased.

Do you think that these remarks are uncalled for? Verily, they are called for! I once knew a little boy whose eyes were in this very condition. His eyelids by some means had become paralysed, and so lost their use that they always fell down and closed of themselves, and he could see nothing unless he took his fingers and pulled up his eyelids, and kept them up in the same way; for the moment he withdrew his fingers his eyelids fell down again, and he could see nothing. This was so troublesome to the poor little fellow, that generally he opened only one eye and allowed the other to remain closed; and the consequence was that that eye was becoming useless and passing away!

Now, my dear children, God, your heavenly Father, has so graciously made your eyes that you have no such trouble, inconvenience, or loss of sight. Your eyelids move up and down thousands of times in a day, and so easy is the motion that you never think of it. But the case of that poor boy is wisely permitted to show us our mercies, and make us thankful; and surely we cannot be thankful enough to God. And this is only one small part of the human frame out of ten thousand, that display the same wisdom and goodness of God our Creator. Perhaps I may hereafter show you some other manifestations of His goodness in the structure of our bodies. Ought we not to love that glorious Being who crowns our life with His goodness? Let us then give Him our hearts just now.

STRUCTURE AND USE OF THE TONGUE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Did you ever consider the wonderful formation of that little member, the tongue? You often use it, but did you ever think how it is adapted to its varied uses? If it were bone you could not bend it; if it were gristle like the ear it would not be soft enough for its use. If it were much larger or smaller it would be inconvenient. God has made it just the right size, the right shape, and of the right material for all the varied uses for which it is given.

A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by a mere act of his will that cannot be imitated by an ingenious mechanic. The human tongue in speaking surpasses in variety of motions the wildest imagination of the poet. Even in swallowing food, its office is so extraordinary that physiologists cannot explain it without employing the aid of several sciences.

The tongue is the chief organ of speech, but is only an organ; it is the mind that thinks and feels, and uses the tongue to express its thoughts and feelings. Let us take care, then, to govern our tongues. No false or impure words should be uttered by our tongues, but kind words, loving words, true words, and words of gratitude, prayer, and praise. The Psalmist calls his tongue his glory; and so it is when used aright—to honour God and edify man. For whoso offereth praise glorifieth God; "and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God."

A SCOFFER REBUKED.

A MAN scoffingly asked, "What advantage has a religious man over one like myself? Does not the sun shine on me as well as on him this fine day?"

"Yes," replied his companion, a pious labourer, "but the religious man has two suns shining on him at once—one on his body, the other on his soul."

We may urge the inquiry a little further. What will be the difference between the two hereafter? When the bad man enters eternity what sun will shine upon him then? Alas! there remaineth nothing for him but blackness and darkness for ever. What sun will shine upon the good when they enter eternity? Oh, blessed be God, they shall bask in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness; and they themselves shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever. I think I hear the reader say, Oh give me the portion of the good! Yes, and God will give it you if you seek it with your whole heart. Then seek it now!

FISH LIVING WHEN EMBEDDED IN ICE AND MUD.

WE have read an account of a small fish found embedded in the ice of the Humbolt by some workmen employed in filling an ice-house at Nevada. It was solidly encased in ice as clear as crystal; but when the lump was placed in water and slowly liquefied, the supposed corpse gradually resumed life and activity, and after a few preliminary tail-quiverings and turnings-over, swam away as if nothing had happened.

No doubt the above is true. It is no uncommon thing for rivers in Africa to become dry in summer, and the mud at the bottom and

sides of the rivers to be baked quite hard; and sometimes fish are found buried far inside the masses of baked mud, where they lie torpid; but when the rainy season returns, and floods again fill the rivers, the hard mud becomes dissolved, and the fishes, liberated from their prisons, become reanimated, and float about just as fresh and friskily as if nothing had happened. They seem, indeed, to have begun a new life. How wonderfully does our glorious God adapt all creatures to their different modes of existence! The earth is full of displays of His wisdom and goodness. All His works praise Him: therefore let His saints bless Him!

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with eighteen shillings for a missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus died for me I wanted to do something for Him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen, and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting *rain water*, and selling it to washerwomen for a penny a bucket. This is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to Jesus has led you to work so long and patiently for Him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh! no, sir, please; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but God; I should like it to be put down as 'Rain from Heaven!'"

CLEAN HANDS.

THERE was a pump in the school-room yard, and Harry Bingen ran to the pump a dozen times a day to wash his hands. This was a new "kink" of Harry's; not that he had been a boy of dirty hands, but he had rather suddenly become very particular about them.

"What for," asked Ashton, "do you wash your hands so awful much?" for Ashton was an observing child.

"To make me strong," answered Harry, promptly.

"Does water make us strong?" asked Ashton.

"Clean hands do," said Harry; "the Bible says so."

"Does it really?" asked Ashton.

"Yes," answered Harry. "The Bible says, 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger,' so I am trying it."

"I never knew that before," said Ashton, in a tone of surprise; "but that is why mother always asks, 'Hands clean, Ashton?' I want to be strong."

"Then keep your hands spick-span clean, and it is an easy way," said Harry.

Poor Ashton was not so sure.

On their way home from school, Lottie and Mary Blake being far ahead, Lottie felt her gown suddenly twitched. "Lottie," cried her brother, "I know a new way to be strong."

"How?" asked Lottie.

"By keeping my hands clean," cried Ashton; "Bible says so."

Lottie laughed, so did Mary Blake.

At dinner Ashton told his father about it. Harry had taught him the verse.

"You take the words literally," said his father, smiling.

"What do you mean by literally?" asked the boy.

"Just as they seem to be," said his father. "This verse seems to mean that clean hands will give you bodily strength. But the language is figurative; a deeper meaning than this is hidden under the words."

"What is it?" asked Ashton, eagerly.

"King David, you remember, prayed for a clean heart; not a heart washed in soap and suds, but a pure heart—a heart clear of evil. Clean hands has the same meaning—hands that are never guilty of doing mean and wicked actions—hands that are put to good and noble uses. A clean heart makes a clean hand, and a foul heart makes foul hands. If you keep your hands out of mischief, never doing a wrong act—in a word, if you keep them clean—you must grow every day stronger and stronger in every right way. This is called moral or Christian strength, which is the best strength in the world, and which it is the aim of all true education to gain."

Ashton kept his eyes fixed on his father as he spoke. "I see," said the boy; "and the cleaner we try to keep, the easier it will be to keep clean. The better we do, the easier will it be to do it well. I have found that out."

"Exactly so," said his father. "We shall grow stronger and stronger every day, and at last reach the noble Christian manhood and womanhood which God made us for."

"How sad to disappoint God!" said Lottie, softly, to her mother.

"I will tell Harry what it does mean," said Ashton: "never to do a dirty act; and I shall take it for my motto too. Clean hands, I say."

"So I say," said the mother, smiling.

"He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." (Job xvii., 9.)—*Child's Paper*.

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

ONE morning a young lad set off to go with some thoughtless companions to a place of Sunday amusement. "What am I going to do?" he asked. "I am going to break the Sabbath. Suppose God should punish me for my wickedness." This so alarmed him that he turned back and spent the remainder of the day in a becoming manner.

A boy saw a person drop his purse, which he picked up and was walking off with it and the money it contained. "What am I going to do?" came to his mind, and the answer followed, "I am going away with a purse of money that does not belong to me. This is not honest; God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" In another moment he ran after the person and gave up the purse. The man gave him half-a-crown, and an honest half-crown is worth more than a great many dishonest pounds.

"What am I going to do?" asks the Sunday-school scholar on his way to Sunday-school. "I am going where the young are trained up to fear God and keep His commandments. May I be a studious, attentive scholar, and pray God to make me one of His obedient children!"

Often ask yourself—and never be afraid to ask—"What am I going to do?" A bad act will not bear reflection as a good one will. "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil."

A LESSON FROM A BEE.

"THERE's a bee humming in that clover-head yonder; you can't hear it when you're talking, but if you just keep still a minute" (Uncle True made a little pause) "you can hear it as plain as a church bell, and I think it's just as pretty a noise—leastways, it tells me more."

"Indeed!" said I. "I should like to know what it tells you."

"Well, in the first place, it shows me that honey is to be got out of all the flowers, even the littlest and homeliest. The bee gets it in the unlikeliest places, you see; he don't turn up his nose at a mullein-stalk no more he does at a garden pink, and I shouldn't wonder if the Lord had put just as much honey in one as the other. But if he was a bee with an aristocratic turn of mind, and would not look for honey anywhere but in garden pinks and damask roses, it's my opinion that he'd go home to his hive empty-handed the biggest part of the time. And I suppose the Lord has put about as much honey in one man's road as another's—if he only knew how to look for it, and didn't despise mullein-stalks. Then the bee shows me that it's a man's business to hive up honey—not just to go round amusing himself with the flowers, and taking only what tastes good and what

he can eat at the time, but to store it up against the winter of old age and trouble—I mean the honey of wisdom, ma'am, that begins in the fear of God. And, besides all that, the bee shows me that a man should go to his honest day's work with a joyful spirit, singing and making melody in his heart; and not be going round with a sour face and a grumbling tongue and a cross-grained temper, just as if he thought the Lord who made him didn't know what was good for him."—*Without and Within.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TEASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January and February Numbers.)

ANSWERS.

- 12.—One. Ruth ii., 14.
- 13.—Genesis xxiii., 17.
- 14.—Psalm cix.
- 15.—Moses. Nile.
- 16.—Epaphroditus.
- 17.—Jordan. Naaman.

QUESTIONS.

24.—Name three captives of Hebrew descent who rose to be prime ministers in the kingdoms of their captivity.

25.—Find three passages in which it is said of our Lord that He shed tears.

26.—What was the longest name ever given to an infant, and where does it occur?

27.—In what chapter is the name of Christ mentioned the most frequently?

28.—A certain man lived years in one country, years in another, and spent years more in wandering from place to place: he also remained on two different occasions without food for days and nights; and when he sent out several persons on an important errand it occupied them days. The nation to which he belonged was favoured with peace at three different times for a period of years, and its two best monarchs reigned also for years each. Fill up all the above blanks with the same number, and state where the facts are mentioned in the Bible.

29.—Take from each of the following verses two words, and arrange them so as to form a sentence which expresses the resolve of a repentant spendthrift:—Rev. xxi., 6; Eph. v., 14; John xiv., 2; and Luke x., 22.

UNCLE TEASER begs to thank his Nephew Robert for the whole of the above questions.

DIALOGUE ON MISSIONS.

Edward.—I see your name is on the list of collectors for last year. I should like you very much to tell me why you think it right to collect for the missions.

Martha.—The great reason is, that we are commanded by God to send the Gospel to every creature; and I feel that I am responsible for a share in sending it. If there were no other reason, it is sufficient that we do as God commands us, and leave the result with Him.

E.—But do you think it is the duty of Christians to spend such large sums of money, when they receive so little in return?

M.—What they receive in return cannot be called little. As a single instance of this, I will refer you to our mission in Canada. About forty years ago, our venerable minister, the Rev. J. Addyman, went as the first missionary there from our Connexion, and now there are in Canada about 8,000 church members, and nearly 250 chapels.

E.—That is very good; but of course it is a case such as you will not often meet with. Do you send missionaries to China?

M.—Yes! And our cause is spreading there also. During the last year we had a fair increase. But we do not pretend to calculate the good we do by figures only.

E.—You mean, I suppose, that by preaching the Gospel to these people in foreign countries, you cause them to think and speak about it, even if they do not accept it?

M.—More than that. In many cases large numbers of them forsake their wicked practices, and form themselves into societies of their own. These may in the end, by the blessing of God, prove to be of great value to the countries in which they are found.

E.—In this, I agree with you. The money spent will not be wasted, if it answers no greater end. But some people I meet with are of the opinion that it would be better to make those at home religious first, and then send the Gospel to other countries.

M.—If those in our own country were neglected, they might then complain with reason. But consider for a moment the very large sums of money that are year by year expended in support of the Gospel in England.

E.—But with all this money, do you think there are sufficient chapels and churches for all the people, if they were inclined to attend?

M.—Perhaps not; but more would certainly be erected if they were required. Do you know that even we ourselves, in our beloved country of England, owe our knowledge of the religion of Jesus to the efforts of missionaries from other countries?

E.—I have read that our forefathers in ancient times were accustomed to worship idols.

M.—Yes; and consider what a delightful change has been brought about; for now the true and living God is worshipped, and we have been brought to cast away the idols to the stones and bats. Ought

we not, in gratitude to our loving Father, to use our utmost efforts in spreading that knowledge all over the earth, of that which has proved such an unspeakable blessing to ourselves?

E.—We ought, and I trust I shall now willingly do my share in the work. You have showed me the missionary cause in its true light, and I now see it is the duty of every Christian to support it.

DARLEY TERRY.

MR. NOBODY.

There's a troublesome fellow who was never found ;
 So they say who perhaps have not sought him.
 Yet there is not a home in the wide world around
 Where at some time we might not have caught him.

Oh, the mischief he does, all unheard and unseen !
 In the act we can never detect him.
 It is easy to tell where the sly one has been,
 Though we never knew when to expect him.

The first choice of the flowers, the best of the fruit,
 This mysterious youth seems to covet.
 He pries into cupboards, all stealthily and mute,
 And the jam, oh, how much he must love it !

One scarcely can number the things that he breaks,
 He's a plague to young children "out walking" ;
 And oft with his noises the baby he wakes ;
 And in school he does most of the talking.

All these things we know, and a great many more,
 Mr. Nobody's charged with the doing ;
 Though the culprit is sometimes not far from the door
 Of the folks who this myth are pursuing.

And we know well enough what a blunder they make
 When they call this young mischief a "Mister" ;
 For 'tis clear that the name he might lawfully take
 Of Somebody's brother or sister.

A CHRISTIAN FATHER.—Mr. Innes, in his work on "Domestic Religion," mentions a fact strikingly illustrative of the power of consistent conduct. A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into the principles of infidelity. "But," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

Poetry.

GATHER IN THE LITTLE ONES.

O GATHER in the little ones! it is a glorious task,
And He who was Himself a child the work of thee doth ask.
O kneel in lowly fervour, and offer grateful praise
That He for work so noble hath given thee the grace.

O gather in the little ones! for Jesus loves them well;
He loves to hear the teacher's voice the blessed story tell,
Of how, though high exalted, He yet doth condescend
To hear their weak petitions, to be the children's Friend.

O gather in the little ones! for Jesus tells us how
Angels, who smile upon them, before His Father bow.
If angels fain would bless them—prerogative divine—
To lead them to the angels' God most surely must be thine.

O gather in the little ones! for life's untrodden path
For them its meed of sorrow and fierce temptation hath.
O! would that every heart might prove for Jesus' grace a shrine,
So should they for the contest be girt with strength divine.

O gather in the little ones! thine it may never be,
To know the spirit's secret strife, or see the low-bent knee,
Yet doubt not that full many a soul, led thither by thy hand,
With thee rejoicing near the throne in God's great day shall stand.

O gather in the little ones! be this thy best employ,
Until the toil of earth shall end in the reward of joy;
Methinks that Christ with thee sweet converse then shall hold,
Of days when thou didst seek to bring the lambs into His fold.

—*American Messenger.*

SARAH ANNE STOW.

THE SPRING.

THE April showers are falling still,
And hushed on vale and dewy hill,
And buds are bursting into bloom,
And flowers are breathing sweet per-
fume,

And woodlands with wild music ring,
For God is bringing back the Spring.

The tulip blushes on its stem,
The Spring flower sparkles like a gem,
The daffodils their wealth unfold,
And primrose stars are flecked with
gold,

The fairy bells of cowslips ring,
For God is bringing back the Spring.

The hyacinths in beauty bloom,
And gillies breathe their rich per-
fume,

The daisies lift their eyes in prayer,
And violets scent the raptured air,
Whilst painted flies are on the wing,
For God is bringing back the Spring.

The sun's bright rays the trees en-
fold

And fall on leaves like molten gold,
The distant hills to heaven arise,
And kiss and blend with opal skies,

The skylarks at heaven's portal sing,
For God is bringing back the Spring.

I hear the cuckoo's welcome note
Adown the distant valley float,
Filling with joy each creature's lay
That rings with love and holiday.
Hark! how the woods with music
ring,

For God is bringing back the Spring.

How sweet the breath of virgin morn,
How pure the blue in heaven born,
How green the earth, how full of
song

The sky with all its feathered throng.
How winds with gladsome music ring
Now God is bringing back the Spring.

And shall all nature, blithe and gay,
Rejoice with song and roundelay,
Whilst human hearts thrill not with
joy,

Nor human voices reach the sky?
Ah! no, let men their praises bring,
For God is bringing back the Spring.

T. B. BRINDLEY.

Oxford, April, 1874.



THE CANADIAN FORESTS. (See page 142.)

THE CANADIAN FORESTS.

THE scenery in Canada when first beheld by Europeans presented scarcely anything but forest and water. The vast lakes of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, and the smaller lakes of Simcoe, Rosseau, Muskoka, &c. (like so many expansive sheets of silver), were skirted to the very edge with trees; the great rivers of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa flowed for many hundreds of miles through dense forests; and the thousand of islands which stud these great collections of waters were generally covered with trees. Thus, thousands upon thousands of square miles presented one almost unbroken scene of forest and water. About two hundred years ago almost the only inhabitants of these extensive regions were the rude Indians and the wild animals which they hunted for food and clothing, and with these the rude savage had a supply infinitely beyond his requirements.

Great changes have, however, taken place since that period. Between four and five millions of Europeans have settled in Canada, and built many flourishing cities and towns; while the Indians, the original lords of the soil, are diminished to a few thousands. The dense forests have in many parts been turned into fruitful fields for growing corn and breeding cattle, to supply food for millions of people beyond what the inhabitants require for themselves; and the lakes and rivers may be seen studded with vessels and steamers for commerce in various parts of the world.

Wonderful, indeed, is the change effected within our own time. I well remember when Canada was reckoned to have only one and a half millions of people, and thus it must have increased three millions within my own memory. But there is now living in the splendid city of Toronto a man who remembers in his young days when the scene was an Indian settlement; covered with the forest, where he could go and shoot plenty of wild deer any morning before breakfast; and as for the lake Ontario, on the edge of which the flourishing city now stands, there were thousands of wild ducks and geese upon it, where the sportsman might go and shoot them to his heart's content.

Though so much land is cleared now in Canada, signs of the once universal dominion of the forest everywhere meet your view. When you pass through the country which is well cleared and cultivated, you see thousands of the stumps of trees which once flourished there; and even when you approach a flourishing city you see thousands of

the stumps of trees in the outskirts of the city, and sometimes in the very streets of a new city you see the massive stumps of gigantic trees which have not yet had time to decay.

Very grand are the forests which remain, stretching away for scores of miles, where the wild boar still roams at large, and the red deer still remains undisturbed, except by the screech of the railway-engine as it dashes through the silent shades of their dominion. When in Canada, two years ago, I used to enjoy the forest scenes with exquisite delight. "Here," thought I, "is nature in its primeval state; no plough has scratched this soil, no hand has planted these trees, and no axe has cut one down. Every tree, every bush, every creeping plant, and every flower is in its wild, free, and natural state." But in some parts the elements have waged war against them, and made sad havoc. Sometimes the fierce tempest blows down thousands of stately trees, and there they lie one upon another like giants fallen in battle. And sometimes the powerful beams of the sun kindle the dry leaves and grass into a fire, and then the flames revel in the forest for many many miles without interruption or restraint. I have passed through forests for twenty or thirty miles where nearly all the trees, amounting perhaps to millions, were scathed and charred by fire. There they stand—leafless, branchless, like upright poles in the earth, but blackened from top to bottom by the raging fire. Sometimes the fire sweeps on through the forest, feeding itself as it travels, until it reaches near some town, and then the danger is imminent and alarming. When I was in the city of Ottawa I was informed that, only a few years before, a forest fire had raged until it approached the city. Some families perished in the flames, and others fled from the scene, leaving all their possessions behind them to be destroyed. Even wild bears ran from the forest into the city to find a refuge there; and had it not been for the ingenious expedient of cutting down the bank of the river Rideau, and thus flooding the surrounding country with a deluge of water, the city itself might have perished. Such are some of the dangers incident to a new country where the forest still holds extensive dominion. This danger, however, lessens every year, and on the whole the emigrant lives a happy though quiet and laborious life; and often in a few years he rises to affluence, with a good prospect for the welfare of the family he may rear to succeed him. Our engraving affords a good representation of the Canadian forest where the emigrant is just beginning to clear a settlement for himself and his family.

W. C.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

"Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength ; but trusted in the abundance of his riches."—Psalm lii., 7.

THE experience of Cardinal Wolsey verified the above exclamation. He trusted in riches and honours instead of true religion ; and in a fickle, wicked king instead of God ; and what then ? Why his king forsook him, his wealth was confiscated, his honours faded, and he died broken in heart, as well as sunk into disgrace ; and among his last words were these memorable words : " Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me now in my grey hairs ; but this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

A lamentable end to a life of splendour ! " Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength ; but trusted in the abundance of his riches."

But what is a cardinal, and who was this man named Wolsey ? Well, I will tell you. A cardinal is one of the seventy bishops who form the Pope's council ; such men are next to the Pope himself in dignity and authority ; and from these the Popes are elected. Wolsey was one of these cardinals.

He was the son of a butcher, born at Ipswich, studied at Oxford, and becoming one of the Crown chaplains, his fine appearance, natural eloquence, and business tactics, won the favour of the then reigning king, Henry VIII. He was appointed almoner to the monarch, and so adapted himself to the humour, the caprice, and the pleasures of his royal master, that he acquired great influence over him, and became his confidant and companion ; and while relieving his cares of government, he flattered his vanity and gratified his passions. His influence at court brought him many admirers, and secured him many presents and lucrative preferments. In the year 1510 he became Rector of Torrington ; in 1511, Canon of Windsor, and Registrar of the Order of the Garter ; in 1512, Prebendary of York and Lord Treasurer ; in 1513, Dean of York, and Bishop of Tournay, in France ; in 1514, Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of York ; in 1515 he was made Cardinal and Chancellor of England ; and in 1516 Pope Leo made him Legate, with almost unlimited power over the clergy of the kingdom. He had now almost the whole authority of the Church and State in his hands, and his favour was courted by bishops and nobles at home, and by kings and princes abroad. Availing himself of his



THE DISGRACE OF WOLSEY.

high position and the patronage it put into his hands, he amassed immense wealth, until his income became greater than that of the king. He now lived in royal splendour. He kept 500 servants, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty esquires. But the promotions and wealth of England were too little for his avaricious grasp, and he aimed at the throne of the Pope. Charles V. of Germany paid him 24,000 crowns a year, and was his client, and a great part of the cardinals were his pensioners. But Pope Adrian VI. being elected, he was disappointed and chagrined. For fifteen years he was the great man of England; all eyes were turned towards him. But having displeased Henry VIII. he fell into disgrace, and as you see in the picture his king deserted and degraded him; and being arrested for high treason, his spirits became sadly dejected; and while at Leicester, on his way to London, he fell ill, and died in 1531, uttering the lamentation we have stated: "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs." Here, my young friends, is a beacon to warn us against making the world our God, and seeking our portion in this life. Wolsey's sad example proclaims to us aloud the solemn words of our Lord, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Dear reader, see to it, that you do not make this fatal bargain. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." W. C.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XV.—ASTRONOMY.



METEORS have received more attention from our astronomers during the last few years than had been bestowed upon them for many years previous. As a result, more exact observations have been taken, and remarkable discoveries made, which greatly alter the opinions formerly held by men of science as to their importance. We know more about their movements, their speed, and their orbits than we knew formerly; and though the question of their number remains altogether beyond our reach, there is now a general belief that they exceed by millions of times any estimate we could form of them ten years ago.

HERBERT. "What are meteors? Are they the falling stars which seem sometimes to dart right across the sky?"

"Yes, those are meteors, though different kinds are called by different names: such as shooting-stars, fire-balls, bolides, and falling stars."

ANNIE. "Of what do they consist?"

"They are solid bodies, consisting of stone and various metals; mainly iron."

BERTHA. "Are they scattered about all over space?"

"No; groups of them travel round the sun in orbits similar to the orbits of comets; indeed, they are found to be in some strange way connected with comets."

BERTHA. "How is it that meteors are not generally seen for longer than about one second each?"

"Because they are small, dark bodies, and give no light until they come in contact with our atmosphere, which soon scatters them."

HERBERT. "Are there not some nights in the year when many meteors may be seen?"

"Yes; there are certain nights every year when large numbers are visible; one of these nights occur in November, and we know more about the November meteors than we do about any others."

HERBERT. "How is it that we always see them in November?"

"Because the earth then passes through the orbit along which the meteors are travelling, and so meets them, for they travel in the opposite direction from that in which the earth is moving."

ANNIE. "At what speed are they travelling before the earth meets them?"

"At a speed equal to that of the earth, which is a thousand miles in a minute; but as they get near to us their speed is increased by the earth's attraction, and they are said to enter our atmosphere at the rate of about thirty miles per second."

HERBERT. "What results follow their contact with our atmosphere?"

"They at once become heated by friction against it, and the heat increases until they give out light, and then increases further until they are burnt up or vapourised; they descend to the ground afterwards in the form of very fine dust."

BERTHA. "How heavy are the meteors?"

"They vary in weight; but those seen in November are believed

to be very small, some of them weighing as little as two or three grains, and the largest not more than a few ounces."

BERTHA. "What is their height above the earth when first seen?"

"About seventy miles, and they are burnt up by the time they get twenty miles nearer to the earth's surface."

ANNIE. "Can you tell us, please, what is the extent of the orbit in which the November meteors move?"

"It reaches from the earth's orbit on one side of the sun to a point beyond the orbit of Uranus on the other side, so that you see the meteors are only about ninety-one millions of miles from the sun at one time, and at another they are not less than eighteen hundred millions of miles away. Of course we encounter them when at the point nearest to the sun, and when they are travelling at their greatest speed."

ANNIE. "How long does it take them to travel round their orbit?"

"A period of thirty-three and a quarter years."

HERBERT. "When did the group last pass through the earth's orbit?"

"It is supposed to have been passing through during the whole of the five years extending from 1865 to 1870, for in the November of each of those five years 'meteor showers' were visible."

HERBERT. "Then shall we be unable to see a November star-shower for twenty-four years yet to come?"

"No display to which the name 'shower' may be applied can be expected in the month of November until the year 1898. But many meteors may be seen in November before that time. For though the greatest number of the November meteors travel in one large group, there are also many millions of them scattered over the entire orbit so as to form a complete oval ring; and when the earth reaches that part of its orbit which passes through the orbit of the meteors, some of these small bodies generally become visible to us."

BERTHA. "Does the earth come in contact with any other system of meteors beside the November one of which you have spoken?"

"Oh, yes; with more than a hundred systems. But we do not pass through them so directly as we pass through the November group. August and April are months in which the earth encounters some of these strange little bodies."

BERTHA. "Are all meteors as small as those belonging to the November system?"

"They are not. Some of them are large enough to penetrate the earth's atmosphere without being burnt up, and then explode with a



THE SPIRAL NEBULA

terrific noise very near to the earth's surface. Others plunge right into the earth, and have been found several tons in weight. At two

o'clock one morning, in the month of April, 1903, a bright meteor was seen in the air by some people in Normandy; a few minutes afterwards a loud explosion was heard, and as many as two thousand stones fell, one of them wounding a person's arm. The stones were too hot to be held in the naked hand. In the year 1866 Marshal Bazaine found in Mexico a meteoric stone weighing nearly a ton. In June of the same year nearly a thousand meteoric stones fell in Hungary, one of them weighing more than a quarter of a ton. In this instance also a luminous meteor was seen, which exploded with a great noise. The British Museum contains a large and valuable collection of meteoric fragments."

ANNE. "You have spoken of a connection between meteors and comets. Can you tell us, please, what the connection is?"

"I cannot; for it is not known. This much is known: that the November meteors travel in the same orbit as a small comet, and that the large group of meteors accompany the comet, some of them going before it, but the greater number following after. The August meteors are also associated with a very fine comet, the one called Donati's Comet, which appeared in 1858. Most astronomers now believe that every system of meteors is, or has been, attached in some way to a comet, and that every comet has a system of meteors attached to it; but what is the nature of that attachment they do not know."

HERBERT. "Then if the earth should come in contact with a comet, though it might not be injured by the gaseous comet itself, would it not be likely to suffer from the solid meteors which seem to accompany comets?"

"If the meteors were small ones, the only result would be a magnificent display like the November shower; but if they were large ones, it would perhaps be somewhat unpleasant for a thickly-populated country like England to be on that side of the earth which would be exposed to such a 'baptism of fire.'"

BERTHA. "Is it known whether the meteors are of any use or not?"

"Doubtless they have a use; but what that use is, whence they come, and whither they go, we know not; yet many men of thought believe them to be the means by which the sun is sustained—that he attracts them to feed his own fires. Whatever their use is, their immense numbers and orderly movements fill us with admiration and wonder at the mighty power and unsearchable wisdom of God."

ANNIE. "May we ask you, now, on what nights during this year the greatest number of meteors are expected to be visible?"

"On the following two:—November 13-14, and August 9-10, looking eastward. But the greatest number are to be seen between midnight and daybreak, and that is a time when all young people should be fast asleep, their minds peaceful in the assurance that God will take care of them; that though the earth is moving with a velocity of sixty-five thousand miles per hour, they are perfectly safe under the watchful care of their Father in heaven."

Besides Meteors, there are Nebulae, or patches of cloudy matter, many of which, when seen through a telescope of high magnifying power, are found to be clusters of stars. We give an engraving of one, which, from its shape, is called the Spiral Nebula.

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. *The miraculous supply of water at Horeb and at Kadesh.*

SIR,—I find that Moses is spoken of in two places as smiting a rock, when water rushed from it—first, in Exodus xvii., 1—7; and the second in Numbers xx., 1—13. Were these two miracles, or only one? I find that because the events were alike, and both places are called Meribah, some people here think there were not two miracles, but that one and the same miracle is recorded in two different places. S. L. C.

ANSWER.—There were two miracles, which, though similar in character, were quite different as to the times when and the places where they occurred. The first miracle was wrought soon after the people had left Egypt; but the second occurred just before they entered Canaan. True it is that in both cases the people thirsted and murmured, and in both cases Moses struck a rock, and water leaped forth by the power of God. But read the two accounts, and compare them one with another, and you will soon perceive the difference between them. The first miraculous supply of water occurred before the law was given on Mount Sinai, and, in fact, before the people came to that mount; the second occurred about thirty-eight years after that event. When the first miracle was wrought, Aaron was but just beginning his office as priest, and Miriam, his sister, was in the full vigour of life; but when the second miracle took place Miriam was dead, and in the same chapter you have a record also of the death of Aaron.

The places, too, where the miracles occurred were widely apart ; for one was at Horeb, near Rhiphidim ; the other was at Kadesh, near to Edom. It is true the term "Meribah" is applied to both, but this word signifies strife, and was not the proper and original name of either of the places ; but the name or designation was applied to both in order to characterize the people's conduct, because in both cases they strove with Moses. The name "Meribah" was therefore a memorial of the people's sin. Murmuring is indeed a great sin, and intensely hateful to God. Let us, therefore, watch and pray against it ; and instead of murmuring, be truthful and thankful, and praise God at all times, for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.

2. *Why did Hezekiah break in pieces the brazen serpent, and call it Nehushtan ?* 2 Kings xviii., 4. G. C.

ANSWER.—The brazen serpent referred to was the one which Moses made in the wilderness when the people were bitten of serpents, and of which we have the following account :—"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole : and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." (Numbers xxi., 8, 9.) That was a great public event, a wonderful miracle, and worthy of perpetual memorial. There could be no deception, for a multitude of people were thus miraculously healed ; and while they were living evidences of the miracle, a whole nation of people were its witnesses. Not only was the miracle thus attested, but it was recorded ; and not only recorded, but the instrument employed—the brazen serpent—was preserved from generation to generation as a visible monument of the wonderful event. And here we find it in Jerusalem, about 700 years afterwards, still preserved, unbroken and entire—that identical serpent of brass which Moses had made and uplifted on a pole, and by which the people were healed. It was thus a sort of sacred relic most interesting in itself, and an important confirmation of the truth of the Mosaic narrative. We can well imagine with what interest Samuel, David, Nathan, Solomon, Isaiah and other pious men would gaze upon that shining relic. They would read the record and wonder : and then they look at the brazen serpent and feel their faith strengthen, and say, yes, it is even so. Here is the record in the

Book itself which Moses wrote with his own hand ; and here is the very instrument employed in the miraculous cure of the people ! "Thank God !" they would say, "that both are still preserved even to our own day."

But our readers need not be told how easy it is for a feeling of veneration to degenerate into a feeling of superstition and idolatry. It was even so in this case. That old relic was not only venerated, but worshipped. Many of the people fell down before the idols of the heathen, and worshipped Moloch and Chemosh, Ashtaroah and Baal ; and others, not so deeply depraved, worshipped and burned incense to this brazen serpent. When this took place the old relic became a snare, and it was time for it to be broken to pieces. Better, far better, for the most venerable and precious memorials to perish than for God to be insulted by idolatry, and the people corrupted by superstition. Therefore the good King Hezekiah, in the great reformation which he effected, not only broke the images, overturned the altars, and cut down the groves of idolatry, but he seized this old relic also, and called it "*Nehushtan*"—a piece of brass—and he broke it into pieces. Some think he ground it into powder, so that not a particle of it should remain. This shows us plainly that the dearest idols are to be given up for the sake of principle, the interests of religion, and the honour of God.

The preservation of the brazen serpent for so many centuries had served its purpose ; it had for so long a period furnished a visible evidence and memorial of the great miracle of healing in the wilderness, and now even the destruction of the instrument would serve to perpetuate its memory until Christ came ; and then He put the seal of His own testimony upon the record, by holding it forth as an expressive and instructive type of Himself as the Great Healer and Saviour of the world, saying, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii., 14, 15.) Reader, have you thus looked unto Jesus by faith as your Saviour ? Remember you cannot save yourself ; there is no Saviour but Christ : no way of salvation but faith in Him. Oh ! look and live.

3. *The volume of the Book which speaks of Christ.*

MR. EDITOR,—In Psalm xl., 7, I read thus : "Then said I, Lo, I come : in the volume of the book it is written of me." Does this refer to Christ ? and if so, what is the volume which David speaks of ? Is it some

old volume which he read thousands of years ago, but which is now lost? And if not lost, pray, sir, can you inform us where it is and who wrote it?

A FRIEND.

ANSWER.—The volume of which the Psalmist speaks is not lost; it still exists, and is well known; indeed, I dare say the inquirer himself has read it, and read the very parts to which David refers. It is a very precious volume, one which David loved and read very much, and it was almost the only volume he had. Yet it was then a very small volume, and would make only about 150 pages of a common-sized book. It was no other than the volume comprising the Five Books of Moses — Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. This remarkable old book David had, and as a religious king he had probably written a full copy of these books for himself, and studied it with great avidity. Hear what the Psalmist says:—"O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day. Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies." "I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation." The Psalms abound with such expressions.

But you ask where do the writings of Moses speak of Christ? I answer they are full of Christ. So fully and clearly, indeed, did Moses write and speak of Christ, that our Lord says to the Jews, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he spoke of me." (John v., 46.) Look at the first promise after man's fall. Who was meant by the seed of the woman in Genesis iii., 15? Christ. Who was the mysterious being foretold to Abraham, as one in whom all nations should be blessed (Genesis xii., 3, and xxii., 15—18)? Christ. Who was the "Shiloh" of whom the dying Patriarch Jacob spoke (Genesis xlix., 10)? Christ. Who was the prophet like unto Moses who should come in the fulness of time, and to whom the gathering of the people should be (Deuteronomy xviii., 15)? Christ. Who is the Saviour typified by all the sacrificial victims offered under the Law of Moses? Christ. Hence He is said to be the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world; not actually slain so early as that, but represented from the beginning by type, and figure, and promise as a sacrificial victim. So full of Christ are the writings of Moses, that our Lord when on earth often appealed to them in proof of his being the true Messiah and the Saviour of the world. For "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself." (Luke xxiv., 27.) In the passage in Psalm xl., 7, it is Christ who speaks of

Himself as being set forth in the volume of the Book as a sacrifice for sin ; and then a thousand years before His incarnation He recognizes the Books of Moses as an inspired volume, and distinguished them as speaking perpetually of His coming as the Saviour of the world. Those Jews who carefully and prayerfully studied Moses and other prophets, were prepared to receive Christ when He came. Hence Philip said to Nathanael, " We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth." " Come and see." And the prayerful Nathanael, convinced by Moses and the prophets, said, on beholding Christ, " Rabbi ; thou art the Son of God ; thou art the King of Israel." (John i., 45—49.) How beautifully do the Scriptures harmonize with one another from the beginning to the end ! They are indeed the very oracles of God. Oh ! that we may love and study them more and more, for they are full of Christ.

QUERY 1. *The unity of brethren, like the dew of Hermon and Zion.*

SIR,—There is a passage in Psalm cxxxiii., which I should like to see explained. I there read, in verse 3, that union is compared to the dew of Hermon and Zion. Pray, sir, how can union be like dew at all ; and why, most of all, like the dew of Hermon and Zion ? T. C. S.

ANSWER.—Our inquirer should have included the whole Psalm, for it consists of only three verses, and it represents union under two images, namely, the anointing oil of Aaron, and the dew of Hermon and Zion. I think the one as much requires explanation as the other—the one represents odour, the other fertility. Let us read the passages : " Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ! " An old writer says, some things are good but not pleasant, such as trials and afflictions ; and some things are pleasant but not good, such as sinful gratifications. But the unity and love of brethren are both good and pleasant ; for while they promote holiness, they also secure happiness.

The anointing oil for the High Priest was exceedingly precious and odoriferous, and when plentifully poured upon the head of the priest, it imparted to his body and his garments a rich perfume, and rendered his personal presence delightful to all who were near to him. So the spirit of love and unity filling a man's soul renders his presence, his conversation, and his influence refreshing, purifying, hallowing, and joyous ; the fragrance of his spirit and example imparts a sacred perfume to all around like the sweetest odours.

The other simile—the dew upon Hermon and Zion—is also very ex-

pressive. We learn from Dr. Pococke that there were two Zions : one in Jerusalem, the other in Lebanon. It is the latter to which reference is here made. Hermon was the name given to the summit, and Zion to the lower part of the same mountain-range ; and the copious dew which bathed the higher part would fall and flow upon the lower, and therefore all the productions of the entire mountain-range would become refreshed and fertilized by its influence. The stately, wide-spreading tree, the lowly shrub, the tiny plant, the modest flower, the trembling bells of beauty, and the humble blades of grass, would all be steeped, as a living writer says, " with the unction of the morning, covered with quivering sparks of liquid light, showered in millions from the same invisible Hand."

Now, if we consider a tract of country browned, burnt, and barren for want of dew or rain, we see the dreary spectacle of a soul without love ; but if we look at verdant Hermon and Zion, covered with dew-drops glittering in the orient sun, we see the blessed influence of fraternal love. May our hearts be filled with love, and our lives be the active manifestation of power to bless !

"TAKE US THE LITTLE FOXES."

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."—Solomon's Song ii., 15.]

A MINISTER, the Rev. A. D. Vail, in preaching to a large gathering of Sunday-school children, spoke from the above text. He said :—

"In Eastern countries, where vineyards are numerous, in the spring time the little foxes nibble off the sweet and tender buds, so that the vineyards are left bare of fruit in the autumn. The little bud formed last summer, wrapped in its winter cradle, begins slowly to unfold, putting forth first two little leaves, then more, then a hundred, finally the fruit-bud and blossom, and the luscious grape. Take care of the little buds, if you would have fruit by-and-by.

"Good purposes are the buds out of which are to grow the fruit of future life. I heard of a little boy in this city who had a desire to draw pictures. This was a bud. He then showed other desires for study, and a good, kind gentleman educated him, and he is to-day a leading surgeon in this city, in charge of one of the city hospitals.

"Every boy and girl has little foxes in their hearts. You must watch them and drive them out. I will describe to you

"FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

"*First little fox*—'I CAN'T.' Some of you have formed the habit, when an act of self-denial is required of you—some errand for father or mother—of saying 'I can't.' Beware of this little fox.

"Second little fox—"NOT JUST NOW.' When you are deeply interested in a story and it is school time, you have said, 'Not just now.' 'Pretty soon.' 'In a minute or two.' How much good do they destroy? Beware of this little fox.

"Third little fox—"IT WASN'T ME.' When there was a laugh in the school-room, everybody says, 'It wasn't me'; or when a ball has gone through the school-room window, everybody says, 'It wasn't me.' It is the best way to say, 'I had something to do with that.' Beware of this little fox.

"Fourth little fox—"I CAN'T HELP IT.' A little boy has a wretched temper, and he says, 'I can't help it.' He has heard grown people say it. A little girl always trips and falls, or is always knocking something off the table, and says, 'I can't help it.' Be wise, and conquer your temper, or you will get to be a coward and unable to stand up before your duties and perform them.

"Fifth little fox—"I DON'T CARE.' Many boys and girls by constantly saying this get into habits of not caring. One little thistle seed floating in the air, if allowed to take root in the earth, will produce thousands of others. A man had a great many servants, and in order to test them put a great stone in the road. Twenty passed by without trying to remove it. At last one came up who said it ought not to be there, and with great effort removed it, and found underneath a purse of gold to reward him for his carefulness. So you will lose the esteem of others, the greatest prize you can win, if you do not drive away this little fox.

"I will tell you of

"THREE WATCHMEN

who will drive out these little foxes:—

"First watchman—"I CAN DO IT.' When a duty comes, say, 'I can do it.' A boy labouring in a rope-walk, when one hand gets tired takes the other, and so succeeds.

"Second watchman—"I OUGHT TO DO IT.' To please God and follow your own conscience.

"Third watchman—"I WILL DO IT,' and God will help you, and you will be able to succeed. Your WILL, if you master it, will always keep you safe. In the window of a shop I saw the other day a flower called the 'Flower of the Holy Spirit.' In the centre is a yellow shape of a dove, a perfect dove, resting in the white beautiful leaves. So with the Holy Spirit in your hearts, watching over you, you may win eternal life. May God help you and bless you!"

DON'T KILL TIME.

"SPARE a copper, sir; I'm starving," said a poor, half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night. "Spare a copper, sir; and God will bless you."

Struck with the fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied :

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you will tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough money to pay for your lodgings."

"I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered, with a mournful smile.

"Try, man—try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure you speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and, after thinking for nearly a minute, said :

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change which was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreamings and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was to be one continued holiday; I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me, and now it is too late to combat with my old habits. Yes, sir; idleness has ruined me."

"I believe your story," replied the gentleman, "and when I get home, I'll tell it to my boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me try to inspire you with fresh courage."

And giving the man another piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried away.

Never "kill time," boys; he is your best friend. Don't let it slip through your fingers when young, as the beggar did. The days of your boyhood are the most precious you will ever see. The habits you will get into will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure, and, above all, success—I mean a true success. You may not grow rich, but your life will be a real success, nevertheless.

If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find, after a while, that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be as rich as Cæsar.

One of the saddest things is to meet a man who has let golden opportunities go by him just entering the battle of life, yet entirely unfitted for his position. He is to be pitied, and yet blamed. In this favoured land everyone may now learn to read and write. But how often we meet young men unable to write a dozen lines without mistakes! Be assured, young friends, it will be a source of shame to you as men, if you do not pay attention to education and religion as boys.

The world is full of good books to read. You are surrounded with friends and relatives. Be warned in time, and coin happiness and honour in the future from the industry and piety of the present, and you will not have read this page in vain.—*Merry's Museum.*

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

PRINCES END, OLDBURY AND TIPTON CIRCUIT.—We held our Juvenile Missionary meeting in the chapel on Sunday evening, April 26th, 1874. Our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Benjamin Bailey, presided. The annual report was read by the secretary, and very interesting addresses were delivered by Messrs. W. Dudley, of Blackheath; J. Gould, of Tipton; and J. Smith, of Princes End. We this year tried the experiment of circulating a thousand handbills announcing the meeting, and the result was that notwithstanding the slackness of trade consequent upon the strike of the Black Country miners, we had a large audience, and the total amount realized was over £1 more than we have ever got before. The recitations—several of which were original compositions—were remarkably appropriate, and were received with even greater applause than usual. They were as follows:—Introductory Address, in verse, Edward Eades, jun.; The Collector's Petition, Annie Stanway; Small Things, Clara Wheale; A Missionary Fact, Charles Grove, jun.; On Missions, Mary Stanway; The Master's Call, Sarah Bradley; Prose Dialogue on our China Mission, Walter Lloyd and Arthur Swadkins; On Mission Finance, William H. Round.

The report is as follows:—By Boxes—Mary Pincock, £1 7s. 9d.; Young Men's Select Class, 10s.; Young Women's Select Class, 2s. 9d.; First Class Boys, 2s. 9d.; Boys' School, 12s. 2½d.; Girls' School, 6s. 11½d.; Total, £8 2s. 5d.; By Cards—S. Bradley, 6s. 1d.; S. Onions, 5s. 6d.; A. Mason, 5s.; E. James, 5s.; G. Whittle, 5s.; H. Gould, 5s.; J. Tyler, 4s. 4d.; L. Bishop, 4s. 1d.; P. Reynolds, 3s. 8d.; J. Eades, 3s. 6d.; A. Nicholls, 3s. 1d.; A. Stanway, 3s.; J. H. Philpotts, 2s. 10d.; R. Whitehouse, 2s. 6d.; J. Partridge, 2s. 6d.; E. Grove, 2s. 4d.; R. H. Attwood, 2s. 4d.; A. Fisher, 2s.; H. Jackson, 2s. 2d.; S. A. Wellings, 2s. 2d.; S. Partridge, 2s. 2d.; H. Swadkins, 2s. 1d.; E. Davies, 2s.; E. Gallner, 2s.; J. Insull, 2s.; A. Bissell, 1s. 9d.; G. Helson, 1s. 8d.; D. Stevens, 1s. 6d.; D. Lemon, 1s. 4d.; E. Rich, 1s. 2d.; C. Grove, 1s. 1d.; S. Kirkham, 1s. 1d.; E. Allbutt, 1s.; S. A. Smith, 1s.; N. Russell, 11d.; A. M. Insull, 10d.; S. Swinnerton, 7d.; E. Nicholls, 6d.; Small Suma, 7d.; Total, £4 17s. 6d.; By Public Collection, £8 15s. 6½d. Grand Total, £11 15s. 5½d. THOS. PINCOCK.

WAKEFIELD.—On Sunday, April 19th, we held our Juvenile Missionary meeting at Grove Road, Wakefield. The attendance was good. The meeting was conducted and sustained by our juvenile friends. Henry Wright, a scholar, presided; and eleven other scholars recited a number of pieces, called "A Missionary Meeting." Several hymns selected from the "American Songster" were sung by the children, conducted by our friend Mr. G. Blackburn, and the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Missionary boxes had been used in the classes, and cards taken by some of the scholars. The subjoined is the result, viz.:—By Boxes,

£1 16s. 8d. By Cards—A. Oakes, 7s.; W. Howers, 5s. 7d.; R. Jerrill, 5s. 4d.; J. W. Harrison, 5s.; G. Kendall, 3s. 4d.; J. Jerrill, 8s.; Wright, Schofield, 2s. 6d.; W. Dickinson, 2s.; W. H. Caper, 1s. 9d.; Garnett Pearson, 1s. 4d.—£1 16s. 10d. Public Collection, £1 13s. 7½d. Total, £5 6s. 8½d. J. Y.

MOSSLEY.—The annual meeting, which took place on Easter Sunday, April 5, 1874, was very well attended, and the enthusiasm with which the results of the year's labours were received prove that a missionary spirit runs very high in Mossley. We cannot report an increase of finance this year, which I have no doubt is accounted for by the fact that during the year we have raised over £300 for the purpose of clearing the debt and making some needful improvements in our Wyre Street School; and I think, taking this fact into consideration, the Mossley people must be very earnest in their endeavours to aid our noble missionaries in their arduous labours. The chair was occupied by Mr. Theo. Taylor, who made a few pointed and practical remarks, and whose courteous and cheerful demeanour kept up a lively interest throughout the meeting. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. E. Minton (Congregational minister), John Taylor (our worthy superintendent), Messrs. W. Broadbent, S. Holt, J. Shaw, and J. Fielding. The recitations and singing by the children were also a very attractive feature of our meeting, and the congregation generally seem to welcome with pleasure the annual return of our noble missionary effort, which renders support towards sending the glad tidings of great joy to the poor heathen people. In the evening we had a service of sacred song, and an address by the Rev. John Taylor; and the amount raised by this means has augmented our funds considerably. All honour is due to Messrs. Bengamin and Theo. Taylor for the earnestness with which they have laboured in this matter, and I have no doubt they will long be remembered by both teachers and scholars.

The total amount raised from all sources is £39 15s. 2½d., which sum is an ample testimony that our Sunday-school children have not lost their love for Christian missions, and that their hearts are full of sympathy for those whose lives and hearts are darkened by heathen superstition.

THOS. BERRY.

STALYBRIDGE CIRCUIT.—CHAPEL STREET SCHOOL JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held on the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th April. The Rev. Joseph Hughes presided, and gave an excellent address on our China Mission. Addresses were given by Messrs. Joseph James, Hugh Mellor, Jonathan Kinder, Thomas Worth, and R. P. Whitworth; and recitations by Richard Lowe, William Hall, Ann Lever, and Thos. Mellor. The following is the result of the efforts of our young people at Chapel Street School to help our mission:—Collected by Margaret Morris, 6d.; Joseph Nuttall, 11d.; Albert Hague, 1s.; Ralph Lawton, 1s.; Thos. Street, 1s. 2d.; Isabella Shakly, 1s. 8d.; James Parnell, 1s. 3d.; Smith Whitham, 1s. 4d.; John Houseley, 1s. 9d.; Eli Mellor, 1s. 11d.; Jas. Wilson, 2s.; Albert James, 2s.; A Friend, 2s.; Sarah H. Spect, 2s. 9d.; Capt. Hardy, 3s. 4d.; Thos. Mellor, 8s. 6d.; Richard Lowe, 3s. 6d.; First Class Young Women, 3s. 8d.; Joshua Cotterill, 4s. 6d.; A Friend of Missions, 14s.; Sarah Saxon, £1; Jane Slater, £1 1s.; Second Class Young Women, £1 10s.; total, £6 4s. 3d.: Collected at meeting, £1 5s.; Grand total, £7 9s. 3d. The total is a considerable advance on last year.

JOSEPH JAMES, Secretary.

Memoirs.

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JULIA SANDERSON.

(DEWSBURY ROAD, LEEDS.)

It is believed that in the removal of our dear young sister death has gained no common spoil—that the Church, the school, and the family have been robbed of an ornament and a treasure.

From her earliest years little Julia was of a reflective and serious turn of mind. Being sent to our Sunday-school at the age of five years, it was her privilege to be early instructed in the principles of Christianity, and to be guarded by parental care from those tempting pleasures and irreligious associations which are often so fatally ensnaring to the youthful mind. Some beneficial results from these instructions and this care appeared even during her childhood. They prepared her heart to receive deep impressions from the preaching of the Gospel; they inspired her mind with a profound reverence for the Sabbath-day; they gave her a taste for reading religious literature, and they so solemnly impressed her mind with a conviction of the perpetual presence of God that she did not dare to practise what her conscience disapproved.

Parents in general are perhaps but little aware of the religious susceptibility of their children. The human mind when just emerging from its infancy is often more easily interested with religious subjects than with any other; and whilst the pages of inspiration contain the deep things of God—"into which angels desire to look"—many of its most important facts and histories are exquisitely adapted to captivate and impress the heart of a little child.

Our young sister was distinguished by good sense and an amiable disposition, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was uniformly attentive to domestic duties, and felt real pleasure in anticipating the wishes of parents and friends. But her hope of eternal happiness did not rest on mere propriety of conduct. She deeply felt the depravity of her heart, and was anxiously concerned to be found in Christ—"not having her own righteousness." In very early life she was the subject of strong religious impressions, and at times suffered deep distress of mind arising from the fear that she was a stranger to the regenerating influences of the Spirit of God. We are not in the possession of facts which enable us to point to any precise period of conversion, or the means which led specially to it. It would seem that her young heart, like the heart of Lydia, was gradually opened to receive the truth. We do learn, however, that she experienced deep conviction for a short time from a view of her sinfulness; but the illuminating influences of the Spirit being abundantly imparted to her, she was soon led to the enjoyment of the consolations of the Gospel. She joined class in March, 1871, being then fourteen years of age, and remained a steady, consistent member of the Church, and a regular attendant at class up to the time of her death.

Her conduct in the school was most exemplary and becoming. Whether teaching herself or being taught, she manifested on all occasions the most amiable, gentle, courteous spirit, and by her winning manners, and beaming, happy countenance, commanded the admiration and love of us all.

Her death was most sudden and unexpected, but gloriously triumphant

—indeed, it seldom falls to the lot of a biographer to record such an exultant end as our young friend found. We said her end was sudden, and it was. On the Sabbath she took her accustomed place in the Sunday-school; she joined in the services of the sanctuary with her wonted meekness, heartiness, and reverence, and appeared in her usual state of health. On Monday she came home from her work exceedingly unwell; on Tuesday a most violent and raging inflammation set in, and on Wednesday morning she was a corpse.

On the night preceding her death her mother heard her repeating the words of holy resignation, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done." She called her father about two o'clock in the morning, and, hastening into her room, he found her much changed in appearance. Her whole face was lit up with a heavenly radiance as she told him she was "going to Jesus." "Oh, father," she said, "you don't know how happy I feel! Jesus is near. He is waiting for me, father." She expressed a wish that they would sing to her. "What shall we sing?" said some one standing near. She replied, "Sing the hymn commencing with 'Dear Jesus, ever at Thy side'"—a hymn which had been sung by the schools in Leeds at one of their Whitsuntide gatherings, and which was always a special favourite of Julia's from the time she heard it.

Her dear mother was much distressed with the intense pain and agony of body her child was evidently enduring. "Oh, mother," she said, pathetically and tenderly, "what are my sufferings compared to the sufferings of my Saviour?" And then she discoursed for a considerable time upon the sufferings of Christ, to the astonishment of all present. "It is hard to die," she said, "without seeing my dear leader and teachers and scholars; but tell them," she said, emphatically, "tell them I have gone to heaven, and hope to meet them all there." She then most affectionately entreated her little sisters to be good girls, and try to meet her above. Next, she turned to her parents, and would not be satisfied until they had both promised that they would meet in class, and endeavour to meet her in heaven. "The class," she said, with clasped hands, and in a state of most holy ecstasy—"the class is where I received my good! They were not earthly meetings, mother; they were heavenly meetings to my soul." She repeatedly reminded those about her that she had not religion to seek in her last hour, and that the future was quite bright.

Her sufferings were very intense, so much so that at times she could scarcely be contained in bed; but, under all the power of faith, the mildness of her temper and the fervour of her piety shone brightly forth, and shed a heavenly illumination through the valley of the shadow of death. About a quarter of an hour before her death she called for her mother, and on her approaching her bedside, she stroked her affectionately and gently down the face, and said, "Bless you, mother!" Then turning her head a little, she waved her hand slightly, and whispered, "Take me, Jesus! Take me!" That prayer was soon answered. Jesus took her. And so died our young friend, in the seventeenth year of her age, affording another proof of the triumphant power of faith over the suggestions of Satan and unbelief, the torture of disease, and the darkness of the grave. So died our young friend, leaving a happy testimony to the efficacy of the grace which gave happiness in life, triumph in death, and bliss to all eternity. May all our young readers enjoy the same blessings in life, in death, and ever!

J. R.

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

ALFRED was missed one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be at home early. A neighbour, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely Alfred was with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised me he would never go there without my leave, and he *always* keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Alfred's step; but it was half-past eight before his shout and whistle were heard, when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess now," said the neighbour, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eyes flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir! I promised my mother that I would *never* go there without her leave, and do you think that I would tell a falsehood? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed into the wood, and didn't think I should be so late."

James coming up the street just then came in to say he was afraid they had been alarmed; he and Alfred had been so far in the wood it made them late in getting home.

"I think," said the neighbour, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you, madam. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

TEDDIE'S PRAYER.

THERE is a little boy, whom I often see running about in the village where I live—a sharp, good little fellow, and he is called Teddie. Our village is not far from a large market-town, and on Easter Mondays there is always a deal of life in this town.

Children with their fathers and mothers troop down the lanes and roads from the country for miles round, with beaming faces and happy voices, to see the attractions of the town; and they return home loaded with toys, and buns and oranges, and all sorts of nice things.

Well, last Easter Monday it rained heavily, and the wind blew, and everything foretold a disappointing day for the children. None watched the weather more than Teddie, for he had set his heart on the day's enjoyment. At length says he to his mother, "Shall we go to the fair if it keeps raining?"

"No, Teddie," is the unwilling reply; "mamma is not very well, and we must not go in the rain."

Sad news for Teddie! And seeing his hopes blighted his countenance falls, and his eyes fill with tears. But see; his face brightens again—a new thought has struck him! He leaves his watching-place at the window, opens the back-door, and goes into

the yard. What is he going to do? His mother wonders, and watches him, but unknown to Teddie.

As soon as he gets into the yard he clasps his tiny hands devoutly, and lifting up his eyes to heaven as in prayer, says, "*God, will you be so kind as to make it give up raining to-day.*" This was all his earnest, sincere prayer.

No sooner has he ended than into the house he hurries, and shouts, triumphantly, to his mother, "It's sure to give up raining soon. Mamma, make haste and get ready."

"But, my dear child, how do you know that?"

"Oh, mamma," the little fellow replies, "haven't you told me many a time when my head ached that God would cure it if I asked Him, and can't He stop the rain too? I've asked Him in the yard, and it's sure to be fine directly."

Soon afterwards the rain did pass away. Teddie and his mother went to the town, and he enjoyed himself to his heart's content.

In this simple and expectant manner should Christians, young and old, come to their Heavenly Father for blessings, with humble yet confident request; and out of the abundance of His goodness He will liberally supply their needs.

LUTHER WHEN A BOY.

Most of my young readers probably do not know that Martin Luther, one of the greatest and best men that ever lived, was in his boyhood so poor that he went about the streets of the city singing songs for a little money to buy food to keep him from starving. But he was a faithful student, and deeply pious, and God raised up friends for him, and made him, at last, the great and useful man that he was.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a pity that voice should be spoiled by being tried in such weather."

"I think it must be the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door and saw a little ragged child, who said—

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon restored him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news, "Justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took the little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." The following is the whole of the song which Luther sang on that memorable night:—

" Lord of heaven, lone and sad,
I would lift my soul to Thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me:
I shall neither faint nor die
While I walk beneath Thine eye.

" I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads;
He will give me daily bread:
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor,
He will feed me from His store.

" Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest:
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour-Christ is near.

" If I live He will be near me,
If I die to Him I'll go;
He will not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know:
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely."

THEY CALLED HIM "PATCHWORK."

"Ho! you don't dare to cross the river on that broken plank," said one boy to another, as they stood on the shore.

"Yes, I do," foolishly answered the other boy; "I dare do anything." So he ran on the board, and was just rescued from drowning.

Hearing this story of reckless courage reminded me of a boy whose daring was heroic.

A woman, bent and worn, with pale, sunken cheeks, and weary, faded eyes, is sitting in an attic-room of a tenement house in one of our large manufacturing towns. Her work has dropped a moment in her lap, and her hands are clasped tightly together. She is looking out from her narrow window on some children coming from school, and she has not noticed that her own boy has entered the room, so busy is she in thinking and trying in vain to solve that unanswered question of nothing producing something.

"I cannot have a warm shawl. Charlie must have a decent jacket to wear to school. He says all the boys call him 'Patchwork.' It is hard. No; I will give up going to the Mission Church, and will stay in the house. Never mind! Charlie must have his jacket. Poor boy! Who would have thought I could ever come to this?" And, overburdened with care, she hid her face in her hands and wept, and the unfinished work drifted slowly to the floor.

A rough sleeve, a gentle hand on her shoulder, and a boy's trembling voice, "Mother, dear, please don't! I don't need the jacket, really."

The woman started in surprise. "Why, Charlie, boy! I didn't hear you come in."

"No, mother, I know you didn't; but I am glad I know that my jacket was to be instead of a shawl for you. I don't mind their calling me 'Patchwork' now, mother; I've got used to it. And you must buy your shawl this afternoon."

Ah, poor sad-faced woman! there is a little sunlight in the dark world for you. The Lord has given you a boy in whom you may well rejoice. And through the boy's pleadings the shawl was bought.
— *Well Spring.*

HOW HE GOT HIS LEARNING.

THE Duke of Argyll, who lived in Queen Anne's reign, was one day walking in his garden when he saw a Latin book lying on the ground. Thinking it had been brought from his library, he gave directions for it to be taken back, when a lad called Edmund Stone, then in his eighteenth year, a son of the gardener, claimed it as his own.

The Duke was surprised, and on questioning him, was still further astonished at his answers.

"But how," said the Duke, "came you by the knowledge of these things?"

Stone replied, "A servant taught me ten years since to read"; and on being further pressed by the Duke, he thus continued: "I first learned to read. The masons were at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the use and meaning of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic, and I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told that there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were books on these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood also that there were good books in French; I bought a dictionary, and learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done. It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

Edmund Stone afterwards published some scientific works, and was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society.

All my readers know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, but how few have thought the knowledge of them was so valuable as to enable them to learn everything.

THE BOY THAT LOVED HIS BIBLE.

MR. B—— and his old white mare travelled round the country selling and giving away Bibles; selling to people who could pay, and giving to those who had nothing to pay with. This good and great work is done by the Bible Society, one of the grandest institutions in the land.

One July day Mr. B—— was on his way to one of the poorest neighbourhoods in Northern New Hampshire, when he looked up and saw a boy coming down the road. "A ragged-looking fellow, that," he thought, "and most likely he cannot read, never was at school, and of course has no Bible, nor even a penny towards paying for one."

But first impressions are not always correct. The man and the boy met. The man stopped his horse, and politely said, "Good day." "Good day, sir," answered the boy. A short talk took place. Mr. B—— found the boy had been to school and could read — just as if any true Yankee boy could not. "And have you a Testament?" asked the Bible man. The boy put his hand into his old trousers pocket and drew out half of a worn, torn, dingy Testament. Mr. B—— was taken by a glad surprise, for it was about the last thing he was looking for.

"I read it every day, and prize it very much," said the boy.

"Would you not like to change it for a new one?" asked the Bible man.

"I should like a whole new one above all things," said the boy;

"but yours is worth most, and I have no money to pay the cost." The gentleman gladly gave him one; indeed, he gave him two, one for school, and one to carry in his pocket for daily use. Never was a boy more surprised and grateful.

"That boy is beginning life right," said the Bible man as he rode away, thanking God for the pleasant meeting.

Eighteen years after he happened to pass again that way, and having occasion to speak in the Sunday-school he told the story, and asked what became of the lad.

The answer was just what would be expected, for the boy is father of the man. A thoughtful, earnest, noble boy makes a thoughtful, earnest, noble man. What the boy was among the woods of New Hampshire, the young man was in the mills of Massachusetts, and the older man on the prairie of a Western State. He was a man honoured and influential wherever he went, and the world was better for his living in it.

Poetry.

DINNA ANSWER NAY.

DINNA think and look afar
For chance o' doing good,
For ye have duties where ye are,
If they are understood;
There is nae lack o' good to do
All along the way;
And our days at best are few;
So dinna answer nay.

The daily task wi' patience done
Wi' kindly voice and smile,
Is seen by God the Holy One,
And noted down the while;
It leaves its footprints plain to see,
All along the way;
Though homely duties call for ye,
Oh, dinna answer nay!

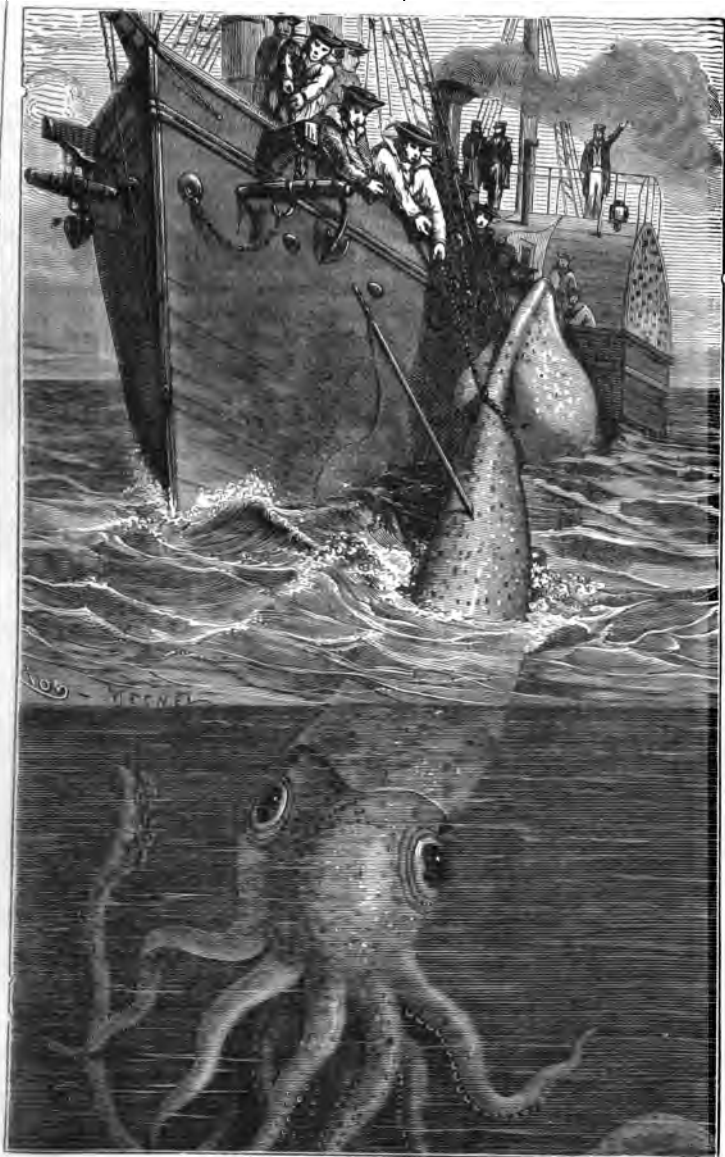
Ye need nae seek for happiness
Wi' only self to please,
For they receive small blessedness
Who live for selfish ease;
Ye find the sorrowing and distressed
All along the way;
And if ye would be ever blessed,
Oh, dinna answer nay!

The good example ye may set,
Where'er your lot is cast,
May be a blessing to ye yet,
A crown o' joy at last;
So if ye wish for good to do,
'Tis all along the way;
- And our days at best are few;
So dinna answer nay!

The little deeds in kindness done,
Where there is chance or time,
May be to some poor sorrowing one
A blessing most divine;
And tho' no voice o' thanks are heard
For aught ye do or say,
Our Father sees each deed and word;
So dinna answer nay!

Save not the kindly word and smile
To carry off abroad;
If home is destitute the while
Ye have nae thanks o' God.
It matters not what praise is won
In some fair, chosen way;
If life's stern duties are undone,
Ye have more need to pray.

ANNIE LINDBER, in *Herald of Health*.



THE CUTTLE FISH. (See page 170.)

THE CUTTLE-FISH.

WHAT monstrous creature is this which the sailors have caught and are dragging up the side of the ship, as represented in our engraving? Whatever can it be? It is a picture of a large cuttle-fish, and a most curious creature it is. Look at its large eyes, its long legs or arms, and monstrous appearance altogether. Of all soft-bodied animals the cuttle-fish possesses qualities the most extraordinary. It is usually about two feet long, covered with a very thin skin, and its flesh is composed of a jelly-like substance, which, however, is strengthened within by a strong bone, of which great use is made by the goldsmith. It has eight arms, which it extends, and which are probably of service to it in fishing for its prey. While alive it is capable of lengthening or contracting its arms at pleasure; but when dead its arms contract, and lose their rigidity. The cuttle-fish feeds upon small fish, which it seizes with its arms, and holds fast with such strength of grip that escape is impossible.


This singular creature is found along many of the coasts of Europe, but is not easily caught; for it is furnished with a wonderful contrivance by which it is enabled to escape its pursuers. It has a black substance, of the colour of ink, contained in a bladder generally on the left side of the belly, and which it can eject when it pleases in large quantities. Whenever, therefore, this creature is pursued, and finds difficulty in escaping, it discharges a large quantity of this black liquor, by which the waters are totally darkened, and then it escapes and lies close at the bottom of the water. In this manner the creature finds its safety. How diversified are the means with which the creatures are furnished for their defence and preservation! Some large creatures have horns, while smaller ones have stings; some have large sharp teeth to bite and talons to tear, and some have beaks like a bill-hook for the same purpose. Some have no weapons with which to fight, but they have swiftness enabling them to run or fly away with wonderful speed from their pursuers. Some have no weapons, but they can emit such an offensive odour as repels their foes from following them: such a creature is the skunk. But as wonderful as any is the cuttle-fish, which can in a moment discharge an inky fluid from its own body, and thus so blacken the water as to render itself invisible to its pursuers.

Of the cuttle-fish there are eight species. In some of the species the body is entirely covered with a fleshy sheath; in others, the sheath reaches only to the middle of the body. Besides the eight tentacles,

or arms, they have in general two feelers, as they are called, which are much longer than the arms. Both the feelers and the arms are furnished with strong circular cups or suckers. The mouth of these animals is hard, strong, and horny, resembling both in texture and substance the beak of a parrot.

In hot climates the cuttle-fish sometimes becomes of such a size as to measure twelve feet across the centre, and to have each of its arms between forty and fifty feet long. The Indians are sometimes clasped in their canoes by them. Such a monster is the one in our picture. I have read of a cuttle-fish seizing a sailor with such force that no power could separate its fangs from the poor fellow, and he must have been killed if his companions had not hastened to cut away the creature's arms by which he was held. In the aquarium of the Crystal Palace there is a cuttle-fish, and the queer looking monster excites much attention and attracts many visitors.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.

 **NEED** not tell our young friends what sort of an animal the mouse is. We have plenty of them; they abound in almost every part of the world; and, like naughty children, they give us much trouble. There is a wonderful variety of these little creatures.

There is the house mouse, which gets into our cupboards, and gnaws our bread, nibbles at our cheese, and even drinks our milk, when he can get to it. But he often gets entrapped for his pains, or falls into the talons of puss; and when thus caught his arrest is the certain precursor of death.

There is the wood mouse, which lives on corn, nuts, acorns, and various fruits, and like the thrifty ant and industrious bee lays up in summer a supply of food for the coming winter.

There is the dormouse, which sleeps in winter when food is scarce, and wakes up in summer when food is plentiful, and then frolics about as brisk as a squirrel. Surely this a very convenient mode of life for a mouse, but it would not do for us; for we are sent into the world to be industrious, and that all the year round; and, therefore, instead of lazily sleeping for weeks and months together, we must rise early each day and devote ourselves diligently to our calling.

But you ask what sort of mice are those in our picture? They look very small, and seem very happy; but at the same time they

appear very cunning. See, they climb up the barley-stalks, and sit upon them as cozily as a bird perches upon a tree. Yes, and not only so, they build their nests on the barley-stalks, and rear their young ones there! Indeed they do; for the Harvest Mouse among quadrupeds is like the humming-bird among the feathered tribes—



THE HARVEST-MOUSE.

one of the smallest of all its kind; and as the humming-bird can rest upon a flower, so these little mice can rest upon a straw. How wonderful the works of God: the small and the great are His! He made them all. They all answer some wise end, and glorify their Creator by fulfilling the end of their existence. The harvest-mouse is pro-

bably the smallest of British quadrupeds, the body not exceeding two inches and a quarter in length, and the weight is said to be about one-sixth of an ounce. Either this species is exclusively British, or it has hitherto escaped the industrious researches of Continental naturalists, for it is doubtful whether it can be identified with any other in foreign countries. Mr. White, in his History of Selbourn, first made this species known to the public. "These mice," he says, "are much smaller and more slender than the common mouse, and have more of the squirrel or dormouse colour; their belly is white; a straight line along their sides divides the shades of their colour. They never enter into houses; but are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves. They abound in harvest, and build their nests amidst the straws of corn above ground, and sometimes even in thistles.

"They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little brown nest, composed of blades of grass or wheat. The nest is most artificially plaited, and composed of the blades of wheat, perfectly round, and about the size of a ball, with the opening so ingeniously closed that there is no discovering to what part it belongs. The nest is so compact and well fitted that it will roll across a table without coming to pieces, though containing eight little mice, which are naked and blind. As the nest is perfectly full, 'how could the dam,' you may ask, 'come at each of her little ones, so as to give a teat to each?' Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting them again when the business is over; but she could not possibly find lodgings for herself in the nest with her young, which, moreover, would be daily increasing in bulk."

I may, however, inform my young friends that though these little creatures make their nests for breeding above ground, and are most abundantly in corn-ricks in Hampshire, they nevertheless burrow in winter, and pass the severe season underground.

A MOTHER'S SOFT HAND.

JOHN NEWTON, when a young man, was very wild and wicked, but he had a good mother; afterwards he was converted, and became a true Christian. He used often to say, "Even when I was very wild, I could never forget my mother's soft hand. When going to do something wicked, I could always feel her soft hand on my head. If thousands of miles away from her, I could never forget that." Oh, never forget your mother's soft hand, and her loving, loving words!

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVI.—ASTRONOMY.

“What hand behind the scene,
 What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
 In motion, and wound up the vast machine;
 Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
 Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
 Num'rous as glittering gems of morning dew,
 Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 And set the bosom of old night on fire?”



ASTRONOMY now asks us to travel over fields much larger than those enclosed in the orbits of either planets or comets. It invites our thoughts to pass far beyond the limits of the solar system, and to visit suns and systems so distant in space that all the distances of which we have previously spoken seem to dwindle down almost into nothing. When we gaze upon the sun we are dazzled by his brightness; we know also that to his light and heat we are indebted for the life and beauty which cover the surface of the earth. But our orb of day is not the only sun that shines. There are millions of others as bright, as large, and as beautiful as he; some of them, indeed, much larger. Every star we gaze upon in the clear sky is a sun, and appears small to us only because it is so very distant from us.

ANNIE. “Are all the stars equally distant?”

“No, far from it. Some are many times farther from us than others.”

HERBERT. “Are the differences in their brightness caused by their varying distances?”

“That is one cause, but no doubt there are others, such as differences in size and various degrees of brightness. A star which is much smaller than others if it be nearer to us will appear equally as bright as they do; or a large one if very distant will seem no brighter than smaller ones which are less distant.”

HERBERT. “Is there any division into classes amongst the stars?”

“Yes: they are classed by our astronomers according to their appearances of brightness. The various classes are called magnitudes. Thus the twenty stars which seem to shine the brightest are said to be stars of the first magnitude; those in the next class are called second magnitude stars; and soon until we reach the sixth magnitude, to which belong the faintest stars that are visible to the naked eye. A star of

the third magnitude is said to shine twelve times more brightly than one of the sixth, and a star of the first magnitude is estimated at 100 times the brightness of a sixth-magnitude star. Sirius, the brightest star of all, is said to shine three times more brightly than even the other stars of the first magnitude; it stands first in the first class. There are other magnitudes above the sixth, reaching as high as the sixteenth and seventeenth classes, but they are not visible to the naked eye, and the faintest of them can be seen only through the most powerful telescopes."

BERTHA. "How many stars are there in the first six classes?"

"Nearly six thousand; but not more than about half that number can be said to belong to the northern heavens, and an observer in England is not able to see many of those in the south."

ANNIE. "Does it require a very large telescope in order to see the stars invisible to the unassisted eye?"

"Not in all cases. Above 300,000 may be seen in the northern heavens alone through a telescope two inches and a quarter in aperture."

BERTHA. "How many stars are there altogether?"

"That we cannot tell; there number is beyond our calculations; but if we go no farther than the fourteenth magnitude there are more than 20,000,000."

HERBERT. "Then is each star supposed to be a sun like our own?"

"Each star is believed to be a sun, possibly with planets revolving round it as our own sun has. It is difficult for persons unacquainted with astronomy to believe this, but our astronomers have long since agreed in the opinion that our luminary is a small one in the family of suns. The reason why the sun appears so much larger and brighter than they do is found in the fact that the nearest star is 200,000 times farther away from us than he is. If our sun was placed at so great a distance from us as that, it is doubtful whether we could see him without telescopic aid. Some of them must be either very much larger or very much brighter than he is. The bright appearance of the star Sirius is such that if the light he gives is no more brilliant than the light given out by our sun his bulk must be equal to 3000 suns as large as ours."

ANNIE. "Does it not cause us to wonder at God's great power when we think of all these worlds being created by Him?"

"It does; and we are reminded of Isaiah's words:—'Lift up your

eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth!"

HERBERT. "How do astronomers find out the distances of the heavenly bodies so as to be sure that they are correct?"

"To explain fully the various methods which they have would occupy a long time, for their conclusions are reached only by building one measurement upon another, after making sure that each previous one is certainly correct. The foundation of all their methods is the base-line and triangle as used by land-surveyors in measuring the widths of rivers and valleys. They measure the distance between two positions on the earth's surface, and then from these two points they measure, quite easily, the distance of the moon. They have several ways of measuring how far the sun is from us, all of them giving the same result, and so proving each other just as we prove a multiplication sum by doing it afterwards as a sum in division. A knowledge of the sun's distance then becomes the means by which to measure the distance of the stars. You may rest assured that astronomers do not make statements about the distances of the heavenly bodies without having good reasons for doing so. They have tested and retested for hundreds of years, but always with nearly the same results; and the men best able to judge have no doubts whatever as to the general correctness of their measurements. Besides, the extreme remoteness of the stars is evident to any person who will give a little attention to the subject. Every visible object on the earth's surface appears larger and is seen more distinctly as we get nearer to it; but the stars are so far away that if we view them from one side of the earth's orbit, and then six months later view them from the other side, which is 180,000,000 miles nearer, they present exactly the same appearance; and this is the case not merely when seen by the naked eye, but even when viewed through large telescopes magnifying some hundreds of times."

BERTHA. "Are all the stars known to the astronomers by name?"

"All the large stars are known either by name or number. They are arranged in groups and clusters called constellations. Each constellation has a name. Some of them have been called after animals, such as the Dragon, the Little Bear, the Great Dog, the Wolf, and the Unicorn, because the groups were fancifully thought to bear some

resemblance to these animals. Other names are the Arrow, the Ladies' Chair, the Northern Crown, the Cup, and the Southern Cross. The zodiacal constellations through which the sun appears to pass each year, because of the earth's annual motion, are named in the following rhyme :—

'The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales ;
The Scorpion, Archer, and He-goat,
The Man that bears the watering-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.'

These twelve constellations are referred to in the Book of Job, under the name Mazzaroth. Two other constellations are twice mentioned in the same book, namely, Pleiades and Orion, and are also named by the Prophet Amos. These references in a book so ancient as that of the patriarch Job show that from a very early period in the world's history the stars have been studied and classified. The entire number of constellations is 109, of which fifty are ancient and fifty-nine modern ones. These include all the largest stars ; indeed they map out the whole heavens, and particular stars are known by having the letters of the alphabet attached to them in the order of their brightness : thus, A OF LITTLE BEAR, means the brightest star in that constellation ; B OF ORION, means the brightest star but one in the constellation of Orion ; but it is customary for astronomers to use the letters of the Greek alphabet, and the Latin name of the constellation."

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. *What was meant by the golden candlestick seen by Zechariah ?*
(iv., 2—9.)

DEAR SIR,—In Zechariah iv. I read as follows :—" And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man that is wakened out of his sleep, and said unto me, What seest thou ? And I said, I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof : and two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof." Sir, I should like to see an explanation of this.

C. H.

ANSWER.—In the tabernacle of the Jews there was a golden

candlestick or stand with seven lamps. These were to be continually supplied with oil, and to be kept constantly burning. Solomon, however, made ten such for the temple. The first temple having been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, was now about to be rebuilt under the encouraging ministry of Zechariah and Haggai, the prophets of the Lord. The thoughts of these good men were much occupied with their work, and they sometimes dreamt about it by night, as well as prayed and prophesied by day. Zechariah dreamt that he saw a golden candlestick, or rather a stand, somewhat resembling that of the temple, for it had seven lamps; but it differed from the former in this—it was not supplied with oil daily by the hand of the priest, but it was constantly replenished from a separate and independent source. There were two olive trees actually growing and flourishing by the side of the lamp, and these two living trees spontaneously yielded a supply of oil, which was conveyed by suitable tubes to each lamp, thus affording a supply as fast as it was consumed, and that from a natural, ever-living, and perennial source. The design of this image was to teach the prophet the following great truths, as you will see by reading the verses which follow.

1. The candlestick represents the Church of God.
2. The lamps indicate that the Church is to be a burning and a shining light in this dark world.
3. The oil represents Divine influence, without which there can be neither light nor heat in the Church.
4. The olive trees indicate that the source of Divine influence is in God Himself. The candlestick did not generate the oil, but merely received it as communicated from the olive trees; and so men receive all Divine influence from God.
5. The temple itself was to be built as the result of Divine influence; for thus said the Lord: "Not by might, nor by power; but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

But you may say the building of the temple was a material work, and how could a material work be the product of Divine influence? I answer, so was the stupendous work of creation a material work, but it was produced by the agency of the Holy Spirit; for it is said "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"—the huge, chaotic mass of stagnant matter—and from His operation there sprang light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and this beautiful universe, with all its laws and harmonious operations. So the building of the tabernacle was a material work. But who gave the plan to

Moses in the sacred Mount? God. Who inspired wisdom in the soul of Bezaleel, Aholiab, and others for the work? The Spirit of God. So the building of the Temple of Solomon was a material work. But who gave David the plan and pattern of the house? The Spirit of God. So the building of the second temple is to be erected, and Zerubbabel and all the people are to know that the great work is to be effected not by might nor by power; that is, not by the independent agency of man, but by the agency of God's Spirit acting upon the minds of men, inspiring them with zeal, courage, wisdom, liberality, and energy for that great work. So that when the top stone should be brought on, both princes and people should not say, Nebuchadnezzar like, here is the great temple which we have built by our might and our power, but with shoutings, crying, "Grace, grace unto it." That is the Lord; He hath done it. It is not of human merit or power, but all of grace, the grace of God, and to His great name we give all the glory. Amen.

2. Differences in the Lord's Prayer and in Parables.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Sir,—In reading my New Testament I see some things which are given in Matthew, which are given differently in Luke, such as our Lord's Prayer, our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and His parable of the sower. Again, I find some of our Lord's doings and teachings given in one evangelist and omitted by another. No doubt, sir, you have studied these things, and can explain them for us. Some young persons in this circuit, and perhaps in some others, would be glad to be favoured with your explanation of these things.

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.—You are quite right, my young friends, both in noting these things and in seeking to have them explained. Your Editor delights to help diligent seekers in their inquiries after truth. In comparing the parable of the sower, as stated by Matthew xiii., 1—23, with Luke viii., 5—15, I find a verbal difference, but there is substantial agreement. In comparing our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, as reported by Matthew v., with Luke vi., 20—49, I find, not only a verbal difference, but the discourse as given by the former is much longer than in the latter. And, again, the Lord's Prayer in Matthew vi., 9—13, is not the same as in Luke xi., 2—4, for there is a verbal difference, and the whole of the doxology is omitted by Luke. All this variety, however, is consistent with harmony; and several good reasons may be assigned for this variety. For,

It is certain that the prayer which our Lord taught His

disciples was given at different times; for the first time we meet with it in our Lord's Sermon on the Mount; but in Luke it was given in answer to the disciples' entreaty, "Lord, teach us to pray." The great duties and promises contained in our Lord's Sermon were evidently repeated on different occasions, and in different places. So of His parables, for our Lord was engaged from day to day, travelling from one city to another, preaching the great truths of the Gospel; and in His ministry He would doubtless preach those same truths, and enjoin the same duties, with an ever freshening variety of phraseology and illustration.

At times, however, we have no doubt the discourses and parables of our Lord were given by the Evangelists in substance; but condensed and shortened, or given only in part. Nor does this in the least degree militate against the infallible inspiration of the four Evangelists; for it was the will of the Holy Spirit that this should be done. It was the design of God that some things should be briefly narrated by one Evangelist, and fully by another; some things omitted by one that others might be recorded; that thus, not in one Evangelist only, but in all the four, we might have harmony without monotony, variety without contradiction, and sufficiency without redundancy; and that all the four together might present four distinct but united, harmonious, and complete testimonies to the doctrine, miracles, and wonderful life of our Blessed Lord.

3. *What is meant by "many mansions"?*

SIR,—I should like you to tell me what our Saviour means when He says, "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John xiv., 2). Some people here say that mansion means house; but that seems very strange; for our Lord mentions the word "house" before, and surely He could not say, "In my Father's house are many houses"?—Your explanation will oblige,
C. D.

ANSWER.—There is great propriety in the words used, and they are full of meaning. They mean one house containing many dwellings. Thus there is unity combined with variety and amplitude. Only one house, and that house is our Father's house. One FATHER, which implies only one *family*; for however diversified in language, colour, or social position, we are all the children of one Father. One house indicates also one home; however distant in country or climate men may be here, one home hereafter. But in that one house many mansions. This indicates variety and plenty of space or room for all. There will be different degrees of glory and great variety in

the happiness of the blessed in heaven ; but, however numerous may be the residents, there will be room for all, for the house is great ; and however diversified the minds and the capacities of the inhabitants, there will be variety to meet every case, and fill up every soul with bliss. Dear reader, there is a mansion for you—a beautiful mansion, a glorious mansion, an unfading mansion ! Will you have it ? You say, “ Yes.” But remember heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people ; and without holiness no one can see the Lord. Oh, seek this preparation, and seek it now ! Some of you have fathers, or mothers, or sisters, or brothers, or teachers in heaven. Think of their example, and of their efforts to save you ! Above all, think of Jesus, and what He has done and suffered to save you ! He is gone to prepare a place for you : oh, then, prepare yourself for the place !

4. Did the Apostles know the time of the second coming of Christ ?

ANSWER.—I think not ; for our Lord said, “ Of that day knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only ” (Matt. xxiv., 36). This, which was then unknown, was not afterwards revealed by our Lord during His ministry ; nor during the period that intervened between His resurrection and ascension. For when the Apostles, just before our Lord’s ascension, inquired from Him thus—“ Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel ? ” He replied, saying, “ It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power ” (Acts i., 6, 7). These words seem to mean that the times and seasons, which undoubtedly include the time of His second coming, were no part of revelation, and therefore no part of their commission. They were commanded to preach the Gospel of salvation, and to proclaim the grand truth that our Lord would come to raise the dead and judge the world ; but they are not commissioned to reveal the time when He would come, for this was not made known to them.

Many other truths were revealed to the Apostles by the Holy Spirit after our Lord’s resurrection, and we have those revelations recorded in the Epistles ; but no where in their Epistles do we find any mention as to the time of our Lord’s second coming. The Apostles seem to have had a general conviction that the period was not near, but distant ; for when the Thessalonian Christians were troubled by an apprehension that the day of Christ was near at hand, Paul quelled their fears by an assurance that the time was still

distant, for he said: "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means: for *that day shall not come*, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition" (2 Thess. ii., 1—3). Paul goes on to show that before the second coming of our Lord this awful apostacy which he here-calls the "man of sin," would not only be revealed but fully developed and consumed. Yet after saying this much he goes no farther, but leaves the time unfixed and uncertain.

True it is the Apostle John, in the Book of Revelation, speaks of a testimony being continued by two witnesses during a period of 1260 days, and these days probably mean so many years. But this number does not determine the time of our Lord's coming; for in the first place it is only one antecedent period, and the exact time when this period begins is not revealed; and in the second place there are other events to follow the period of 1260 days (or years) before the coming of our Lord, and how long a period those events may occupy we cannot determine.

The truth is, while prophecy assures us that Christ *will* come, no prophecy shows us *when* He will come. The time of this great event is designedly left unrevealed. All the inspired writers speak of the period as uncertain, and solemnly exhort us to be always ready; and not only ready but even as faithful servants to long for His coming as the great day when He will be glorified and the happiness of His people be consummated. And seeing God has designedly left that day unrevealed, it is presumptuous in us or any man to pretend to make it known. Our great duty is to live ready every day and every hour for His coming, whether by death or by His personal appearance, and then we shall not be ashamed but hail His coming with holy joy.

5.—On the Ark of the Covenant.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would give me your opinion as to what became of the Ark of the Covenant after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Babylonians, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

May 10, 1874.

F. H. EAMES.

ANSWER.—When Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem he first pillaged the temple and then burnt it to ashes. In pillaging the temple he took its golden and silver vessels, and these were carried away to Babylon, but were afterwards restored by Cyrus when he

delivered the Jews, and when they returned to their own land. When the second temple was erected, these gold and silver vessels were restored to their former use in the service of God, but we never read of the Ark of the Covenant being restored. Being made of wood it is likely Nebuchadnezzar would regard it as of no value, and therefore leave it to be consumed in the flames.

The Jews reckon five items of glory which belonged to the first temple, which were absent from the second temple, namely—The (1) Ark of the Covenant; (2) Shekinah or symbol of the Divine presence; (3) the Urim and Thummim; (4) the Holy Fire upon the Altar; (5) the Spirit of Prophecy. This latter, however, was not absent, for Haggai, Zechariah, and others prophesied while the temple was being erected; Malachi, the last prophet of the Old Testament, prophesied after; and good old Simeon, Zechariah, and Anna prophesied in the temple itself.

6.—*On Jews, Copts, and Negroes.*

MR. EDITOR,—After being a student at your Desk for nearly thirty years, I venture to ask my first question, and hope you will answer it in our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. On page 445 of Ansted's "Physical Geography," he says:—"It is certain that the Jews, the Copts, and the Negroes were as distinct in every physical peculiarity at the time of the expulsion of the Israelites under Pharaoh as they are now."

Three thousand five hundred years have passed away since Joseph, and yet there is no change in these races of men, so that the differences at present existing must have been brought about during the 700 years from Noah to Joseph.

Now, both Nott and Ansted scout the idea that either climate or congenital peculiarities could bring about such a change at all; so, how was it done in 700 years?—Yours truly,

JOHN ALLEN SYKES.

ANSWER.—We thank our good friend, Mr. Sykes, for the honour he has done us by studying our Answers to Queries, and are thankful to find they have been so long interesting to him. If our friend had proposed a query now and then we should have felt pleasure in giving an answer to his intelligent inquiries. As to the query before us, Mr. Sykes will admit that the Bible is not responsible to Messrs. Ansted, Nott, and others for their opinions; nor can they be of much value when they are as opposed to facts as they are to the Bible. If climate had no influence in giving colour and complexion to man, how is it that black people are not produced in temperate climes as abundantly as they are in the torrid zone? And how is it

that white people are not produced as abundantly there as in temperate climes? And if Jews have never changed their colour and complexion, how is it that a Jewish colony in Malabar has become black by long residence there? But not only does a hot or cold climate change the colour and the physiognomy of a people, but moisture, food, habit, civilisation, and education contribute to produce great changes. Even in America the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are already changing into the Indian type. In Africa Livingstone found the people who live in elevated parts in a pure atmosphere lighter in colour and better in features; while others in the very same latitude, but in a moist and impure atmosphere, are a black as coal, and have projecting jaws. Dirty habits darken the skin and degrade the features, and so do bad food, bad morals, and oppression; but cleanliness, good air, good morals, freedom, refinement, education, and religion have always an ameliorating influence upon the countenance as they have upon the constitution of mankind. Messrs. Ansted and Nott, though teaching others, have evidently much to learn themselves. The Bible will be found true when all our theorists and their notions have passed away.

We have other queries, but our space is full.

Memoirs.

—O—

JAMES VICKERS AND OTHERS.

DURING the Connexional year which has nearly ended, death has been very busy in our Sunday-school at Wepre, Hawarden Circuit. In the short space of about nine months twelve of our Sunday scholars have been called away. The first, Margaret Coppack; her life was brought to a close by heart disease. At the early age of eleven years she had run her earthly race. On the day she was buried, Joseph Latham, another scholar, who witnessed her funeral, said, "I wonder who will be the next?" A week from that day he was doomed while bathing, at the age of nine years. The following ten scholars were all carried off by that terrible scourge among children, scarletina:—Mary Jane Davies, at the age of six years; Martha Bithell, aged eleven years; William James Hewitt, at the age of nine years; Martha Ann Jones, aged eleven years; Edward John Coppack, at the age of nine years; Mary Garrett and William Edward Garrett (sister and brother), at the respective ages of seven and five years; John Ellis, at the age of twelve years; and James Baird Kensington, aged three years. Of all these flowers "nipped in the bud" by the frost of death, we have reason to believe that they have been transplanted to a fairer clime—the paradise of God—the land where sickness and sorrow, sin and death,

"Are felt and feared no more."

Every one of these dear children gave evidence that, in the Sabbath-school they had attended from their earliest years, the good seed of the kingdom had taken root in their young hearts; that the "loving Saviour and tender Shepherd" of whom they had heard had become their Saviour, and had folded these lambs in His loving arms, and had safely sheltered them in the fold above. Many interesting particulars might be given concerning all these dear ones did space allow. The one whose name stands at the head of this sketch, James Vickers, the son of James and Mary Vickers, was born April 8, 1866. He appears to have been a child of a very loving disposition. This was evidenced in his tender regard for his brother and sister, and in his prompt and willing obedience to his parents. From a very early age he was the subject of serious impressions. He remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. That the Holy Spirit was informing his mind and impressing his heart was clear from his delight in reading God's Word, and from the great pleasure he evinced in attending the House of God. Never would he be voluntarily absent, either from the Sabbath-school or the sanctuary. The Sunday before he was taken ill it was observed that his time was spent chiefly in reading, singing, and talking of the love of Jesus. One of his favourite hymns was—

"I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
Alone I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And dwell with Christ at home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home."

His parents regarded with hope and pleasure these buds of promise of a virtuous, useful, and Christian manhood; but, alas! their hopes were soon to be blighted; these buds of promise were soon to be scorched with fever and blasted by death. The disease which had made such ravages among the young in Wepre—scarlatina—seized upon their boy, and soon it became evident that his hours were numbered, and he would, as he often sang, "be gathered home." On the day before he died he said to those around him, with a countenance radiant with joy, "I am singing, going home," and shortly afterwards he whispered, "I am coming—coming just now." On the morning of his death he was asked by his aunt if he loved her. He replied, "Yes; but I love Jesus better." Shortly afterwards his mother inquired if he wanted anything. His answer was, "I want you, mother. I want to tell you I am going straight up." And soon his happy spirit ascended straight up to the "Paradise of God." Absent from the body, he was present with the Lord. His illness began on the Monday night, and on the Thursday morning, January 22, 1874, he died, at the age of nearly eight years. May the removal of these dear children be sanctified to the good of all their parents, loosening their affections to earth, and linking them to heaven; and may it also be the means of leading the scholars in our Sabbath-schools to "Seek the Lord while he may be found, and to call upon him while he is near."

Hawarden, May, 1874.

A. H.



OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

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TUNSTALL, BURSLEM CIRCUIT.—On Sabbath, 12th April, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting, which was presided over by Mr. George Copeland, who in the course of his remarks called upon his hearers to give united uniform and Christian effort in behalf of the heathen. The secretary's report was read, and received with general satisfaction. After which the Rev. W. Thomas addressed the meeting upon the subject of reaching forth to every man a Bible, in order that universal man may participate in the revealed light of heaven. Then came a rehearsal of the Rev. F. Jewel's Dialogue, entitled the "Gospel Ship," which was ably sustained by nine of the senior scholars, to the keen appreciation and approval of at once a good and intelligent audience. The hymns in connection with the Dialogue were tastefully sung by the choir and congregation, giving a sweetness and variety to the meeting.

The financial result of the meeting was simply double the amount of last year's collection.

It appears to me that if this Dialogue, which has served us so well, were used in places where the Missionary meetings have hitherto been comparative failures, that it would be with profit. It is quite novel enough to be attractive, and possesses at the same time sufficient work to please and instruct. That which has proved a success in one school may under similar circumstances prove a success in another.

D. R.

SYKE STREET SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HULL CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, May 10, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting—Mr. Wm. Colley, the superintendent, presided, and interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. T. Smith, Mr. Kettle, home missionary, and Mr. Wilkinson. The collectors have been very successful, and the amount raised by the society this year is much in advance of any that we have on record.

F. R.

NEWTON HURST CIRCUIT.—The members of this society held their Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 26—the chair was occupied by the Rev. H. Marsden, superintendent of the circuit, who gave some account of the various Connexional mission fields, and of the work now being carried on there. Afterwards short addresses were given by brothers J. Bedford, G. Saxon, and J. Simister. Recitations were given by the scholars, and appropriate music by the chapel choir. The collection, including the sums collected by cards, amounted to £2 4s., which is an increase on any previous year.

J. B.

RIFON.—Our Annual Meeting was held on Good Friday last, April 3, which as usual was well attended, the chapel being crowded. Our esteemed minister, Rev. G. Hallatt, ably presided, and after a highly interesting speech, called upon me to read the report, which showed that busy hands and heads had been engaged to raise the amount of £40 7s. 6d. Addresses advocating the glorious missionary cause were delivered by Messrs. Wm. Steel and Thos. Lax, which added greatly to the interest of the meeting. The choir and scholars then conducted a service of sacred song, which was well received and thoroughly enjoyed, Messrs. Steel, Lax, and W. H. Kearsley reading parts in the life of Joseph. On the whole it was the best meeting we have ever held, both financially and I trust spiritually.

Our lady friends in connection with the school held their annual bazaar, and brought to a successful issue their work, which you will see for yourselves, and I think it would be well if the young ladies in connection with many of our schools would follow their example and do likewise. Proceeds of ladies' work, £30; collection at meeting, £5. Books—Miss Elizabeth Gill, 15s.; Miss Dora Greenwood, 7s. 9d.; Miss Ellen Rogers, 5s. 3½d.; Miss Lucy Hemsworth, 3s. 5d.; Miss M. A. Casling, 2s. 8d.; Master John Gill, £2 2s. 5d.; Fred. and Herbert Gricewood, 7s. 6d.; Robert Gill, 6s.; J. Alfred Chatwin, 4s. 7½d.; Thos. Horner, 4s. 4d.; Geo. Young, 3s. 7d.; W. G. Towndraw, 3s. 3d.; Leonard Robinson, 1s. 7d.; J. Briscoomb, 1s. 4½d.; Sunday-school Box, £1 2s. 1½d.; total, £41 10s. 10½d. We have also sent, in addition to the above, £6 to aid our Home Mission work, and £2 10s. to our China Mission—thus you will perceive that we have raised above £50, and that we are keeping the old motto on our banner, and intend by God's help to go "Onward."

THOMAS HARGRAVE.

ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE, LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT.—The Annual Meeting of the above was held in our school-room on Monday, 27th April, and was most successful, both as to arrangement and attendance. The chair was taken by the Rev. John Hudston, superintendent of this circuit, and powerful addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. J. Hope, of our "Park Chapel," and Stephen Todd, Congregationalist. Several sacred and temperance melodies were efficiently rendered by a choir of seventy voices. The following recitations and dialogues formed a very pleasing feature in our programme:—"To be Sold by Auction," Joseph Stephen; "Sisters of Light," Annie Hawthorne; "Drinkers and Teetotallers," Elizabeth Haughton and Elizabeth A. Stephen; "The Landlord and the Artizan," Emma Rowlinson; "The Three Voices," James M. Davies; "The Merry Fly," Alice E. Wright; "Mottos for the Stalwart," Sophia Grocott; "The Wife's Mistake," Eliza Anderson; and "A Cure for Indigestion," Edmund Capstick and Joseph Stephen. During the year just closed 16 meetings were held, with an average attendance of 88, and a result of 23 pledges, giving a total of 245 members.

CHARLES J. CARE, *President*.

GEO. BUCHANAN, *Secretary*.

WELLINGTON ROAD SUNDAY-SCHOOL, ECCLES, MANCHESTER SOUTH CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday afternoon, March, 16, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting. There was a very good attendance, H. Connah, Esq., Independent, presided; and after a very interesting and instructive speech from the chairman, addresses were delivered by the Rev. H. O. Crofts, Rev. J. W. Sims, R. Heaton, D.D., W. Procter, and J. Chapman.

The following is the amount we have raised during the twelve months:—Female Classes, £2 15s. 7d.; Male Classes, £2 1s.; Harriet Taylor, 12s. 1d.; Alice Annie Peace, 11s.; Nelly Metcalf, 10s. 9d.; Lilley Peace, 10s. 4d.; Sophia Kershaw, 10s. 7d.; Keziah Harrison, 6s.; Esther Kay, 5s. 6d.; Alice Crosby, 5s.; Catherine Jones, 5s.; Clara E. Buckley, 4s. 4½d.; Lucy Marrot, 4s.; Mary Ward, 4s. 2d.; Minnie Hanson, 3s. 6d.; Rachel Royle, 2s. 7d.; Mary J. Cheadle, 2s. 6d.; Louisa Taylor, 2s.; Esther Davies, 1s. 8d.; James Marsh, 17s.; John J. Walker, 13s. 3d.; Isaac Cavanagh, 5s. 2d.; Samuel Hampson, 2s. 1d.; Zachariah Ward, 2s. 1d.;

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Thomas Crosby, 2s. 1d.; J. A. Wirthington, 2s.; John Ward, 1s. 4d.; George Hope, 1s. 2d.; William Haigh, 1s. 1d.; collected at the meeting, £5 11s. 9d.; total, £17 16s. 7½d. This is an advance over last year of £1 6s. 8½d.

S. HANSON, *Secretary*.

MOUNT TABOR CHAPEL, FENTON.—We held our Annual Meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 27. Our respected minister, Rev. John James, presided. An interesting address was delivered by Mr. W. Hawker, a teacher and lay preacher. Suitable recitations were given by the collectors, and a number of beautiful pieces, selected from the "American Sacred Songster," were well sung by a large number of the Sunday scholars. Mr. F. R. Myall presided at the organ with his usual efficiency. The collectors have collected a good sum of money for our missions—over £3 more than last year; but the collection was not quite so much. The amounts are as follows, viz.:—Drucilla Lewis, £3 1s. 11½d.; George Robinson, £2 9s. 3d.; William Smith, £1 18s.; Charlotte Hayes, £1 1s. 10d.; Ishmael Roberts, 18s. 2½d.; John Lovall's box, 18s.; Elizabeth Mary Ault's box, 12s.; Louisa Johnson, 10s.; Anne Hughes' box, 9s. 5d.; Lizzie Stevenson's box, 7s.; Lizzie Skellam, 7s.; George Thomas Hawker's box, 7s.; Mary Jane Baggerley's box, 6s. 0½d.; Lucy Plant's box, 5s. 3d.; Anne Gertrude Shaw's box, 5s.; Arthur Frederick Lowe's box, 5s.; Mary Lizzie Brain's box, 5s.; odd sums, 10s. 7½d.; total, £14 16s. 7½d. Collection, £3 2s.; grand total, £17 18s. 7½d.

E. BRAIN.

WELLHOUSE, HUDDERSFIELD CIRCUIT.—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1874, and we had a very good congregation. After devotional exercises, our esteemed minister, the Rev. William Mills, presided. The secretary read the report, which was of a very gratifying character. Last year the juveniles raised £10 5s. 2d.; this year the sum has been augmented to £13 13s. 6d.; being £3 8s. 4d. in advance of last year. I think, sir, that we are making progress, and I trust that we shall ever advance in a cause so grand as that in which we are now engaged. Addresses were delivered by the chairman and Messrs. H. Berry (Berry Brown) and George H. Taylor; recitations were given by the scholars, and anthems were sung by the choir. Reviewing our labours we can only thank God and take courage, feeling that "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name" be the glory.

WILLIAM EASTWOOD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, CONGLETON.—The Juvenile Missionary meeting was held on Sunday, May 17, when it was found that the little band of collectors had gathered as follows:—H. Berisford, 7s. 3d.; W. Parr, 6s. 10d.; A. Joinson, 5s. 5d.; M. J. Shepherd, 5s.; C. Collins, 4s. 3d.; A. A. Heath, 4s.; M. Edge, 3s. 3d.; H. Blease, 3s.; M. Davenport, 2s. 6d.; G. Culverhouse, 2s. 3d.; J. Smallwood, 2s. 3d.; E. Birtles, 2s. 1d.; F. Barlow, 2s.; S. E. Kennerley, 2s.; M. Clowes, 2s.; F. Stubbs, 1s. 6d.; E. Jolly, 1s. 6d.; A. Austin, 1s. 5d.; E. Rowley, 1s. 4d.; M. Owen, 1s. 4d. A collection was made at the meeting amounting to 6s. 3d., which made the total of the Juvenile Mission efforts £3 7s. 6d., which, considering that the school is a very small one, is very creditable indeed to the children.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—A HEBREW APOLOGUE.

PURSUING his journey through dreary deserts and uncultivated ground, Alexander came at last to a small rivulet, whose waters glided peaceably along their shelving banks. Its smooth unruffled surface was the image of contentment, and seemed in its silence to say, "This is the abode of tranquillity and peace." All was still: not a sound was heard save those soft murmuring tones which seemed to whisper into the ear of the weary traveller, "Come and partake of Nature's bounty!" and to complain that such offers should be made in vain. To a contemplative mind such a scene might have suggested a thousand delightful reflections; but what charms could it have for the soul of Alexander, whose breast was filled with schemes of ambition and conquest, whose eyes were familiarized with rapine and slaughter, and whose ears were accustomed to the clash of arms—to the groans of the wounded and the dying? Onward therefore he marched. Yet, overcome by fatigue and hunger, he was soon obliged to stop. He seated himself on one of the banks of the river, took a draught of water, which he found of a very fine flavour and very refreshing. He then ordered some salt fish, with which he was well provided, to be brought to him. These he dipped in the stream in order to take off the briny taste, and was very much surprised to find them emit a very fine fragrance. "Surely," said he, "this river, which possesses such uncommon qualities, must flow from some very rich and happy country. Let us march thither." Following the course of the river, he at length arrived at the gates of paradise. The gates were shut. He knocked, and with his usual impetuosity demanded admittance. "Thou canst not be admitted here," exclaimed a voice from within; "*this gate is the Lord's!*" "I am the lord, the lord of the earth," rejoined the impatient chief; "I am Alexander the Conqueror! Will you not admit me?" "No," was the answer: "here we know of no conquerors—save such as conquer their passions; *none but the just can enter here.*" Alexander attempted in vain to enter the abode of the blessed; neither entreaties nor menaces availed. Seeing all his attempts fruitless, he addressed himself to the guardian of paradise, and said: "You know I am a great king, a person who received the homage of nations. Since you will not admit me, give me at least something, that I may show an astonished and admiring world that I have been where no mortal has ever been before me." "Here, madman," said the guardian of paradise, "here is something for thee: it may cure the maladies of thy distempered soul; one glance at it may teach you more wisdom than thou hast hitherto derived from all thy former instructors. Now go thy ways." Alexander took it with avidity, and repaired to his tent. But what was his confusion and surprise to find, on examining the received present, that it was nothing but the fragment of a human skull! "And is this," exclaimed Alexander, "the mighty gift that they bestow on kings and heroes? is this the fruit

of so much toil, danger, and care?" Enraged and disappointed, he threw it on the ground. "Great king," said a learned man who happened to be present, "do not despise this gift. Despicable as it appears in thine eyes, it yet possesses some extraordinary qualities, of which thou mayst soon be convinced if thou wilt order it to be weighed against gold and silver." Alexander ordered it to be done. A pair of scales were brought: the skull was placed in one, a quantity of gold in the other; when to the astonishment of the beholders, the skull overbalanced the gold. More gold was added, still the skull preponderated. In short, the more gold there was put in the one scale the lower sank that which contained the skull. "Strange," exclaimed Alexander, "that so small a portion of matter should outweigh so large a mass of gold! Is there nothing that will counterpoise it?" "Yes," answered the philosophers, "a very little matter will do it." They then took some earth, covered the skull with it, when immediately down went the gold and the opposite scale ascended. "This is very extraordinary!" said Alexander, astonished: "can you explain this strange phenomenon?" "Great king," said the sages, "this fragment is the socket of a human eye, which, though small in compass, is yet unbounded in its desire. The more it has, the more it craves. Neither gold nor silver nor any other earthly possession can ever satisfy it. But when it once is laid in the grave, and covered with a little earth, there is an end to its lust and ambition."—*Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales.*

THE BLIND EYE OPENED.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

I HAVE recently read of a young lady, twenty-five years of age, who had been blind from birth. For twenty-five years she had lived in midnight darkness, groping through the gloom of an unbroken night. She could not form the faintest conception of the features of those she loved, of rainbow hues, of the bloom of a summer morning, of the sublime loveliness of the expanded ocean, earth, and sky. As her friends endeavoured to picture to her these scenes, exhausting the powers of language and illustration in the attempt, her soul struggled in sad and unavailing efforts to form some conception of the wonders which light could reveal.

A successful operation was performed and sight was restored. For several days she was kept in a partially darkened chamber, until the visual organs gained strength and she had become a little accustomed to their use. Then on a lovely, pure morning the window-blinds were thrown open, and she was allowed to look out for the first time in her life upon the wondrous workmanship of God's hand. Then was unfolded to her enraptured gaze the verdure of the carpeted earth, the luxuriance of its vegetation, the flowers, the towering trees waving their leaves in the gentle air, the wide-

spread landscape extending apparently into infinity, and the grandeur of the overarching skies, with their gorgeous drapery of clouds.

She nearly fainted from excess of rapture. Tears of more than earthly delight gushed from those eyeballs which had so long been sightless. "Oh, wonderful, wonderful!" she exclaimed; "heaven surely cannot surpass this. I never dreamed of aught so lovely. Upon such a scene I could gaze for ever, for ever, unwearied. No language can describe such grandeur and loveliness. O God! this must be Thy dwelling-place, Thine effulgent throne!"

Thus, in an ecstasy of bliss she gazed and gazed, exhausting the language of admiration, till her physician, fearing the effect of excitement so intense, closed the blinds.


And thus shall it be with you—oh, happy disciple of Jesus!—when the film which earth and sin have incrustated shall be removed from your eyes, and entering in at the golden gates the splendours of the celestial paradise shall be opened to your view. Your eyes are now blinded. No description can give you any adequate idea of the glory and splendour of heaven. Christ will then open these splendours to your sight. And, oh, what an entrancing view will then astonish and enrapture your soul! The celestial Eden, the paradise of God, the metropolis of the empire of the Almighty, around which the majestic orbs of a limitless universe revolve in adoration of the Monarch there enthroned! Who can imagine the magnificence of such a scene? It will be as far superior to all your earthly conceptions as were the splendours of one of earth's most brilliant mornings to one whose sightless eyeballs had never witnessed but blackness and darkness and gloom.

Then you shall see the Almighty Father as He is, hear His voice, and be entranced by His smile. Myriads of angel forms, in all the varied ranks of heaven's peerage—archangels, cherubim, seraphim—shall wing their flight before you, sweeping immensity with pinions which never tire, and flashing in heaven's brilliance plumage whose beauty never fades. The green pastures, the still waters, the towering hills of God, where myriads of celestials take glorious pastime—the golden city, the mansions upon whose architectural beauty infinite wisdom and almighty power have lavished their resources—these are the visions, now utterly inconceivable, which shall then burst upon your view, and where you shall spend your immortality, loving and beloved.

Child of sin and sorrow, uncheered by Christian hopes, can you reject that loving Saviour who offers you all this without money and without price—all this if you will only return with a penitent heart to God, abandon sin, accept Jesus as your atoning Saviour, seek the influences of the Spirit to enable you to live a holy life, and thus allow our kind Heavenly Father to adopt you as his child and heir?

"There'll be no sorrow there; there'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love."

WHAT KINDNESS CAN DO.

“ WOULD I have my way, I'd flog him well—the little, bad-tempered thing!”

Clara Baxendale spoke this sentence in a rather savage manner to her mamma. Her brother John had that very morning destroyed a nice workbox belonging to her, out of sheer mischief. John was an extremely naughty lad, and seemed to take pride in nothing else but tormenting his sister. One day he would steal nuts out of her pocket; another, he would spill some ink in her drawing-book; then again, if she was writing a letter, he would creep behind her and pinch her arm suddenly. Altogether John was a regular torment.

“Well, Clara dear, I must try and teach your brother better than to do such tricks as those,” replied her mother.

Just then John came into the room. “Ma, can I go with Alfred Fisher to his uncle's to-day?” asked John, with an innocent look on his face.

Mrs. Baxendale did not reply to her son's question, but in an angry voice called him to her.

“What have you been doing with your sister's workbox this morning?” she asked, looking him straight in the face.

“Me!” said John, gazing at his mother in astonishment, “why I haven't seen Clara's box for many a week.”

“John, you know that you are telling an untruth,” broke in his sister, with tears in her eyes.

But John took no notice of her. He knew that he had told a lie, and if he was to acknowledge it before his mother she would keep him at home, instead of letting him go with his companion.

As soon as John got his mother's consent, he seized his cap and rushed eagerly out of the room; and in a few minutes after Alfred Fisher and he were galloping along the country road on their ponies.

It was fine fun for John to tell Alfred how nicely he had cheated his mother about the workbox. You see, John thought himself very clever because he had managed to deceive his mother; and there are many boys and girls, and even grown-up people, who are very like him. Sometimes when you are playing at marbles, you try to cheat your school-fellows; or when you are playing at croquet, you won't be out when the umpire says you are.

When John and his friend arrived at their journey's end, Alfred proposed that they should go for a ramble through the wood which stood along one side of his uncle's farm. Oh! nothing would please Master John better than this. They would go and have a jolly run, and jump, and climb; and they would catch all the butterflies they could; and wouldn't it be a “lark” to go and upset Dame Spriggins's beehive? John was evidently bent upon enjoying himself whilst away from home.

The two, therefore, set out on their ramble. In order to get to

this wood which we have spoken of, they had to pass through a small field, where a cow was quietly grazing. John, determined to commence his fun in good time, boldly marched up to the cow, and began poking it with a stick.

Fred saw this silly act of his, and loudly called out—

“John, you stupid fellow, come away.”

“Not I,” replied John. “I want to get the beggar savage.”

But Fred saw that danger was near, and he ran towards him to stop his foolish prank; but as he got near, the cow, goaded almost to madness, turned fiercely upon John, and without further ceremony sent him spinning to the ground. He attempted to get up, but in vain, for the cow stood over him, and mercilessly butted him with her horns. Both he and Fred yelled out at their topmost voices for help, and Fred in the meantime had got possession of the stick which John had dropped, and bravely tried to beat the animal off. There is no saying how this little tragedy would have ended if a farm labourer, having heard their cries, had not come up at this moment, and, with a pitchfork, driven the savage beast away.

And what about poor John? There he lay bleeding on the ground and unable to rise. A pitiable sight he looked. And all through teasing a dumb animal, you see. Fred and the labourer carried him into the farmhouse, near at hand, where he was put to bed, and the doctor sent for.

“I say, Fred, that was a silly trick of mine, wasn’t it?” said John, feebly, as he lay in bed with his head bandaged up, several mornings after.

“Yes, it was; about as mad a thing as ever I saw you do,” replied Fred, with some warmth.

“But, then, I didn’t think the cow would be so savage,” said John, quite simply. “I thought they were as harmless as ducks.”

Fred could only smile at this remark of his young friend. “Well, you know different now, at anyrate; and I hope it will serve as a lesson to you.”

After lying in bed for several weeks, suffering intense pain, John was removed to his own home, where his mother and sister took charge of him.

It was on a nice July morning that John lay on a couch by the window. Clara, his sister, sat on a chair by his side, keeping him company.

“Clara, love,” he said, for he was not quite recovered from his adventure with the cow, “I have suffered a deal lately, haven’t I?”

“Yes, dear, you have,” replied she; “but of course you did not know the danger you were running into, did you?”

“I say, Clara,” said John, slowly, not heeding her last question, “you remember that workbox of yours that was destroyed? Well, I did it—it was I that smashed it.” John sank wearily back on the couch after he had made this confession.

“I thought it was you, love; but never mind that, it is past and gone.”

"But, Clara, I have been a bad brother to you; and if I only get better I'll try and be just as kind."

"Very well, love: I know you will; so try and go to sleep now;" and Clara gently laid his head on the pillow, and ran out of the room.

John kept his promise. After considerable care and patience he recovered his health, but never afterwards could he be induced to meddle with a cow. His sister's kindness had a wonderful effect upon him during his illness; in fact, I don't know whether it did not do him more good than the medicine. However, it served to make him a better lad, and caused him to love his sister more than he had ever done before; so that you see this accident was not without its good results.

S. F.

VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA.

WE rode now about six miles across the plain towards the Jordan, the road gently descending all the way. There were low sand-hills about a mile and a half from the river, which, perhaps, mark the boundary of the waters when they overflow the steep banks. We could see nothing of the course of the stream until within half a mile of it, when a rich fringe of foliage revealed it. The river itself is not visible until it is reached, so precipitous are the sides. We came up to the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe, and where it is about seventy feet broad. It was very turbid, rushing by with the force and rapidity of a torrent. I do not wonder that every year several pilgrims are drowned, as the swiftness of the stream carries them at times against concealed snags, on which they strike with such violence as to lose all power of action for a time, and so are drowned. Several of our company bathed, and we filled some bottles which we had brought with us for that purpose with the water, and fastened them securely for conveyance to England.

After two hours' riding, we reached the shores of the Dead Sea, and the first objects we saw were some wild ducks floating on the water, and another covey flying over it, thus falsifying the legends that have been told of its fatal character. I gathered a bunch of beautiful white flowers within a few hundred yards of the lake, which I brought with me home.

We all bathed, and found that the water was as buoyant as we had been told. We could not sink, but sat as if in an arm-chair, laughing at our ludicrous and useless attempts to keep our limbs under water. They persevered in acting the part of corks, so that diving was out of the question, even if it had been of sufficient depth to do so where we bathed. Swimming was rather a tiring process, through the density of the water, which is the very essence of bitterness, and made the lips and face smart when it touched them. Until the next day the hair at the back of my head continued matted with particles of acrid salt. Bitumen is found on the borders of the lake,

and scores of trunks of trees, which, after they have been washed into it from the Jordan, are hurled by the south winds upon the northern shore.

All around was wild and lonely and desolate; most chilling to the heart that remembered the awful doom which had befallen the cities of the plain that now lie buried somewhere beneath this salt sea. Not a habitation was within sight in any direction. Thick jungles, with reeds nine feet high, lined the shores: they are infested with snakes and scorpions.—“*Travels in Holy Land*,” by Rev. T. W. Aveling.

A KIND DEED, AND WHAT IT BROUGHT.

THERE was a humble hairdresser in London, named Day, who always did a kind office to a poor or suffering person when it came in his way. One day a sick soldier came into his little shop and related his sad story. He was on his way to join his regiment, but was too ill to walk, and had no money to pay his fare. If he did not reach it in time he would be punished, and he was in great trouble about the matter. The poor barber gave him a guinea, though he could ill spare it, and the soldier's heart was filled with gratitude.

“I wish I could make you some return,” he said; “but I have nothing but this”; and he drew out a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket. “It is a receipt for blacking—the best that ever was seen. Many a half-guinea have I had for a bottle of it from the officers, and many a bottle have I sold. I hope you may be able to make something out of it.”

The barber tried the blacking and found it excellent. He began to manufacture it in a small way, and as its sale increased, advertised it largely, until Day and Martin's blacking was known all over the kingdom, and a vast fortune was built upon the foundation-stone of that guinea given to a poor, sick soldier. A foundation laid in charity is one of the most enduring you can ever build on. God has promised His blessing to those who consider the poor. He has pledged Himself to help them in time of trouble.

THE KERNEL, OR THE SHELL?

If I were to place a real nut in your hands what would you do with it? Crack it? What for? To get the kernel, eh? Of course you are bright enough to know that the best part of a nut is its kernel. But are you sure you would like the kernel after getting it out of the shell? No, it might be bad. Exactly so. You don't like bad kernels.

Now can you tell me why a child is like a nut? Because he is a kernel shut up in a shell? Pretty good. The soul is the kernel; the body is the shell. I'm very fond of such nuts. They are very precious. One of them is worth more than all the nuts that ever grew on trees.

But mark me. If a boy's or girl's soul is like the bitter or rotten kernel in a bad nut, I can't love it very much ; it can't be a very pleasant thing in the sight of God. God loves sound, healthy kernels in child-nuts, and though yours is bad by nature, pray to God and believe in Jesus, and He will cleanse it and make it pure.

Poetry.

—O—

WHAT THEN ?

An old man, crowned with honours nobly earned,

Once asked a youth what end in life he sought.

The hopeful boy said, "I would first be learned ;

I would know all that all the schools e'er taught."

The old man gravely shook his head,

"And when you've learned all this, what then ?" he said.

"Then," said the boy, with all the warmth of youth,

"I'd be a lawyer, learned and eloquent ;

Appearing always on the side of truth,

My mind would grow as thus 'twas early bent."

The old man sadly shook his head,

"And when you've done all this, what then ?" he said.

"I will be famous," said the hopeful boy ;

"Clients will pour upon me fees and briefs.

'Twill be my pleasing task to bring back joy

To homes and hearts near crushed by darkest griefs."

But still the old man shook his reverent head,

"And when all this is gained, what then ?" he said.

"And then I will be rich, and in old age

I will withdraw from all this legal strife,

Known in retirement as an honoured sage,

I'll pass the evening of an honoured life."

Gravely again the old man shook his head,

"And when you've done all this, what then ?" he said.

"And then—why then I know that I must die.

My body then must die, but not my fame ;

Surrounded by the fallen great I'll lie,

And far posterity will know my name."

Sadly the old man shook again his head,

"And after all of this, what then ?" he said.

"And then—and then !"—but ceased the boy to speak ;

His eye abashed, fell downward to the sod ;

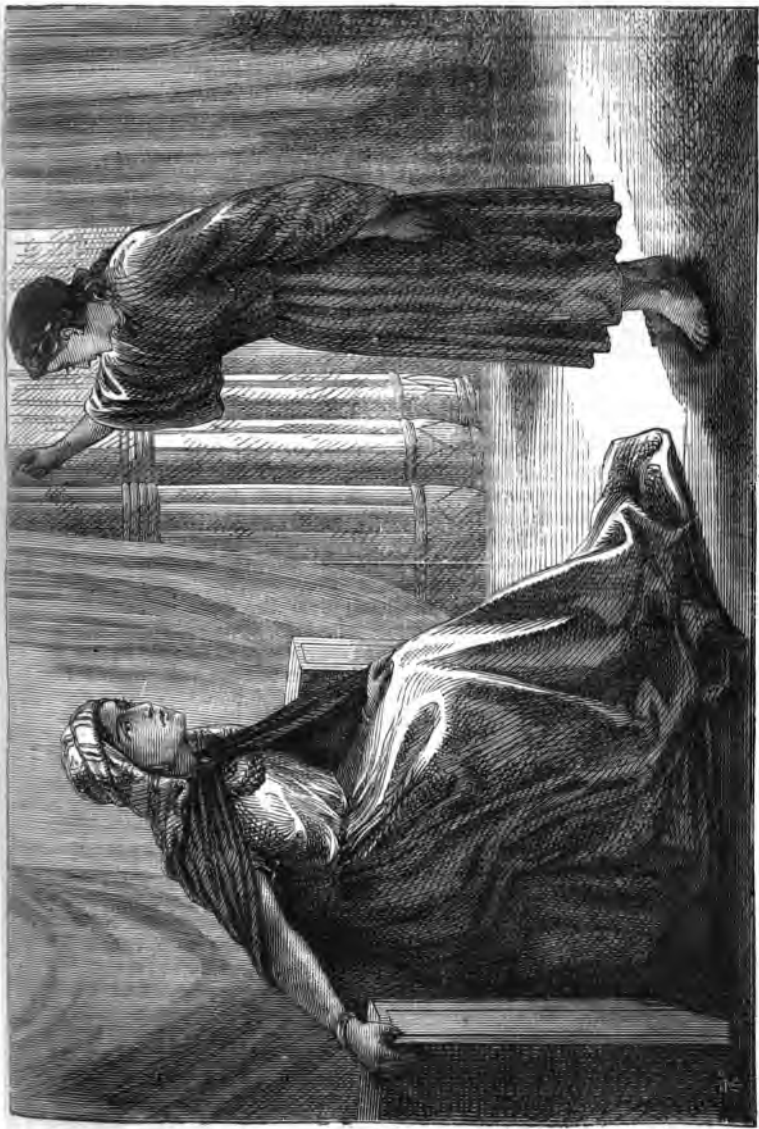
A silent tear dropped on each blooming cheek.

The old man pointed silently to God ;

Then laid his hand upon the drooping head,


"Remember, there's a place beyond," he said.

—Zion's Herald.



THE LITTLE HEBREW MAID. — 2 Kings, v., 3 — (See Page 198.)

THE CURE AND THE CURSE.

 **SPLENDID** house in Syria. Slaves moving in and out. Who lives there? The chief captain of the Syrian army. A great man, has won many battles, is a great favourite with the king, but—ah! these but—he is a leper. A terrible disease this leprosy, beginning with a little whiteness and scalliness of the skin, then eating into the skin, flesh, joints, till at last the poor sufferer becomes so loathsome that he has to be shut up to die far away from human sight.

A little Jewish slave girl in the captain's house heard of Naaman her master's disease, and at once thinks of the good prophet Elisha in Samaria. She told her mistress that in Israel her master might be cured. It comes to the king's ears. "Naaman shall go," says the king. "I will send a royal present, and write a letter with my own hand to the King of Israel." What great preparations! Ten talents of silver worth about £4500; six thousand pieces of gold; ten splendid robes; were taken as a present. At length they reach Samaria. The king reads the letter. "Ah!" he says, "the King of Syria seeks to quarrel with me. Am I God to kill and to make alive!" Elisha hears of it, and sends to the king to tell Naaman to come to him. So Naaman drives to the prophet's gate. He thinks, "Now I shall be cured—the prophet will be glad to cure so great a man. He will come out and stand before me, and call upon the name of his God, and strike his hand over the place, and cure me, and then I will make a rich man of him." But, alas! what disappointment. The prophet does not come out, but simply sends his servant with this message, "Go to the river Jordan and wash seven times."

What an insult! Wash in Jordan! Could I not wash at home? And have we not in our country far finer rivers than Jordan? And he went away in a rage, perhaps intending to bring his soldiers and take revenge for his disappointment. But one of his officers ventured to say, "Why not try it. If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, thou would'st have done it; why not this little thing?"

Sensible advice. He will try. He enters the river, washes once and again—four times—six times, but no cure; the seventh time a perfect cure! His skin all clean, smooth, and soft as an infant's. Oh, what rejoicing! Back to the prophet's house to give him the grand present. But this strange man will not receive anything. So Naaman turns homewards, resolved no more to worship idols, but to serve the true God. A grand double cure—of leprosy and of idolatry.

Now the prophet had a servant named Gehazi. This man had seen the rich present which Naaman brought, and thought his master foolish in not taking it. He thought, "I will have a part of it for myself." So he ran down the road, overtook Naaman, and said,

"Two friends of my master have just come in, and my master requests you to send them one of your robes, and a talent of silver." Naaman gave him twice as much as he asked, and he took it back and hid it, delighted with his success.

But God had told the prophet all about it, and in his mind he had followed Gehazi as he went and told the lie, and received the property. He asks Gehazi where he has been. The servant replies he has not been away at all. But Elisha says, "Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee?" And this was not all—terrible words, a terrible doom was coming. "The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman cleave unto thee and to thy seed for ever." That moment he is seized. The next moment, white and scaly from head to foot, he goes forth a foul and loathsome leper.

What can we learn from this wonderful history?

1. That a little child may do good. The poor slave girl was one means of her master's cure.

2. The wisdom of taking good advice. Naaman nearly missed his cure by objecting. He yielded to further advice and was healed.

3. One sin leads to another. Gehazi's first sin was covetousness; then he must tell a lie to obtain what he wished, then another to hide it from his master.

4. "Be sure your sin will find you out." God sees. God will punish.

L.

OLD BOYS.

BY TOM BROWN.

Author of "A Year at School," &c., &c.

NHO does not remember the time when he sat on the lowest form of the school, a timid, wondering, little fellow, and watched with admiring awe the "old boys" of the first class as they stood up for their lessons? Who does not recollect the anxious longing with which he stood as a spectator and watched them playing a match at football or cricket, or starting off in the chase at "hare and hounds"? What the various social and political leaders are to us now, those "old boys" were to us then. How we wondered at and gloried in their strength and skill, obeyed their slightest command, and fondly anticipated the time when we should be applauded and admired, and come in our turn to command the small fry of the school.

But, of course, we shall find various sorts of "old boys," and it seems to me that we may divide them into four different classes.

First of all there is the "would-be old boy." Have you not seen him many a time? Let me try to draw his portrait for you. He is

about fourteen years of age—I am certain of that, although you will not easily get him to admit it—his light hair is brushed smoothly into flourishes on either side of his head. Having just been promoted into a loose jacket with pockets at the side, he generally manages to have some book peeping out of one of them, to impress one with an idea of his studious habits. When walking about the playground he plunges his hands to the very bottom of his trousers pockets, lest he might betray his youthfulness. For although he wants to be taken for an “old boy,” he is really as full of sport as any of his school-mates, and every time a marble rolls near his foot, or a ball bounces over his head, the convulsive jerk of his elbows tells you that he is hardly able to resist the temptation of taking it up. He scarcely notices the younger boys, and if pressed to play by those of his own age he excuses himself on the ground that the game is childish, or that it makes one so dreadfully hot and untidy. He assumes familiarity with the monitors and junior masters, and a walk round the playground with one of these amply recompenses him for half-an-hour’s waiting.

There—do you recognise the “would-be old boy?” Don’t you remember being one yourself once? Most boys assume the character for a time, but it is so very difficult to keep up, that a very short experience is generally sufficient to change them back again into romping youngsters. I never knew but one boy who kept up appearances for more than a fortnight, and he had to give in at last, because he was caught one half-holiday all in a perspiration with playing at ball by himself in his father’s back-yard.

I think few of my readers would like to be thought “would-be old boys”; but the next class I have to describe is even less desirable. This comprises those boys who are called “old,” because of their precocious cunning and artfulness. “An old head on young shoulders” would really be a very ugly spectacle, and when the term is only used as a figure of speech, it describes a moral monstrosity equally hideous. “Old boys” of this class are generally clever at bargain-making. They are always buying marbles, tops, and kites at about half their value from their less wide-awake schoolfellows. They will exchange a faulty cricket bat, or a damaged pair of skates, for new toys, by carefully concealing their defects and by extravagantly describing their merits. And then they will exult in their sagacity, or, as they call it, their “oldness,” in having by misrepresentation defrauded a trustful and simple-minded schoolfellow. Some parents are so unwise as to encourage this artfulness, deluding themselves with the idea that it shows great capacity for business. But while shrewdness and quickness of intellect certainly are proofs of business ability; cunning, deception, and all the other arts which generally gain for a lad the unenviable notoriety of being an “old boy,” are certain, if cultivated, to make him in manhood a speculator, a swindler, and a scamp.

And now, having disposed of these two classes, we come to the *bona fide* “old boys”—the objects of our childish veneration and our

youthful regard. As many of my readers are doubtless aware, the "old boys" at our large public schools, such as Harrow, Eton, Winchester, and Rugby, possess an authority second only to that of the masters. Each of them, in his own particular part of the school, is looked up to as a ruler and a judge. He has young boys called "fags" to wait on him and do his errands, and any disobedience on their parts is instantly punished as severely as the same offence against the masters. To those who would like to hear more about "fagging" I would recommend the perusal of a wonderfully interesting story for boys, written by Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P. for Lambeth, and entitled, "Tom Brown's School Days." I do not know that he is any relation of mine, although we chance to bear the same name, but I must confess to as great a regard for him as if he were my first cousin.

Whether or not it is wise for these "old boys" to possess this almost absolute authority, it is difficult to say. Among persons equally well able to form an opinion, some have decided against it, and some in its favour. For my own part, I think it better that the only power exercised by the "old boys" over the younger ones should be the force of character; as, while that would prevent slavish submission on the one part, it would hinder the many acts of tyranny and caprice, which bigger boys are too apt to indulge in, and which tend to degrade and brutalise them.

My personal recollections of "old boys" at school are, on the whole, pleasant and agreeable. While there were one or two of the cruel, persecuting sort, by far the great majority were lads whom I could not only admire, but esteem. How wonderfully clever I thought them when I saw them constructing geometrical figures with their mysterious drawing instruments, or solving the mysteries of mensuration and algebra! How tall they looked as they stood round the master's desk, and were actually able to see each other across the top! And what awkward fellows they seemed when they sat on our gallery, with their knees sticking up wondrously high, and their toes turned in by reason of the scanty space for their feet! How strong they seemed, too! With what ease they vaulted over the school fence, and how swiftly they ran! It seems to me as I look back now that the "old boys" of the present day are not to be compared with those of my childhood; and yet I suppose the youngsters of to-day are just as much impressed by them as I was.

And when in due time I at last arrived at the dignity of being an "old boy" myself, what jolly companions the other "old boys" were; what hearty friendships were formed; and what pleasant games and rambles we had together! Of course I found I had considerably overrated their wonderful achievements. As in most other things, "distance lent enchantment to the view"; but, after all, I found them very agreeable. Some of the friendships then formed have lasted until now, through all the various changes which have taken place. Some of the "old boys" of my time are now serious,

busy men, hard at work in America, Australia, and New Zealand. "Some have passed away for ever," and those who remain in this country are scattered. But even yet when some incident recalls my early days, I can see the "old boys" as they were in the old school-days, and can almost fancy I hear their merry laugh and joyous shout. And at times I amuse myself by peopling again the old playground with familiar forms and faces from the well-remembered past.

Foremost of all, stands out my bosom friend and companion—the faithful confidant in all my boyish cares and anxieties—the true friend, who rejoiced in my joy and sympathised with my grief. Though rivals in study, no envy lurked in our bosoms; and we each admired in the other the qualities we ourselves lacked. As I think of this "old boy," I seem to feel again his arm linked in mine, our slates and books flung behind our backs, and with them all school cares, as we jogged along through copee and woodland lane, eagerly devouring some interesting book. Again I seem to hear him, as once I did, eagerly defending me from some accusation of envious rivals, and I see his cheek flushed and his eye gleaming with indignation at the slander against his friend. We still greet each other when we meet as "old boys"; and though he now has children of his own, he generally has something to say of the old happy days at school.

Then there comes up the image of another, who, because of his great height, went under the illustrious sobriquet of "Longfellow." He was nearly six feet high when standing upright, had broad square shoulders, and wondrously long legs. But he rarely did stand upright, except when his height was being estimated. He was an awkward, ungainly, loose-jointed fellow, who always lounged about, and generally contrived, when standing, to rest part of his weight against some wall or fence, while he would have one foot drawn up behind him, his head falling a little on one side, and one shoulder considerably higher than the other. His favourite pastime was cutting letters with his pocket-knife, or whittling curious designs on nut-sticks with the same instrument; and his name might doubtless even now be found, high up out of the reach of the youngsters, on the timber fences of the playground. As playful as a lad could be, he would join in any game that was proposed, and would take any part allotted him. With the younger lads he was a great favourite; and it was nothing unusual for him when walking about and apparently deep in study to take hold of some unsuspecting youngster by the collar of his coat, hoist him up at arm's length, and carry the bewildered urchin to the other side of the playground. And yet, although he would sometimes even join in the sports of the very youngest lads, he was never called chikish or a milkop. He was known as a kind, simple-hearted "old boy," who would do what he could to make everybody happy and agreeable. I believe he is now in New Zealand, and I sometimes fancy him leaning awkwardly against his wooden shanty, and work-

ing away with his knife at a piece of gum-tree wood, as he thinks of "the old folks at home."

And then my imagination pictures a prim, well-dressed, well-behaved lad; with every thread of his coat and every hair of his head neatly brushed; with boots like mirrors; and face and hands clean and ruddy; and in the gentlemanly lad I recognise another of our "old boys." Of course we all laughed at his neatness and cleanliness, joked him about trying to be a gentleman, and took every opportunity of treading on his boots or soiling his clothes, partly in ridicule of what we thought his over-neatness, and partly to keep in countenance our own tumbled and dusty garments. But, strange to say, we all respected and admired our genteel schoolfellow, and the few of us who were really intimate with him could not help loving him. His gentility was no cloak for meanness, nor was he actuated by a mere regard for appearance. Neatness and order seemed to come as naturally to him as did carelessness and disorder to us. But while he certainly, as we said, did try to dress like a gentleman, he also tried to act like one. No one ever knew him do anything which he would have been ashamed of. His honour was perfect, and a word from him was always implicitly relied on by both masters and boys. He did not live to reach manhood. He died two or three years after leaving school, sincerely mourned by those of his fellow-scholars who had known him intimately.

And then I fancy I see another "old boy"—a short, thin, wisp of a fellow, with narrow face and bright dark eyes peering out mischievously from under his clearly-marked eyebrows—and I recognise the most provoking, and, at the same time, the most amusing of my old schoolfellows. No matter whether in school or out, early or late, he seemed always to be contriving some new practical joke, or making some new pun. He abstracted home lessons from coat-pockets and school-bags, hid the other boys' dinners, locked scholars and even tutors in remote class-rooms where their shouts would not be likely to be heard, split the master's canes, pushed on the hands of the school clock so as to get out earlier, and indeed was never long without being in mischief of some sort. He was always being threatened for his tricks by the bigger "old boys," and yet generally contrived to laugh away their anger by turning a fresh joke on somebody else. As merry as a cricket, as gay as a lark, and as mischievous as a monkey, he kept us alive with his fun and his mischievous pranks. I do not know where he is now, but I should not wonder if he has settled down, like the rest of us, into a steady-going man; and, for aught I know, he may amuse his children with stories of his early days.

But I have not time to particularise all the "old boys" of my school time—they come crowding on the memory like faces in a dream. There is one, a quiet, sluggish, apparently sleepy lad who I remember had quite a genius for figures; another, a droll, unfortunate boy, who, do what he would, was always incurring extra tasks; a

third with a taste for mechanics and science—the latter taste finding practical expression in the manufacture of “crackers” and other fireworks from the contents of his father’s chemical chest, for letting off which he had many an extra lesson; another, with high forehead and large wondering blue eyes, who could recite poetry by the page, and who never exhausted his store of thrilling adventures by land and sea; and a number of others, who made up what was to me at one time the all-important “world of school.”

What a pleasure it is for an “old boy” to revisit his old school, and to point out to some interested companion the various places associated in his memory with the more important events of his school life! How he lives the past over again as he finds himself surrounded by the scenes of his former trials and triumphs; shows where they had used to play at rounders, football, and cricket; and points out the quiet corner where he gave that great fellow Jones a thrashing for bullying a youngster.

Perhaps his old teacher still remains, and if so, how proud the old gentleman will be to hear of the success in life of his old pupil, and how he will wander on in recollections of the past, and all unconsciously will wonderfully exaggerate the abilities and attainments of his old scholars, pointing to the “old boy” as an example worthy of imitation by his present scholars, should any happen to be present. I like to find “old boys” cherishing veneration and respect for their old masters. No amount of school fees will ever remove the debt of gratitude which is due to a really good teacher, for his conscientious care and untiring attention, at a time when, so far from appreciating such kindness, we even kicked against it as a tyranny. And if, as sometimes unfortunately happens, through ill-health or other calamity, a schoolmaster is in his old age reduced in his circumstances, there is nothing more grateful to his feelings, or more honourable to those of the givers, than a substantial testimonial from his “old boys.”

But there is yet another class of “old boys” which I should like to notice, consisting of those grown-up people who still possess a great share of youthful vivacity, and who take as great an interest as ever in all that concerns schools and schoolboys. I know it is nowadays becoming the custom with a certain class of young men, to speak slightly of their father as the “old boy”—a practice which cannot be too strongly condemned. It is in no offensive sense such as this that I would use the term “old boys,” in speaking of these genial, warm-hearted old men. I call them so because, notwithstanding the bitter disappointments, harassing cares, and heavy troubles they have passed through, there are so many of the characteristics of youth still clinging to them. Old as they are, they are never so happy as when surrounded by young people. They at once creep into the hearts of the young, take a real interest in their studies and pastimes, skilfully draw them out in conversation, and, without any attempt at lecturing, manage to impart in turn sage counsels for

youthful guidance, cheery maxims for youthful despondency, and sly hits at youthful follies. Their faces are radiant with smiles, their eyes bright with kindly feeling, their tongues ready with pleasant words, and their hearts running over with affection. Who does not know some such cheery "old boy," and who has not witnessed the enthusiasm with which he tells the history of his boyhood's feats, faults, and follies? It is the sight of an old man, such as these, that reconciles us to old age; for who that sees him retaining the best qualities of youth, combined with the wisdom of experience, and the peace which follows a well-spent life, can help the wish, "Let my last end be like this?"

I do not know that I need tack a moral at the end of this paper. I try to write so that the moral runs through the whole, but perhaps a word or two may be of use. To all young boys who may read this paper I would say, "Do your best as youngsters. Be natural; do not ape your elders. You will be old quite soon enough, and you may then perhaps wonder why you wished so ardently to be old."

To "old boys" I would say, "Use your influence honourably and kindly; show a good example to your younger schoolfellows; and always strive to act so that you will have little to look back upon that will grieve you, when at last you join the aged and most honourable class of 'old boys.'"

PAUL ON MARS' HILL.



IF a scholar had been asked, in Paul's days, where, among ancient people, learning had enthroned herself in the highest places, and men most celebrated for their intellectual powers were to be found, he would have pointed to Athens—a city that was supposed to be under the special tutelage of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. There the halls of science and the schools of philosophy were thronged with the youth of many countries; who, drawn by the fame of their teachers, had traversed seas and lands, to sit at their feet, and catch from their lips the priceless instructions of profound thought and rich experience. Sages, historians, orators, poets, congregated there, as to the metropolis of mind, and poured forth the dazzling effusions of genius, bringing up precious ores from the mines of wisdom wherewith to enrich the world, and flinging over all the subjects they touched, the glowing hues that radiate from glorious imaginations; kindling in the souls of their auditors a rapture and an awe, awakening the highest conceptions of the mighty power of mind, and proving how infinitely the spiritual in man excels the physical; and that while the latter is bounded by invisible chains, and moves within prescribed and impassable limits, the soul spurs them all, leaping over the barriers of time and space, careering with unfettered wing through the universe, scanning with inquisitive eye

all objects, and only pausing in its bold and rapid flight when it attempts to find out God.

They were surrounded by a thousand objects that were calculated to produce the loftiest emotions in their souls. The infinite depths of the blue, cloudless heavens, that overshadowed them; their own glorious land, in its mingled magnificence and beauty, that stretched around them, washed by the ever-embracing sea; a thousand spots baptised with some thrilling associations; not a stream that had not been immortalised in poetry, nor a grove whose name was not redolent with some enchanting remembrances; here a plain where liberty had successfully contended with despotism; there a hill, a rock, a mountain, supposed to be the chosen haunts of the gods, who were esteemed the friends and watchful guardians of Athens, or of Greece—all these breathed inspiration into the soul of the bard, the warrior, and the sage.

Yet here—where mind had so wonderfully displayed its powers, and achieved such splendid triumphs; within sight of the Academia, where Plato taught his divine lore; and of the Agora, where Socrates had poured out the streams of wisdom to the listening and idolising youth of his beloved city; and of the Lyceum, where Aristotle lectured to admiring disciples; and the Bema, whence Demosthenes had harangued the multitude in burning words that quicken men's souls even at this far-distant time—an obscure stranger, whose name had never been heard in that polite and learned city, alone and unbefriended, boldly charges the descendants of these illustrious men with ignorance, the most profound and affecting, upon a subject of vital importance to an immortal creature. They knew not God, and without a knowledge of Him, however profound their wisdom, all was of little value. Learning without this divine lore may be beautiful as the moonlight radiance, but like that it is destitute of warmth and vitality. It may illuminate the intellect with a dazzling splendour, but it cannot act and react upon the priceless soul within.

Temples to the deities they delighted most to honour were found on all sides, the glittering marble columns of some rising in lofty magnificence upon and around the Acropolis, crowned as hill never before nor since has been crowned, with buildings, the very perfection of art and the admiration of all ages; and some gleaming within olive groves, that waved white in the sunbeams, and echoing the low music of the rippling waters of the Ilissus. Altars sprung up at almost every step, dedicated to some of their thirty thousand deities; while for the living and true God neither temple rose, nor altar flamed, nor priest appeared, to demand men's homage and solicit their love. Of Him they lived in profound ignorance. He was not in all their thoughts. "The world by wisdom knew not God." Though heaven and earth spake of Him, they understood not the language; the Divine voice was lost in the Babel sounds that were ever floating around them.

No wonder the heart of Paul beat with the tenderest compassion for those he met. Intellectual dignity was stamped upon their brow, they trod the earth with the step of men who understood liberty and knew its priceless worth; men who had a history of which they might be proud, who had done all that mortal, unassisted mind can do to free the soul from fetters, and teach it to use its godlike faculties aright and on fitting themes; and yet they were the bond-slaves of a degrading superstition; they were terribly, torturingly ignorant of the highest truth: they knew not God. Around them and above them were signs and wonders. Order, beauty, adaptation, and harmony were visible in the material universe. They gazed, awed, and delighted, but no voice told them of Him who formed and regulated all things for His own glory. The spell of ignorance was upon them, and as yet no one had appeared to dissolve it, and bless the struggling spirit with freedom. Life was a mystery; they were a mystery to themselves, and the key to both had not yet been discovered. They knew not whence they were, nor whither they were going. Dim, deepening shadows hung around the past, and a darker, deeper gloom covered the future.

With what a thrill of joy, therefore, must he have embraced the occasion presented to him by the invitation of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers, for expounding the great yet simple truths of revealed religion. Now would a voice be heard that should rouse men from the slumber of ages; new declarations be made that should revolutionise their modes of thought; rays of light be flung upon the objects of external nature, which should invest them with additional interest and beauty; while the world within their hearts should be revealed in all its wondrous features, and heights and depths be unveiled, of the existence of which they had never before conceived; all tending to lead men from the deification of self to the lowest humility and self-abasement, and to turn them from "Gods many, and Lords many," to bow with the profoundest adoration before the "King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God."

"Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him." The former were advocates of chance, and the deniers of the government of an Intelligent Being, believing that the world rushes on its way, like a child abandoned of all, without one thought of the mind of God being directed towards it. They denied the immortality of the soul, and maintained "that happiness consisted in pleasure." The Stoics were almost the opposite of those, asserting "the universality of the Divine Being, the creation of the world by the Word, and the doctrine of Providence. Their views, with respect to happiness or good, were altogether extravagant. They taught that all external things are indifferent, and cannot affect the happiness of men; that pain, which does not belong to the mind,

is not evil, and that a wise man will be happy in the midst of torture, because virtue itself is happiness."

Most gracefully and skilfully does he bespeak their attention, and secure for himself a patient hearing. "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are exceedingly addicted to the worship of invisible powers, for as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God."* The fact of the existence of an altar with these words inscribed is corroborated by Lucian. "Him therefore," continued Paul, "whom ye ignorantly worship"—worship with an evident ignorance of His name even, as well as of His nature and character, and know not, therefore, how to approach Him aright—"Him declare I unto you."

He is "God that made the world and all things therein."

This was a truth that most admirably met the absurd notions of a part of his audience—the Epicureans, who taught that the world had been formed by the "fortuitous concourse of atoms," and thus denied the existence of a Creator. One sentence of Paul's sufficed to demolish this baseless speculation, and Pagan philosophers discovered a new and glorious truth: that they, and the earth they inhabited, with all its myriad productions, sprung from one and the same forming hand, are the offspring of one and the same designing mind.

From this fact he proceeds to argue, "Seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, He dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed any thing, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." How beautifully does this passage exhibit the universality of the divine government, the spirituality of the divine nature, God's perfect independence of all created beings, and their dependence absolute and constant upon Him; while, by inference, it teaches the kind of worship He requires! The deities they honoured were supposed to inhabit the temples that were raised for their worship; and exquisite statues, wrought by the skilful hands of genius from the marble mass, arrested the eyes of adoring worshippers as soon as the sacred threshold was crossed. It was imagined, also, that only at these shrines could the homage be paid, the vow offered, or the prayer breathed, with acceptance. "God dwelleth not in such," cried the Apostle. If they arrest, they do not detain him. Though Jerusalem was pre-eminently the city of God, and in the temple the revelations of His glory were made, yet He is confined to no one locality, for He is in every place, and His presence makes it hallowed ground. Heaven and earth form one vast temple for all worshippers. In all

* This is evidently a more correct translation than that of our common version, in which the Apostle is made to say not that which would placate, but offend his hearers. Paul understood oratory and human nature too well to do this at the very commencement of his address.

places of His dominion where grateful and loving hearts are found the incense of praise may arise ; *they* are the consecrated altars ; and the humble, lowly, and contrite spirit is the noblest and most holy shrine.—“ *Travels in Holy Land,*” by Rev. T. W. Aveling.

PULL THE REINS.

A HORSE was tied under a shed. A watch-dog was in the sleigh. Soon the horse got loose. The dog began searching under the robe. The reins fell out just as the horse was starting off. Instantly the faithful dog jumped out, seized the reins, and pulled them till he stopped the horse. An observer came and took the reins from the dog, who yielded them up wagging his tail, when at other times he would allow no stranger to touch anything in the sleigh. Good for that noble dog. He knew enough to seize and pull the reins in the nick of time. If boys and girls, and those of older growth, would just do as the watch-dog did, how many a mishap would be nipped in the bud! To know when to seize and pull the reins, and promptly to do it in life, is a grand thing. It is well always to have the reins well in hand. At that sharp turn pull the reins. Stop before you enter that forbidden road. When angry, pull the reins on the tongue. Tempted to wrong courses by evil companions, pull the reins on appetite, on desire, on wanton pleasure. Pull the reins on every unholy thought, on every wrong impulse, on every dishonest motive. When temptation or danger is near, let all have the wisdom of the faithful watch-dog, and, with God's help, all will be well.

TOMBS IN THE ROCKS.

IN the interesting narrative of a Mission to the Jews we find the following description of such tombs :—

“ We passed across the face of the Mount of Olives, towards the northern summit of the hill, and then descending into the valley of Kedron, considerably to the north of the city, crossed over to the Tombs of the Kings. We first clambered down into a large area which has been cut out of the solid rock, and on the west side of which is a wide entrance with slopes down under the rock. The band of carved work over the entrance is very beautiful, representing a vine branch with a bunch of grapes. With lighted tapers we crept through the low aperture which leads from the portico into an inner apartment where are entrances to the chambers of the mighty dead. We examined with interest the remains of the stone doors described by many who have visited the place. One is pretty entire, but lying on the ground. The panels are carved in the rock, and also the tenons or hinges, which are suited to sockets cut in the rocky wall. It was to such abodes of the dead that Job referred

when he said, 'Now should I have lain still and been quiet; I should have slept; then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves,' Job iii., 13, 14. Isaiah also refers to them, where he says, 'All the kings of the nations, even all of them lie in glory, everyone in his own house.' And again, 'Go get thee unto this treasurer, even unto Thebna, which is over the house, and say, What hast thou here? and



whom hast thou here, that thou hast hewn out a sepulchre here, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and that groweth a habitation for himself in the rock? Isa. xiv., 18; xxii., 15, 16. The sloping ground at the entrance reminded us of what is said of John at the sepulchre of Christ, 'He stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying,' John xx., 5.

"A great deal of obscurity hangs over the history of these

interesting sepulchres. Some have supposed them to be the work of Herod and his family, and others have called them the tombs of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, who being converted to the Jewish faith along with her son was buried near Jerusalem."

THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

THE Eagle, and especially what is called the Golden Eagle, is associated in our minds with ideas of courage, strength and ferocity.



When at rest on the crag of the rock, eagles assume an attitude of dignified calmness, as if conscious of superiority; but the bright glance of the eye betrays the ferocity of disposition, which the next

moment may be displayed in a terrific burst, as sweeping down with irresistible force, they prostrate their victim, and dye their beak and talons in its gore.

Lambs, hares, rabbits, fawns and grouse are among the chief articles of their subsistence. In the Orkneys, it is said, they do not abstain from pork, but will occasionally seize both old and young swine. They have also a liking for the carcases of cats and dogs.

Many instances are related of children being seized and carried away by eagles. Some of these narrations may be justly regarded with suspicion, but others are undoubtedly authentic. Ray mentions an instance of a child a year old being seized in one of the Orkneys and carried to the eyry, about four miles distant. But the mother, who was aware of its situation, pursued the bird thither, found her child in the nest, and took it home unhurt.

We cannot say that our illustration is a picture we like to look upon. The scene it describes cannot be realised without pain. As we see the eagle mid-air with the child in its talons, we think it deserves the fatal shot which is being aimed at it; but our thoughts instantly pass from the bird to the child, and we shudder at its fate whether the bird be killed or escape.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVII.—ASTRONOMY.

"Let there be light," 'twas He that spoke;

"And there was light."

"Let there be light," 'twas He that spoke;

And the long night,

At His divine command, took flight.

The ray

Of day

O'er the deep darkness broke;

The sleeping world awoke:

Earth, sea, and sky

Burst forth in praises high,

To Him who made the light to be;

He is the Light of light, and there is none but He!"

—BONAR.

WHEN we carelessly look at the heavens on a clear winter's night the view presented to us is one of perfect stillness and repose. We detect the appearance of motion amongst the stars if we watch them for a short time, for they seem to revolve round the earth in a manner closely resembling the apparent movement of the sun; but this motion is not real, it simply results from the earth's revolution on its axis;

this is called by astronomers the *apparent* motion of the stars. If we carefully examine the heavens at the same hour for several nights we are scarcely able to detect the slightest change in the positions occupied by the many points of light on which we gaze; they seem as unchangeable as though firmly held together by massive iron bands; in childhood we look upon them and note their position; in following years they appear exactly the same. To those who lived hundreds of years ago they presented the same aspect as they now present to us; it is not surprising therefore that they should have been called the fixed stars. But they are not fixed, they are *all* in rapid motion, some of them moving along with a speed which is a thousand times greater than that of the swiftest express train.

HERBERT. "How is it that we cannot detect these motions with the naked eye?"

"Because the stars are so far away; the rapidity of their movements is lost in the immensity of their distance."

ANNIE. "In what direction are the stars moving?"

"In various directions; some are moving across the heavens, just as our sun is; some, such as Pollux and Vega, are approaching our sun; others, as Sirius and Arcturus, are receding from us. Our astronomers have not yet been able to discover the order which undoubtedly prevails amongst the distant stars; and perhaps many years will have to pass before the laws by which they are governed are known and explained. Already many wonderful discoveries have been made by means of the telescope, one of the most remarkable being the discovery of the motion of the double stars."

BERTHA. "What are the double stars?"

"They are stars which revolve around each other. Many stars which appear single to the naked eye are found, when examined through the telescope to be double and to consist of two stars, the one revolving around the other. In some cases there are three stars, in others four, and in some instances there are many stars revolving around one centre. The star, *Epsilon*, in the constellation Lyra (the Harp) is a very remarkable one, for it consists of two double stars. When examined through a small telescope it is found to consist of two stars, but when seen through a large instrument each of these two is found to be double. In each case the two stars revolve around a point situated between them, and the two pairs are also performing a revolution around one centre. This is called the Double-double."

ANNIE. "How long does it require for a double star to complete a revolution?"

"They greatly vary: in the star to which I have referred the components of one pair require about a thousand years for one to revolve around the other; those of the pair widest apart require two thousand years; and for the one pair to revolve around the other about a million years will be required. But these are long periods: in the constellation Northern Crown, is a double star which completes a revolution in forty-three years, and in Hercules is one requiring not

more than thirty-five years. These double and multiple suns are beautiful objects when viewed through powerful telescopes, and most beautiful when they vary in colour."

BERTHA. "Do the stars vary in colour?"

"Yes; but we cannot with the unassisted eye see their variety so clearly here as in tropical countries. The telescope reveals great beauty amongst the stars especially when examining double stars and larger groups. Single stars vary from orange to a deep blood red; but it is said there is no instance throughout the whole heavens of a single green, blue, or violet star! There are many examples of these colours amongst the double and multiple stars, sometimes great variety in one group. In some cases an orange and a blue star are found together, in others a green star is found in company with a red one, or an orange star with an emerald green. One group in the southern heavens, contains a number of stars which are all blue. There is also in the Southern Cross a group of a hundred and ten stars, rich in many colours, and described by Sir John Herschel as presenting an appearance like a 'casket of variously-coloured precious stones; and having the effect of a superb piece of fancy jewellery.' Sometimes a white star is attended by a purple and in some instances by a vermilion companion."

HERBERT. "Have these variously coloured suns, planets revolving around them as our sun has?"

"That we know not; but it is not unlikely, and if those planets are inhabited there must be a pleasing variety of colour in the light which the inhabitants receive, a number of variously-coloured suns shining at the same time, or one tint rising as another sets, or again, perhaps for half the year one colour will predominate and for the remaining half another."

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

At the commencement of this year the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR announced to his readers and correspondents that he was about to give his TABLE "a new top, and new legs to stand on." The change, however, has been greater than he then anticipated, extending to the occupant of the table as well as to the table itself. At the request of the authorities of the Connexion, the Rev. J. H. Robinson visited Canada for a few months in the year 1873; by their request he has gone to that country again, but this time to stay there. His duties, which for a time have been fulfilled by the Rev. Dr. Cooke, the Conference lately held at Hanley have devolved upon the person now writing these lines. He takes his seat at the Editor's Desk not altogether a stranger to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. He has now and then contributed to its pages, and is likewise personally acquainted with many of its friends and supporters. This gives him encouragement to hope that he will have the sympathy and help he feels he needs to succeed satisfactorily in

his work. His introduction into his office has been so recent that at present he cannot do more than make his bow to his constituents of all ages, and simply say he will do his best to cater for their instruction and entertainment, whether they belong to the little ones, or have got into the walks of childhood and youth, or have reached the age when they must be described as young men and maidens. It is an inspiring thought to him that by means of the *INSTRUCTOR* he will every month have the privilege of communicating with so many thousands of young people; and it will be his devout and watchful care that everything from his own pen, and everything that he accepts from the pens of others, shall directly tend to make his numerous readers wiser, better, and happier. May our new relationship be blessed of God to our mutual good.

JOHN HUDSTON.

P.S.—There are a few queries in our hands, but the young friends who have sent them must please wait for answers till next month.

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TRASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January and February Numbers.)

ANSWERS.

24.—Joseph, Daniel, Mordecai.

25.—Luke xix., 41; John xi., 35; Hebrew v., 70.

26.—Maher-shalal-hash-baz. Isaiah viii., 3.

27.—Philippians i.

28.—Moses—40—Egypt, Midian, Desert, Spies, Israel, David, Solomon.

29.—“I will arise and go to my Father.”

QUESTIONS.

35.—Where is the first recorded parable, and by whom was it given?

36.—What miracle of Christ is recorded by all the Evangelists?

37.—Name three persons who are described as fasting for a period of nearly six weeks each.

38.—When the tabernacle was to be built, how were the necessary means provided?

39.—Mighty cities think they're safe in armies great and turrets tall;

Can you tell me of a city that was saved by being small?

40.—
A kingdom of Asia,
A king of Moab,
A Jewish prophet,
A city of Naphtali.

The *initials* give the name of one who was murdered; the *finals* the name of his father.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.



ZION SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BATLEY.—We have again the pleasure of submitting the annual report of our Juvenile Missionary Society, and in doing so we have abundant cause for gratitude to God for the measure of prosperity we have had during the past year. For some years past the necessities of our own church and school have prevented us from devoting the whole proceeds of our society to the Connexional Mission Fund. It will be seen by the report below that this year we have completed the payment of £100 towards the extinction of the chapel debt, which was payable by instalments extending over three years. We have also devoted £10 to the Sunday-school library, which has been raised to a very flourishing state, comprising upwards of 800 well-selected and valuable books. Members of the congregation, as well as teachers and scholars, in connection with our school are admitted to the library, a small charge per quarter being made to all, which is sufficient to keep the books in good repair. We have also reserved £25 to be devoted to school or other purposes, as may be seen necessary. The sum devoted purely to mission purposes is larger than last year, though we are indebted for this to the visit of our beloved missionary, the Rev. W. N. Hall, whose services on March 1st and 2nd were received with marked appreciation. Respecting the other items in the report, such as missionary collectors, &c., we have laboured under a disadvantage this year, so many objects having demanded the attention and support of our people, and also from a prolonged depression in the staple trade of this district. In conclusion, I may say the missionary spirit is still strong amongst us, and we have entered upon another year with a renewed determination to help onward the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom.

<i>Receipts.</i>			<i>Expenditure.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Proceeds of Rev. W. Hall's Services ...	20	0 0	Rev. G. Grundy, for Foreign and Colonial Missions ...	50	0 9
Proceeds of Annual Bazaar held on Easter Monday and Tuesday	90	0 4	Final Instalment of £100 Subscription to Debt on Chapel ...	30	0 0
Collections at eight Missionary Meetings ...	8	17 8	W. R. Bank, for School purposes ...	25	0 0
Collections at three Lectures delivered by Revs. W. Cocker, D.D., W. Longbottom, and W. J. Townsend ...	3	15 5½	Grant to Sunday-school Library ...	10	0 0
Amount received from Collectors and Missionary Box...	4	0 3½	Expenses ...	11	13 0
	<u>£126</u>	<u>13 9</u>		<u>£126</u>	<u>13 9</u>

Batley, June 13, 1874.

JOHN G. RAMSDEN, Sec.

LONDON FIRST CIRCUIT.—BRUNSWICK SUNDAY-SCHOOL JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—We held our annual meeting in the above chapel on Sunday afternoon, May 31. Our esteemed superintendent, Mr. J. R. Shrubbsall, presided. The report was read by Mr. T. Bootman. Very appropriate and interesting addresses were given by Mr. Frederick Clayton and Mr. Alfred Howard, teachers of the above school, and Mr. John Berry, representative of St. George's New Town Mission; after which the meeting was closed with prayer. The following is the financial report of the year ending March 29, 1874 :—

			£	s.	d.
Collection at Annual Meeting	0	18	1
„ in Boxes by Boys	7	8	9½
„ „ Girls	5	0	1½
„ „ Infants	1	0	10
Mr. J. R. Shrubbsall's Box	0	14	4
„ G. Crockford's Box	0	10	2
„ Morton's Box	0	2	8
Proceeds from Rev. R. D. Wright's Lecture.			1	8	5
„ „ „ G. S. Hornby's			0	15	11
Given by Christmas Carol Singers	0	10	6
Proceeds from Christmas Tree Entertainment			5	5	0½
New Year's Offering, per Collecting Cards...			2	1	1
A Thank Offering to the Lord	5	0	0
Total			30	10	6½
Deduct expenses			3	4	5
Balance			£27	6	1½

H. H. H., Sec.

BIRLEY CARR SUNDAY-SCHOOL, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—Our annual tea-meeting was held in the chapel on Whit-Tuesday, May 26, 1874—Mr. J. Cocker, of Birley Carr, in the chair. The annual report was read by the secretary (William Steel), and showed a slight advance in temporal and spiritual affairs over last year. Earnest and practical addresses were given by the Chairman, and Messrs. E. Cavill (South Circuit), C. Batty (North Circuit), J. Wagg and B. Platts, Birley Carr. During the evening the pupils of the Birley Carr Young Men's Improvement Class presented to Mr. J. S. Robinson, son of Rev. J. H. Robinson, who has conducted the class for three years and a half, an illuminated address in gilt frame; the text of which was the work of one of the young men, Mr. Amos Heath. The following is a copy of the address to Mr. John S. Robinson :—“ **RESPECTED AND DEAR SIR,**—We, the members of the Birley Carr Young Men's Improvement Class, beg to express to you our deep sense of the favours we have received from you during the time you have, at great personal inconvenience to yourself, conducted our Saturday evening class. We assure you that we appreciate very highly your endeavours to impart to us lessons for our spiritual and temporal improvement. Ever shall we cherish with pleasure and gratitude your teaching, as well as your care for us, and your earnest endeavours to promote our prosperity. We shall feel obliged if you will accept this address, together with the accompanying writing-desk, as a small token of our

esteem and affection. May God give you every blessing, and grant that your life may be spared many years for the extension of Christ's kingdom and the promotion of God's glory. We are, dear Sir, ever yours with all due respect—Joseph Hobson, William Steel, Benjamin Hague, John Steel, Daniel Wragg, Henry Mays, Joseph Steel, George Ollencarrshaw, Joel Murfin, Thomas Sanderson, Charles Hollingworth, Richard Ollencarrshaw, Elijah Wragg, Reuben Heath, George Murfin, Ralph A. Robinson, Amos Heath.—Birley Carr, May 26, 1874." Accompanying the address was a writing-desk, bearing the following inscription, "Presented to J. S. Robinson by the Young Men's Improvement Class. Birley Carr, May 26, 1874." The presentation was made by William Steel, who gave a brief history of the class and of the interest Mr. Robinson had taken in the class ever since its commencement; supported by Mr. Daniel Wragg, who spoke of the benefits they had derived from the class. Mr. Robinson, in accepting the testimonial, spoke, under considerable emotion, of his connection with the class, his love for it, and also his work in it; rejoicing that the seed had not been sown in vain. In thanking the young men for their valuable and beautiful gift, he expressed the hope that after our work for Christ here was finished we might all meet around His throne in glory. The meeting, which was a crowded and most interesting one, was closed by a vote of thanks to the chairman and to the ladies.

WILLIAM STEEL, Sec.

MILBURN PLACE CHAPEL, NORTH SHIELDS CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, May 13, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting, which was well attended. Our esteemed minister, the Rev. J. Simon, occupied the chair, who, after making a few remarks, called upon Mr. Lambert Gray to read the report, which was very encouraging, taking into account the short time which the canvassers had before them, viz., two weeks. The previous year we carried on a systematic style of collecting weekly; but, owing to having weekly contributors to the liquidation of the debt upon the chapel, we found it could not be carried out as successfully as we desired, we therefore resolved that we would give up the weekly system, and at the time when the meeting should take place give out cards to the children, which might probably result in the same amount being raised. I am glad to say such was the case. The sum of about six pounds was collected, and the collection together amounted to £7 0s. 6½d. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Matthew Legg, one of our junior teachers, who gave his maiden speech upon missions; the scholars recited dialogues on Australia, Canada, and China. The singing, which was a great attraction, was conducted by Mr. George Sanderson, whose ability in this way is something remarkable. Robert Stobbs, jun., presided at the organ, which rendered great help to the singing. The Rev. J. Simon, in the way of encouragement, presented each of the collectors with the Connexional Band of Hope Recorder. I trust that this meeting will have the effect of stirring each of us up to increased activity in the mission work. In thanking the scholars, Mr. Gray alluded to the fact that tidings had just been received from an old scholar who had arrived out in Egypt, having gone to be governess to the Pasha's son of five years old, and to teach him the English language. God grant that in the palace of that Eastern monarch she may let her influence be felt for good, and that she may teach her young charge to sing, "I love Jesus." May we not indulge the hope that, like the maid of Assyria, she may be the instra-

ment in the hands of God of leading her earthly lord and master to embrace the Saviour who is Lord over all, blessed for evermore. May the Lord in mercy bless us each, and give us to see our duty more clearly with regard to those that are in heathen darkness, and never to rest satisfied until, as a community, we are represented in all parts of the world, "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand."

L. Y.

METHODIST NEW CONNECTION SUNDAY-SCHOOL, 'SWALWELL.—The anniversary of our school was held on Sunday, May 17th, in a large marquee at the west end of Swalwell, in a field kindly granted by Mrs. Hannington, and was conducted in the morning and evening, at the usual time, by George Brason, Esq., of Gateshead; and by the chairman of the Whickham School Board, Jno. Blenkinsop, Esq., in the afternoon. During each service portions of the Bible, pieces of poetry, dialogues, &c., were repeated by the scholars. A selection of hymns, including, "Yet there is room," "There'll be something in heaven for children to do," "There'll be no parting," "The Gate Ajar," "Sweet by-and-by," "When Jesus comes," "I am sweeping through the gates," "One more day's work for Jesus," &c., were also sung. The day was fine, and the marquee was packed, especially in the evening, by an attentive audience of Sunday-school admirers. The exercises, which were unusually large and numerous, were disposed of one by one by our youngsters in their own racy style (not jog-trot fashion), and we found it necessary to continue the services on Whit-Sunday, the 24th of the same month. Mr. Scope officiated. It was a very wet day, nevertheless our cathedral-chapel was filled, and interest diminished not one jot. To see our lot of curly heads, on this occasion about sixty, dressed, and nearly all in white, is a sight alone worth coming to see; and if it means anything, it means that the parents' efforts and the efforts of the teachers are one, and while our acknowledgments are due to them for their sympathy, we are also glad our labours are appreciated.

W. W. B.

LEEDS FIRST CIRCUIT.—The annual services in connection with our Woodhouse Lane Juvenile Missionary Society were held on Whit-Sunday, May 24, when sermons were preached in the morning and evening by our esteemed superintendent, Rev. W. Cocker, D.D. The collection at these services amounted to £9 19s. 9d.

In the afternoon our annual juvenile missionary meeting was held in the chapel. The scholars sung their Whitsuntide hymns. After singing and prayer, the Rev. W. Cocker called upon our much-respected friend and teacher, Mr. J. Thornton, to preside. The secretary then read the report. The subjoined is the result of our year's work, viz.:—To subscriptions, £4 8s.; to boxes in school, £4 6s. 9d.; family boxes—J. W. Marsden, £1 6s. 1d.; A Friend, 12s. 3d.; Miss Parker, 7s. 6d.; Miss Emma Walker, 6s. 2d.; Proportion of Circuit meeting, £1 8s.; A. E. R. S., 45; Martha Wildblood, 45 18s. 11d.; William Walker, £4 2s. 4d.; Polly Stevenson, £1 17s.; Mary E. Hall, £1 3s. 6d.; Maria Ward, £1 3s.; Emma Mallinson, £1 2s. 6d.; Herbert Kay, £1 0s. 3d.; John Wm. Gray, 19s. 6d.; A. E. Braithwaite, 17s.; James E. Ward, 16s.; Annie Fox, 16s.; Mary Jane Allen, 15s. 4d.; H. S. Braithwaite, 13s.; Self Denial, 12s.; Emma Allen, 11s.; Sarah Ann and George Hilden, 10s.; Joseph Prentice, 8s. 4d.; J. T. Ross, 8s. 1d.; Sarah Proctor, 8s.; Charles Ross, 7s. 11d.;

Polly Boothman, 7s. 8d.; Wm. Scholes, 4s. 3d.; C. Mollis, 2s. 7d.; F. Nichols, 2s. 1d.; total, £43 2s.

The Chairman then gave us a few pointed and practical remarks, and afterwards called upon Mr. S. Storey to move a vote of thanks to the collectors, which was ably seconded in a telling speech by the Rev. W. Cocker, D.D. Mr. W. Wildblood next moved a vote of thanks to the committee, and Mr. H. Nettleton seconded the resolution. At this stage the collection was made, which amounted to £5 10s. 2d. This, with the other moneys raised, made a grand total of £58 11s. 11d. This interesting meeting was brought to a close by Mr. E. Mallinson moving, and Mr. Hilliary seconding, a vote of thanks to the chairman.

June 9, 1874.

J. W. DIXON, *Secretary*.

ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.—The annual meeting in connection with our Juvenile Missionary Society was held on Sunday afternoon, May 3. Our esteemed school treasurer, Mr. H. A. Cuff, occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. W. Gillis, of Oldham, and other friends. We had also some recitations by the children.

The collectors have done well during the year, but we have reason to hope they will prosecute their good work with greater vigour and success during the year on which we have just entered. We should like them to raise at least £10 per quarter, or we should be better pleased if they got £50 for the year. If we try our best, teachers and scholars alike, it may be possible for us to reach that sum. Let us all go in for it with all our hearts, and the thing is done.

The following report was presented of the collections and subscriptions for the year:—Collected by girls: Class boxes, £1 11s. 3d.; books and cards, £7 1s. 6d.; total, £8 12s. 9d. Collected by boys: Class boxes, £2 2s. 9d.; books and cards, £9 16s. 4d.; total, £11 19s. 1d. A teacher, 4s. 4d.; collections at meetings, £4 7s.; collected in chapel, February 8, Rev. W. N. Hall, £5 2s. 9d.; proceeds of tea meeting, £1 8s.; grand total, £31 18s. 11d.—THOMAS DELAMERE, *Secretary*.

Memoirs.

—o—

FOLDED LAMBS.

THE subjects of this brief notice are the three beloved children of the Rev. W. and Mary Alice Mills, who were all taken from their loving parents and friends in the space of one short week. When they came to Wellhouse, in the Huddersfield Circuit, Mr. and Mrs. Mills were delighted with the beautiful country, thinking that it would be so healthy for the dear children. Shortly after they came fever spread in the village, and carried off many, amongst whom were their beloved Alice, Willie, and Aggie.

Dear little Aggie was the first to be taken (aged two years and a half). She was a happy little thing, which made her a general favourite. She very much resembled her sister Alice. She was remarkably patient during her short illness, and passed away like a little lamb.

Dear Alice (aged five years) died the same day. She had not long

been home from a visit to her grandmamma's. She was an amiable child, beloved by all who knew her. We have often admired her sweet tempered face, lit up with so many smiles. Many times a day her little voice could be heard singing her little hymns. A great favourite of hers was, "My God, I am thine," &c. If she did anything wrong she must kneel and ask God to forgive her before she could rest. When she became ill she kept repeating some little prayer or hymn. The day she died she asked her mamma if she could see the angels. When the end drew near she called for her mamma; she then threw her arms around her, and seemed full of glory, although in so much pain. Never will her happy death be forgotten by those around her bed.

Dear little Willie (aged four) lingered a few days longer; he was a great sufferer. Before he died he shouted "Good bye, ma." He also sang, "Hallelujah, send the glory." Such were the happy deaths of these dear children.

"Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more:
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before."

REMINISCENCE OF A BROKEN LIMB.



HAD ascended the first flight of stone stairs with a bucket of coals, and was two steps up the other, when, losing my balance, I fell backwards upon the landing. The feeling occasioned by the shock was not unpleasant. I felt no pain, but helpless, without the power of moving a single muscle. A man in the yard below looked at me, smiled, and walked away. I tried to smile in return, because I knew that I presented a ludicrous appearance, but couldn't. To have seen a lad my age laid prone upon the top of ten steps, with a bucket and several pieces of coal rolling down them, I should have laughed myself. I suppose I was white, for a friend soon ran up the steps with an half-anxious, half-scared look, and took me on his back. The moment he did this a pain seized my thigh. I was placed in a chair with my leg on a stool in a certain position, the doctor and a cab sent for, and some spirits given me, probably to keep faintness off. That man of men, who can do everything in something less than no time, soon came, and before I was hardly aware of his intention, got to know where I felt the pain, was holding fast the top part of my leg, and moving my knee about something like a fisherman moves the rudder of his boat. As the severed portions of the bone met, they scraped against each other like the jagged pieces of the broken bar of an old gate. I thought, "Well, this is a mess! I shan't be able to get back to my work again for a fortnight, at least." As soon as the cab came, I was lifted in and hurried home. The doctor went before to prepare for the reception; and such a reception, I shall never desire again. I was laid upon an unshaken bedding, my leg stretched out, "spelled," and bandaged, until it would have served as a first-class

illustration in a description of the Egyptian mummies deposited in the British Museum.

There I had to stay for six weeks, steadfast, unmovable, and abounding in the work of the Lord, so far as I was capable. On the whole, they were as pleasant a six weeks as ever I spent in my life. Certainly for the first few days I underwent some rather severe twinges, and shouldn't at all have been surprised if my leg had jumped out of bed, independent of the help of any other part of my body. But, then, this only lasted a few days. All the other was enjoyment of a certain stamp. I had friends who came to see me, to talk with me, to laugh with me, to read with me, to pray with me; and at that time I learnt more of human nature, perhaps, than ever I did before, or ever have done since. These friends, too, always seemed to be adapted to my state of mind. There was the reflective one, who could sit down near me and solemnly think, every now and then speaking a sentence, which dropped from his lips like a pearl of great price. There was the merry one, who had plenty to give, yet from whom you had little to get. Not that I depreciated mirth. He was as welcome as the others, for mirth of the right sort is truly a blessing. There was the queer, cross-grained one; and he was a valuable addition to the circle. Like a strong plank, when you had to cross a delicate or critical point, you could rest or walk upon him with assurance. There was the argumentative one, who would fight with the most commendable tenacity a very small matter indeed. There was the generous, the frank, the open-hearted, the bold, the spiritual man, who had always ready a word of comfort—a word from heaven. He was always expected, always came, and was always welcomed. He was rich in thought, in word, in deed. His sayings were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Then there was another friend—a Friend above all others. He was with me always, and will still be with me, even unto the end. When all the others were away, He was there; when all the others were around me, He was there still. He will also be your friend if you seek Him, because He loves everybody. His name is Jesus.

Before this time I always thought that everything ending with "ology" meant something very hard, very dry, and very unpleasant to learn. This erroneous notion, I am afraid, has also taken possession of many another young person's mind. *It is erroneous—entirely false.* If some of the books on the "ologies" are properly and carefully perused, even by juveniles, they will render unto them an unfailing source of enjoyment. For instance, I read a small volume on nutrition, or how the bodies of man and animals are fed. This gave a definite and very clear description of the structure of the human frame, and the frames of some of the animals of the nearest orders to that of man. It left me with a hankering after more knowledge on the subject; and threw a light on many more things, of which I was ignorant. The science of physiology I now love. I had also time to think on the comparative worth of books; and when my strength

returned I found out that I had no desire to read some, which nearly took up all my spare time before ; and others, which I had esteemed hardly worth a button, were to me everything. There is a great difference in literature. Some you can read with your attention wandering to other objects ; others require a fixed, intent mind ; and these latter are they which most deceive young people. But in the long run they are the best. I learnt more how to value my Bible—that Book Divine—that precious treasure ! How rich it is ! How full of grace and glory ! All the way through, from beginning to end, it is holiness to the Lord. Let me advise all to read it, for it is a mine of wealth which will enrich all. More precious than rubies ; more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter, also, than honey, and the honeycomb. A JUVENILE.

A SAGACIOUS DONKEY.

"Love is the story without end, that angels throng to hear ;
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart."

FROM the highest to the lowest, all feel its influence, all acknowledge its sway. Even the poor despised donkey is changed by its magic influence. When coerced and beaten, he is vicious, obstinate, and stupid ; with the peasantry of Spain he is a petted favourite, almost an inmate of the household. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog ; and he delights to take the baby on his back, and walk him round gently on the greenward. His intellect expands too in the sunshine of affection, and he that is called the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid, to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known round. At last the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk ; an inscription, written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk and return the vessels ; and the donkey was instructed to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty canisters ; and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downward to make them ring. The peasant afterwards learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus idealize the jackass, what may it not do ? Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime, and make this earth an Eden.—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.*

Poetry.

—o—

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

So you can't go to bed yet, my darling, but want to sit up with old Gran;
 But bed is the place, my precious, if you want to grow up to a man.
 Never mind, you can leave him, nursie, and call for him once again,
 In five or ten minutes at most, he's sure to be ready by then.
 Want me to tell you a story? let me see now, what will be the best?
 Suppose then I talk about Grandpa, before nursie takes you to rest.
 Yes, Grandpa, my darling, is dead now, he died long before you were
 born;

Sometimes I half fancy I see him, when I waken from sleep on each
 morn.

But no, it is only my fancy; I know, dear, he dwells far above,
 After all the fierce warfare he went through, he is gone where there
 only is love;

For he fought like a good Christian soldier, was honoured by both God
 and by man;

And I pray that my dear little Bobbie may be like him as much as he
 can.

Not in warfare, I mean, but in goodness; thank God, now our land is at
 rest;

Though if we are called on, my darling, e'en in war we must still do our
 best.

Well, once 'twas in India we journeyed, half scorched on a hot arid
 plain;

No shelter, not even the jungle, no water or sweet sign of rain;
 All blistered by heat, and so weary, our men almost ready to die;

The ground like a hot steaming oven, the sun rising high in the sky?

We came on a poor Hindoo woman, deserted by all of her kind,
 Almost dead from disease, thirst, and famine; so dirty, neglected, and
 blind,

That our men grumbled sorely to touch her, nor wanted to give her to
 drink

Of the water our store was so small of, that each one was ready to sink.
 But your Grandpa resolved he would aid her; and said as they bore her
 away,

It was simply our duty to help her to live, if it were but a day.

Full soon she found tongue, and directed our men to a clear running
 stream,

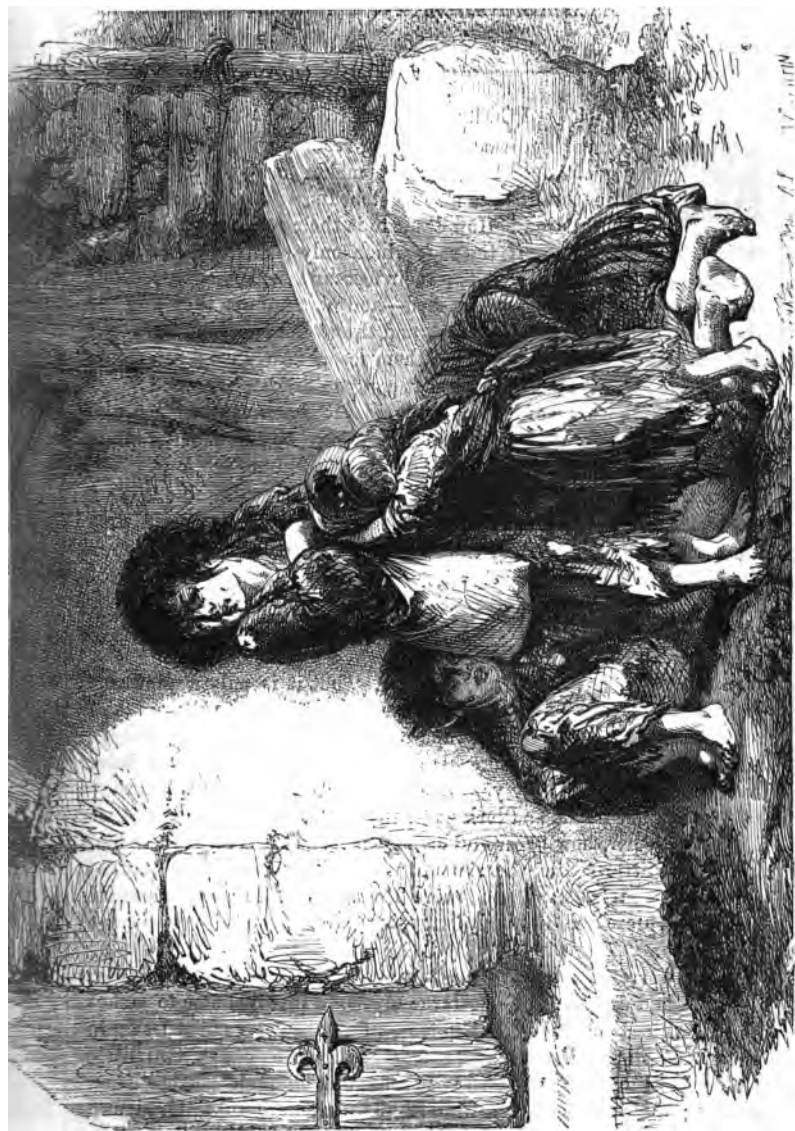
Where each soon quenched their thirst, and their anguish flew from them
 as though 'twere a dream.

So you see that, my darling, it shows us, whate'er in this world we go
 through,

It is always the best to treat others as you would they should do unto
 you.

But there, I'm forgetting you're sleepy, you've several times nodded your
 head,

Just in time, nurse, now take him, he's ready to just go and pop into bed.
 "SPEA."



POOR CHILDREN.—See page 226.

POOR CHILDREN.



THIS month present our young readers with a sad, a very sad picture to look at. It makes one's heart ache to realise the distress and wretchedness it portrays. Poor little children! How desolate is their condition. Look at their tattered garments, if the rags which only partially cover their persons can be called garments; their feet and legs are bare, their hair uncombed, their faces unwashed—and how hungry they are, for they have had to beg their bread, and the wallet in which they put the crusts and bits of meat given them seems nearly empty. Then look at the place they are in. What can you call it? A shed? A hovel? Well, whatever name you give it, it is a wretched place, and utterly destitute of comfort. Those who have to call such a place their home must be miserable. And these children are miserable. Look at them, and you will see they are. Oh, how miserable! Two of them are hiding their faces against their sister, and no doubt they are crying and sobbing as if their little hearts would burst. Then there is the other sitting on the ground. Did you ever see a more grief-stricken face than that poor child has? The group altogether tells a tale of neglect, privation, hardship, want, hunger, and cruelty enough to sicken any heart.

"Ah!" do any of our readers say, "but it is only a picture." Only a picture! Well, it is only a picture, but it is a picture taken from real life. That photograph you have of yourself is only a picture, but it is an exact likeness of you. That is what you have had it taken for, and why your friends prize it so much. When they take it in their hands and look at it, they say, "Ah, that's our little Nellie, bless her, how sweet and happy she looks!" Yes, if there had not been a little Nellie, there would not have been a photograph of such a little girl. And so if there had not been the poor, wretched children represented in this picture, the picture would never have been made.

I am sorry to say there are thousands of such children in our country, and especially in our large towns. It is a shame to somebody that it should be so, but so it is. Only two days ago, I saw in one of the principal streets of Liverpool in the broad day two little children sitting on a door-step with more dirt on their persons than clothes; their only covering were rags, which were so tattered and torn to shreds that you wondered how they could hold together. The elder, a child about four years old, was nodding with sleep, and on

its knee was a younger child gnawing at a crust. They had evidently sat down there, exhausted with their wanderings in search of food to appease their hunger. Thousands of persons passed by, but from no one did they get more than a passing glance. Whose children were they? Where were their parents? or their relatives and friends? Poor things, they were nobody's children; their father and mother were without natural affection, probably drunken vagabonds and thieves, who would be glad if some fatal accident befel their children as they strolled about the streets, so that they might be freed from having to find them even so much as a bundle of straw to sleep on. Every week such parents are brought before the magistrates for neglecting their children, or starving and treating them with cruelty. They also get punished for their wickedness, but it makes them no better. More likely they hate their children the more for the punishment inflicted upon them.

But there are hearts that beat kindly to these neglected and ill-treated little ones. Christian men and women try to pick up these waifs and strays of society, and give them the care and love which their own parents withhold from them. It is for them that ragged schools are formed, where they give them food for the body as well as teach them to read and write. There are also other institutions where they are taken to live altogether, and which are, indeed, a home to them. Many of these children, after being taught and trained for a time in these institutions, are taken to Canada, and put into kind Christian families there, where they can get a start in life they could never have in this country. Not long ago, I went on board a ship which had some hundreds of such boys and girls as passengers. Many of them, I think, had come from Birmingham. It was a pleasant but sad sight to see. Sad, because you could not but wish that the dear children had been blessed with good fathers and mothers, and thus have found a happy home in England; but the sight was pleasing because it told of the Christian benevolence which moved the hearts of so many to give their time, and money, and care, to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of these truly desolate orphans. It was touching to hear them sing their beautiful hymns about Jesus having been their friend when they had no other friend, and how they should never forget to love Him for his kindness. I pray that they never may, for if they turn away from Jesus they turn away from their best Friend. I was much struck with the difference between the boys and the girls in their cheerfulness. The boys seemed quite merry, and never seemed tired of singing; the

girls were more pensive, and I thought looked rather sad. But when the parting time came they were all alive, girls as well as boys, and as their teachers, who were chiefly women, stepped into the tender, and the steamer began to move, there was such shouting and waving of caps, and such "Good-byes, Mrs. So-and-so," giving the lady's name; "Give my love to Mrs. So-and-so," I was much struck with these good-byes being chiefly addressed and sent to ladies, and especially at the affectionate way in which they were uttered, not by the girls only, but also by the boys. As I saw and heard all this my heart said, God bless these lads and girls, and give them a pleasant and prosperous voyage; and God bless too those kind, Christian women who have acted such a part to them as to gain their warm and thankful love.

I would here mention, with an expression of my very great esteem for the gentleman, whom I do not personally know, for his noble and philanthropic work, that the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, Wesleyan Minister, has specially devoted himself to the promotion of the well-being of our poor homeless and fatherless children. With pleasure I can add he has done it with wondrous and gratifying success. About five years ago he commenced his efforts to found a home for destitute children, and the movement he then originated, under his guidance, and aided by his zeal, bids fair to develope into noble proportions. During the past year over £14,000 have been received on account of the Children's Home, which commenced at so recent a date. The past and present pupils of a ladies' school near London have raised £600 towards its support. The following extract from the report presented to the recent Conference at Camborne will show how useful the institution has been :—

"The Children's Home has now completed the fifth year of its existence, and during that period 212 boys and 105 girls have received its advantages in one form or other, or in all 317. Of these, 116 boys and 77 girls remain in the Home, or in all 193 children. Of the 124 children who have been sent forth into the world, 90 have gone to Canada, and 34 have been placed in various situations in this country. Of those sent to Canada 75 were boys and 15 girls. Of those who have left us, but remain in England, 10 are girls, and 24 are boys. With very few exceptions the whole of these children have left us for their situations within the last eighteen months; for it is only within this period that we have begun to reap the fruit of the earlier years of preparation and training. In the future we hope to be able to send forth from our care not less than 100 trained children annually."

To show the working of this institution, Mr. Stephenson told the

case of a lad who had been taken in London by a police-officer before a magistrate and committed to the Industrial School at Feltham. He was there about five years; upwards of £100 was spent upon him to try to improve him. The time expired, he was returned to his parents, and in six months afterwards he was found to be in precisely the same position as before. The only thing the law could do for him now was to make a felon of him; he was too old to be again sent to the Industrial School. Just at this point the Home authorities stepped in and said they would try what they could do for him. The result of it is that they are going to send him out to Canada, with every probability of his being a steady and honest man. Nearly all the children that have been sent to Canada are lodged with families who are members of the Church.

May this and all similar institutions be abundantly blessed and prospered!

J. HUDSTON.

"BREAKING UP."

"**B**REAKING UP! Hurrah! Home for the holidays!" shout the merry, light-hearted youngsters, when they hear that their master has at last fixed the day for commencing the midsummer vacation: some throw up their hats and shout for very joy, others caper and jump about in the most grotesque fashion, and the bigger boys find a vent for their enthusiasm in a game at leap-frog round the playground, forgetting the heat in anticipation of the approaching holiday.

And no wonder they are excited. Who among us "old boys" does not remember when such an event was sufficient to rouse in us the most extravagant demonstrations of joy? Who cannot recollect the time when the "breaking up" of our school was of vastly greater importance to us than the breaking up of the Imperial Cabinet? No event was more eagerly expected, more pleasantly anticipated, or more gladly welcomed. How impatiently we counted first the weeks and then the days that must elapse before our happy release from study! How busy we were arranging our plans for holiday enjoyment, and in what glowing language we described the various excursions and recreations we so fondly anticipated! And although thoroughly wearied of school duties and discipline, and longingly anxious for the time when they would be temporarily suspended, the prospect of "breaking up" cheered us wonderfully, and reconciled us somewhat to our tasks. Viewed in the light of an approaching "breaking up," the most monotonous studies and the most irksome tasks seemed suddenly to become at least endurable, and we bore all the troubles and cares of school life with new resignation, in prospect of a certain and speedy release.

And if the anticipation of "breaking up" is so pleasant and exhilarating, how much more so is its realisation! Unlike most things hoped for in this life, the reality is more enjoyable than the expecta-

tion. What a busy, bustling, joyous day it is ! What wonder that boys are scarcely able to control themselves with so many things to excite and interest them ! Everyone—masters, teachers, and scholars—bustles about this way and that, getting in each others way, and taking by mistake the wrong books and slates, but, through it all, remaining in the best of tempers, and giving cheery words and pleasant looks to all they meet.

The day scholars are running about collecting their books and instruments to take home, there most likely to remain in undisturbed repose until again brought back to school after the vacation. The boarders are busily packing their boxes and travelling bags, which seem suddenly to have become too small to contain all the odds and ends which their owners are desirous of stowing away in them, and of which one after another is reluctantly left out, and hid away in some secret nook until next term. The teachers have already got their luggage ready, and it takes them all their time to look after the younger scholars, helping this one to pack, assisting another to find his scattered possessions, and addressing direction labels for a third. They have also to keep a sharp look-out on the bigger boys, who, like riotous voters at an election, seem to imagine all law suspended for the present, and who consequently indulge their love for fun and mischief by playing all kinds of practical jokes on their companions—slyly placing empty ink bottles and other worthless rubbish in the boxes that are being packed, cutting the cords of some of those already finished, writing nonsensical directions for others, and in various ways amusing themselves at the expense of their schoolmates. The schoolmaster sits at his desk poring over "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," nearly deafened by the varied tumult of his uproarious scholars, and almost crazed by the numerous perplexing questions asked. As one after another bewildered young traveller comes up, he chooses the best train to convey him home, and notes down on paper all particulars as to change of carriage and time of waiting.

And then, all preliminaries being arranged, the boys have to take leave of each other, which they do amid promises of such extensive correspondence as might alarm the postal officials if they heard them, but which, like most promises lightly made, will be but scantily fulfilled. Some of the boys are "breaking up" for good, and it is only these who feel any tinge of sadness, and even their spirits are buoyed up by thoughts of the more ambitious future. They, however, hardly like having to take leave of their particular friends, and after a serious talk with their teacher, it is with mixed feelings of joy and regret that they take a last run round the playground, sit for the last time in their old accustomed place, and then bequeath to a few favoured ones their several little possessions as mementoes when they are far away.

At last all the hurry and hubbub ceases, the master gives a few final directions as to the rolling up of maps and the packing away of pictures and slates, and then the place which has been the scene of

so much bustling active life, will for a few weeks be as silent as the grave. Both teachers and scholars are fairly started on their homeward journey, and in their eagerness to greet their loved ones at home, we can fancy them saying, in the slightly altered words of Eliza Cook:—

“ Home for the holidays, here we go ;
 Bless me, the train is exceedingly slow !
 Pray Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,
 And let us be off, with a puff and a scream !
 We have two long hours to travel, you say ;
 Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away !
 Two hours more ! why the sun will be down
 Before we reach the happy old town !
 And then what a number of fathers and mothers,
 And uncles and aunts, and sisters and brothers,
 Will be there to meet us—oh, do make haste,
 For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no time to waste !
 Thank goodness, we shan't have to study and stammer—
 Over Latin and sums, and that nasty French grammar ;
 Lectures, and classes, and lessons are done,
 And now we'll have nothing but frolic and fun.
 Home for the holidays, here we go ;
 But this fast train is really exceedingly slow ! ”

We have not far to seek for the reasons why school “breakings up” are so popular. First of all they are popular because they bring rest. I do not mean to say they bring rest to the bodies and limbs of the young folks. No holiday is needed for that. As long as a lad continues in good health, each night's rest will be sufficient to invigorate him for another day of activity and enjoyment. But the old adage says—“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” and it is just as true of school work as of any other. The mind needs recreation as much as the body; and although school studies may not be very difficult, nor its discipline needlessly strict, yet it is well that at times these should be laid aside, and full and free scope be given to the play-loving instincts of youthful human nature. God has so constituted us that we naturally love variety. And in the world around us, we have not only the most charming variety of colour, form, and sound, but endless changes of them; and these were doubtless intended by the all bountiful Creator to gratify in each individual the love of change, as well as to suit the varied tastes of mankind. Change of scene and change of occupation are not only pleasant, but occasionally necessary to the preservation of health and cheerfulness. And no matter whether a lad be industrious or idle, clever or stupid, successful or unsuccessful in study, he will come back to school all the better fitted for his lessons after a reasonable holiday spent in pleasant and healthful recreation. Of course the idle can never know half the pleasure there is in rest, and a boy will enjoy his holiday much or little in proportion as he has worked industriously at school. A well-earned holiday is a positive luxury at the same time that it is

an essential, as any boy can testify, who, after a long and diligent application to his books, has turned with a clear conscience to the full enjoyment of a week or two spent amid the charms of rural scenery, or beside the great, mysterious, and ever-changing sea.

Another reason why boys are so fond of "breaking up" is that they can then enjoy a lengthened stay at home. What is meant by the words "Home, sweet home!" can never be fully comprehended until we have, for a time at least, left the family circle. Then only we learn to estimate at their true value the thousand and one little attentions, counsels, and comforts, which make home life so beautifully peaceful, and so securely happy. And much as an English school-boy objects to being "coddled," much as he laughs at "mamma's apron strings," he is very glad, after a lengthened stay at school, to get back to the tender care and sympathy of mother and sisters. Much as he may pretend to scorn pain and to despise comfort, he is pleased to find himself once more in the happy home circle, where such calamities as toothache and headache are first pitied and then cured, and where his wants are anticipated by the eager loved ones. And then the "breaking up" is anxiously looked forward to by those at home, and many are the preparations made for it. Various sorts of amusements are planned for the entertainment of the expected youngsters. There are trips to places of interest, picnics in the woods, parties at home, and probably a visit to the seaside. And then all sorts of good things are got ready for the boys, a plentiful store of such sweets as all children love, new toys for their amusement and recreation, and new books for their entertainment and instruction. No wonder lads are in a hurry to get home under such circumstances as these.

But alas! while the great majority of schoolboys have pleasant anticipations of their holidays, there are some poor unfortunates to whom a "breaking up" brings nothing but gloom and discontent. Some boys find themselves from no fault of their own, in the unenviable position of having no friends with whom to spend the vacation. Possibly their parents are dead, and they are left alone in the world to the care of some heartless, unfeeling guardian, who knows little and cares less about the aspirations and longings of the poor lad committed to his charge. Such a lad is doomed to spend his holiday at school, where the silent rooms, the deserted playground, and the dull monotony of life prey on his spirits, and make his existence a dreary waste of melancholy leisure, to which the greatest drudgery of school work would prove a grateful relief. I know of nothing more sad than the condition of such a boy, as day after day passes in lonely idleness, while he contrasts his own unhappy fate with that of his more fortunate schoolmates, of whose anticipated enjoyments he has heard with envious eagerness. Who among my readers do not pity such an one from the depth of their hearts? I hope, however, their sympathy will not run to seed in mere pity.

If any of my young readers know such a poor friendless lad, I

trust they will not settle down selfishly to the enjoyment of their holiday without thinking of his very different lot, and trying in some way to brighten it. Tell his sad story to father and mother, and I am sure, if they can possibly arrange it, they will gladly make room for the poor homeless lad in their house, and so give him a taste of happy home life which will live in his memory for years to come. And if your parents cannot do that, you can at least practice a little self-denial on your own account. If you know his tastes and wishes, you might surely, amid all your enjoyments and pleasures, deny yourself some few gratifications, and with the pocket money so saved, send him a parcel of such fruits, toys, or books, as you feel sure would please him, together with a letter, perfectly free from patronage, and merely expressing a hope that he will like what you have sent, and that it will make his holiday more enjoyable. Believe me, a trifle of money spent in that way will cheer the lad up through the remainder of his vacation. It will come as a surprise to him, and everything will seem the brighter in the light of your kindness to him. And as to yourself—I do not care what gratification you may have given up for the boy's sake—no matter how long or how ardently you may have desired it, you will feel that the pleasure you derive from the generous action will be cheap at the price. You will find how true are the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If we could only thoroughly learn this lesson in youth, how much more happy and useful our lives would be. Selfishness always defeats itself, and they are the truly happy who, forgetting self, labour to make others happy.

Another reason why "breakings up" are pleasant is because at those times the school prizes are generally awarded. Rewards are always pleasant, and, when fairly competed for, few things are pleasanter for a lad than to be a prize-winner. Of course all cannot have prizes—indeed, of necessity only few can get them—and so boys ought not to feel too much cast down and disappointed if they fail to secure one. If a boy returns home with a good report as to conduct and diligence in study both he and his parents ought to be content. But it certainly adds to the pleasure of returning home if a lad carries in his box a beautiful book, a box of colours or instruments, or some other substantial proof of his diligent and successful application to his studies during the last term.

But there are other "breakings up" besides those at school, and these are very different in most respects. While school "breakings up" are anticipated with delight, those in after life are always looked forward to seriously, and generally anticipated with apprehension. While those connected with boyhood are joyous and mirthful, the "breakings up" of manhood are among the saddest and bitterest experiences of life. And yet some, at least, are sure to fall to our lot. They are as certain as the holidays of childhood, although the time when they will take place may not be so easily fixed. And they have their use too. The various sad "breakings

up" we have to experience are doubtless intended to discipline us, and prepare us for the final "breaking up," when all the seeming realities of this passing life shall dissolve before the brighter glories and more substantial facts of the eternal future.

Among the first "breakings up" a young man has is the "breaking up" of the circle of his friends. Among those who claim that title there are sure to be some of the faithless, self-serving class, whose friendship is valueless; and it is well that these should be weeded out from among the true and reliable. And one does not live many years without some event—it may be misfortune, slander, or disgrace—doing him this needful service. And bitter as the "breaking up" may be he is all the stronger and safer for its cruel kindness; and when the smart shall have passed away he will learn to be thankful for it. But "breakings up" affect true friends as well as mere acquaintances, and then the pain is deeper and more lasting. Sometimes our nearest and dearest friends have to go far away from us—possibly across the seas to other countries—and though we can still exchange thoughts at intervals, we sadly miss the frequent intercourse, the ready advice, and the constant sympathy which had so often directed, warned, and cheered us. And sometimes our friends are removed by death; and, though "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection," we look forward to the time when we shall be again re-united with those who have gone before, we cannot help but bewail our loss, and as we realise our loneliness we feel that this world can never again be to us what it was before.

Very sad are "breakings up" in business, whether the result of misfortune, or brought about by mismanagement; and it is hard in middle age or declining years to start afresh, and to build out of the wreck of past prosperity a competence for the future. But if a man's conscience tells him he has done his best honestly and industriously he can nerve himself to the task, hard as it is, and, trusting in God to help his persevering endeavours, he will work manfully on, even though success should be beyond his grasp.

But among the saddest of all is the "breaking up" of home and family. This may be the result of disaster, death, or disagreement, but in almost every case it is postponed to the latest possible moment. No matter how small the family may become there is something so dear about the old home, its associations are so tender, that we shrink from breaking it up. Even the very poor will deny themselves many comforts rather than break up their home by accepting the shelter offered in the many charitable institutions of our country. The old home, its familiar furniture, its treasured relics, its sacred memories, and all that goes to make up its homeliness form a part of our personal identity, and we feel as if we never again can be exactly what we were before the "breaking up" of home. But still the change must come. Families grow up, and are widely scattered over the face of the earth. Brothers and sisters must separate, and, far apart from each other, must set up homes of their own, to be for a

time centres of happiness and love, and then in their turn to suffer a "breaking up."

And, "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," is the "breaking" up of our mortal frames, when "our earthly house of this tabernacle" is dissolved, and this is the most solemn "breaking up" of all. The poor, frail house in which the spirit had lived, and loved, and suffered becomes worn out by long service, crushed by sudden accident, or undermined by disease, and the soul takes its flight from all the familiarities of earth to explore the eternal world, of which we know so little. The circumstances of this final "breaking up"—its joy or sorrow, peace or agony, depend very much on the life led in the past, and on the hopes or fears with which the future is regarded.

In conclusion, let us always try to be ready for every "breaking up" of life, so that, however sad they may be, we may be really the better for them, and so be prepared to face with composure and peace the "breaking up" by death.

TOM BROWN.

WANT OF RESOLUTION.



IN our journey through life we not unfrequently meet with people who are ruining both body and soul by their constant wavering, their utter inability to put in practice that which they know to be right. They make up their minds to follow out this good plan, to put into execution that excellent idea, but some trifling thing comes in the way, and from mere want of resolution they find themselves unable to stand against it. We see them anxiously hesitating a long time between different or opposite determinations, although impatient of the pain of such a state, and ashamed of its weakness. A faint impulse of preference alternates towards the one and then towards the other, and whilst the mind is thus held in a trembling balance, they wish so earnestly that some new thought, feeling, or motive would arise—that indeed anything might happen that would deliver them from this miserable suspense. They are troubled at this, and afraid of that, but most of all do they dread the idea of being laughed at or thought a little singular. After all, if they had the satisfaction of knowing they were following the dictates of their consciences, what would it matter if the world did think them singular? And as to being laughed at, they should not expect to be more fortunate than their neighbours, for I suppose we all get laughed at some time or other in our lives, though perhaps we are fortunate enough not to know it at the time; and if none of us ever got laughed at for anything but walking in the path of duty, we shall manage to get along very comfortably. So that we bravely do the right, undaunted by obstacles and undeterred by the difficulties of the way, what matters it who smiles? Let them smile; we have

something better to do than trouble ourselves about their mirth. The good resulting from a firm resolution, in spite of circumstances, to do the right will never be less because vain and shallow minds cannot understand and are diverted by it. We should think very lightly of our actions if every thoughtless being could comprehend and applaud them, and our courage would be courage no longer if we quailed at their sneers.

Sometimes we see people of strong minds in a state of indecision even after a period of deep thought. The subject of their deliberation is a serious and important undertaking, and it demands consideration ere a right decision can be made. Cases such as these do not show want of resolution, for we find that when once a decision is arrived at, something will soon be done. They do not re-examine their conclusions with endless repetitions, neither do they delay long by consulting other people after they have ceased to consult themselves. They don't sit still among unfulfilled purposes. We expect to hear of the execution of their plans, and we know we shall not wait long. We can't see how all the difficulties can be got over, but we feel sure that everything will be attempted, and that somehow or other the thing will be effected. It must have cost Cæsar many hours of deep, earnest thought before he decided to pass the Rubicon, but when once he had decided, not many hours elapsed before the obstacles were overcome, and he *did* pass it. What a striking contrast this presents to the man who is incapable of acting a firm part in the presence of things as they are! he thinks what a determined course he could have pursued if his talents, his health, or his age, had been different; if he had met with some one friend sooner, or if fortune had showered her favours upon him, and he gives himself as much license to complain as if a right to all these advantages had once been conferred upon him and then snatched ruthlessly away. Thus he spends his time moping and complaining, instead of appropriating the benefits and blessings that do fall to his lot and making the best of them. We have most of us sometime in our lives met with people to whom nature has been very generous in her endowments. They are very lovely to look upon, and yet, whilst admiring the sweet expression of their faces, we cannot but see there an utter want of resolution—a want of ability to say “No” to any solicitation, whether for good or evil. In short, they are marked by a total absence of moral courage. As we have watched them from childhood we have known this to be their besetting sin, vacillating when children, so do they continue as men and women. The scrapes that their wavering brings them into they do not care to glance at, and while well aware of this one lamentable deficiency of their character, they are equally aware that they have not the courage to stand against it. They are exceedingly sensitive as to the opinions of other people, let them be equals or inferiors. In some degree perhaps this is one of the causes of their yielding nature. They would almost rather die than give anyone offence, or come into collision with another

person's will. Through this weakness they have a great propensity for getting into trouble, or rather an inability to keep out of it. Oh, how unfit such people are to battle with life, for their opinions and determinations depend much more upon others than upon themselves. They always go with the majority, and always think with the majority. Their own minds are empty, and they fill themselves with the ideas and thoughts of other people.

Another instance of the fearful effects of irresolution we see in the poor drunkard. There he is, debased, degraded, unloved, uncared for by all save his God; for though he has sinned so deeply and fallen so low, he belongs to God still. Is he not one of the creatures made by His hand? Has He not spared him all these years, and did He not create him in His own likeness? Ah! once that besotted drunkard was a little innocent child—his father's pride and his mother's joy, he grew to be a beautiful, light-hearted, merry boy—and as years rolled over him he gave great promise for the future. He seemed to have but one fault, and at first even that by his loving parents was mistaken for sweetness of temper. He yielded to everybody, never quarrelled with his companions, and if on any occasion he felt himself by force of circumstances compelled to say "No," when he thought it would please his friends better to say "Yes," he would coax someone to do it for him, for he could not make up his mind to do it himself. A few more years slip away. Again we see him; this time out in the world. A great change has come over him. The friends of his boyhood are all gone; he wishes for their society no longer; he now prefers to mingle with the thoughtless and the gay. He becomes a favourite with them. They soon find out his terrible weakness. They invite him to spend his evenings with them; at first, perhaps, at what they would term some very respectable; old-fashioned inn. There he imbibes a taste for that which proves poison to his body and ruin to his soul. Thus he goes on step by step, each succeeding year finding him deeper sunk in sin and misery. At moments, in the midst of all this, he resolves in his own weak way to put from him the fatal cup; but instead of pleading with God for strength to bravely fight the battle, he relies upon himself, and his weakness again prevails. Oh, if he could but have said "No" in the hour of his first temptation how different his whole life would have been! Now he has become a complete slave to the passion for drink; he ruins alike body and soul for the gratification of his palate. Thus he goes down to the grave, untended by kind hearts, unministered to by gentle hands. By his conduct he has forfeited all these.

In every action in life there is a right and wrong course to pursue—the one conduces to success and happiness; the other to failure, reaction, and sorrow. Good resolutions form the basis of a real noble character; but these must be combined with wisdom, determination, and strength to carry them out. We sometimes find people very decisive in their actions who have made their way through

opposition and difficulty; perhaps in their early life one single act of irresolution cost them many years of pain; but the lessons it taught them were not in vain. Experience is sometimes a hard teacher; it is nevertheless a very valuable one, and we learn life-long lessons from it, when we would not, or could not, from anything else. Let us each and all first find out what our real duties are, then let us set about and do them, braving all opposition, calmly overlook sneers, and keep true to ourselves. True also let us keep to God, for in our adherence to what we know to be right we all need God's guiding hand, and without it we shall surely fail.

SARAH E. TURNOCK.

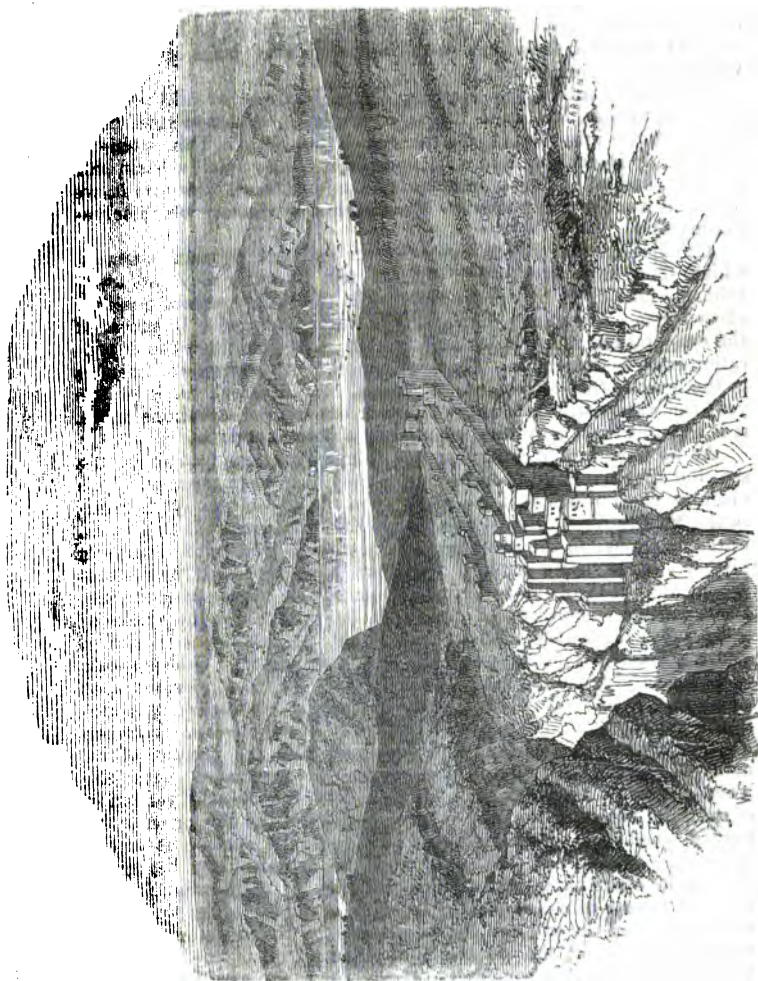
THE DEAD SEA.

THE so-called Dead Sea is the lake into which the river Jordan empties itself. Its most usual, and perhaps most ancient name, was the Salt Sea. Our readers will find this name given to it in Gen. xiv., 3; Num. xxxiv., 3, 12; Deut. iii., 17; Josh. iii., 16; and other places, to which a concordance will enable them to refer. The Jewish writers never called it the Dead Sea. "Its present name has become established in modern literature, from the belief in the very exaggerated stories of its deadly character and gloomy aspect, which themselves probably arose out of the name, and were due to the preconceived notions of the travellers who visited its shores, or to the implicit faith with which they received the statements of their guides."

As may be seen from the engraving the lake is of an oblong form, and of tolerably regular outline, interrupted only by a large and long peninsula which projects from the eastern shore, near its southern end, and virtually divides the expanse of water into two portions, connected by a long, narrow, devious passage. It is 46 English miles long, and $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide; the area of both portions is about 250 square geographical miles. The dimensions of the lake are not very dissimilar to the Lake of Geneva, though it must be remembered they are subject to considerable variation according to the time of the year.

The surface of the waters of the Dead Sea is 1316 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and 570 feet below that of the ocean. The lowest depth of its waters is spoken of as 1308 feet. The lake has no visible outlet, and it is said the distance of the surface below that of the ocean renders it impossible that there should be any invisible one. The depression of its surface, and the depth which it attains below that surface, combined with the absence of any outlet, render it one of the most remarkable spots on the globe.

This sea, or lake, is not fed by the waters of the Jordan only. The Jordan runs into it at the northern end, but on the eastern, western, and southern sides, there are streams running in it, perhaps unceasingly, though with considerable variation. On the western



THE DEAD SEA.

side there is a number of springs, some fresh, some warm, some salt and fetid, which appear to run continually, and all find their way into its waters; while the beds of the torrents which lead through the east and west, and over the flat shelving plains on both north and south of the lake, show that in the winter a very large quantity of water must be poured into it.

It is a very interesting inquiry, What becomes of all the water poured into the lake, since it has no outlet? Solomon says, "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full." This is true of the Salt, or Dead Sea, and yet, considering how small a basin this sea is in, and what rivers, and springs, and torrents flow into it, we may well wonder it is not full. Evaporation is the key which solves the mystery.

Calculations have been made by an eminent German chemist, which show that twenty-four million feet of water may pass away from the lake daily by evaporation, while the supply cannot possibly exceed that. Sometimes, however, the water supplied is in excess of the evaporation, as for instance in winter; and sometimes the evaporation exceeds the supply. There are consequently extreme differences in the level of the sea from these causes. At different times of the year the waters will be higher or lower; but from observations made, it is thought there may have been lately a permanent rise.

As we have hinted, many strange things have been told about this sea, but they have not been as true as they have been strange. The ordinary conceptions of it are based upon the statements of pilgrims in the Middle Ages, who often allowed their imaginations to give an unreal character to the phenomena of nature, as well as the events of history. Even some modern travellers have repeated their statements, and speak of the perpetual gloom which broods over the sea, and the thick vapours which roll from its waters like the smoke of some infernal furnace, filling the whole neighbourhood with a miasma which has destroyed all life within its reach. Others speak of it as a pretty, smiling lake. One calls it the most glorious spot he has ever seen. How shall these seemingly contradictory statements be accepted? No doubt the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Certainly it does not fulfil the promise of its name—Dead Sea. "Death can never be associated with the wonderful brightness of the sun of Syria, with the cheerful reflection of the calm bosom of the lake at some periods of the day, or with the regular alternation of the breezes which ruffle its surface at others. At sunrise and sunset the scene must be astonishingly beautiful. But on the other hand, with all the brilliancy of its illumination, its frequent beauty of colouring, the fantastic grandeur of its enclosing mountains, and the tranquil charm afforded by the reflection of that unequalled sky on the no less unequalled mirror of the surface,—with all these, there is something in the prevalent sterility, and the dry, burnt, look of the shores, the overpowering heat, the occasional smell of sulphur, the dreary salt marsh at the southern end, and the

fringe of dead driftwood round the margin which must go far to excuse the title which so many ages have attached to the lake, and which we may be sure it will never lose."—*Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.*

To those of our youthful readers who wish to know more of this remarkable part of the earth, we recommend the small volume published by the Tract Society, entitled, "The Jordan and the Dead Sea."

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ASTRONOMY.

BEFORE closing our account of the heavenly bodies, we wish to say a little about star-clusters and the Milky Way. We have something also to say about the strange substance called Nebula, to which reference was made in this Magazine two or three months ago. Frequently, when the sky is clear in the night-time, there may be seen a belt of pale light spanning the heavens over our heads, and so dividing them into two nearly equal portions; the name of this belt is the Milky Way.

ANNIE. "I have frequently observed a long, broad, and uneven line of light in the sky, and wondered what it was."

"The telescope shows it to consist of many thousands of stars, which are either so small and close together, or else so far away from us that we fail to see them distinctly: the naked eye can perceive only a dim trace of brightness. Very powerful telescopes have been used in scanning the Milky Way, and the result shows that it includes not less than eighteen million stars."

BERTHA. "Will you please tell us what star-clusters are?"

"They are companies of stars so near to each other, or so distant from the earth, that when viewed by the naked eye they appear as only one star, but when examined through powerful telescopes are found to consist of many stars grouped together. The seven stars called Pleiades, spoken of in the Book of Job, furnish us with a beautiful instance of a star-cluster; when seen through a good telescope their number is found to be ten times greater than they appear to the naked eye. Not less beautiful is the Crab-cluster in the constellation Taurus, or the Bull."

ANNIE. "Why is it called the Crab-cluster?"

"Because the many stars of which it is composed are grouped together in a form closely resembling the shell and claws of a crab. This cluster is so far away from us that through ordinary telescopes

it appears only as bright mist, and the most powerful instruments are needed to show that it consists of unnumbered stars. In the constellation, the Fox and the Goose, there appears a light mist, like a dumb-bell in shape; this also is found to consist of many very distant stars: it is called the Dumb-bell cluster. The constellation, Perseus, also contains a richly-beautiful cluster formed by the assemblage of many bright suns."

HERBERT. "You have mentioned a substance called Nebula, will you please tell us what it is?"

"It is a luminous gas, very light and cloud-like in appearance, but in a state of glowing brightness. The word *nebula* signifies a little cloud, and at the first it was applied to every cloud-like appearance, either to the naked eye or through a telescope, so that many a star-cluster was formerly called a nebula. But when large and powerful glasses came into use, and some of the cloud-like appearances were found to be groups of solid stars, it became needful to make a distinction, and the name is now applied only to those cloudy masses of light which do not appear to be solid but gaseous."

HERBERT. "Are there many such cloudy masses?"

"Yes: they are numerous and variously shaped. The Spiral Nebula is one of the most remarkable because of its peculiar appearance. It consists of a very bright centre with streamers of pale light extending around and enfolding it."

ANNIE. "What other peculiar forms are there visible?"

"There is the Fish-mouth nebula in the constellation of Orion, which bears a close resemblance to the head of a fish. Of late years this nebula has been the cause of much wonder and discussion amongst astronomers on account of their not being able to decide whether it was a cluster of stars or a mass of luminous cloud. The best time for viewing it is in the clear frosty evenings of January, when it appears to the naked eye like a small cloud of mist surrounding the middle star in the sword of Orion. On the application of the telescope it is found that there are many stars instead of one, and the whole are enclosed in a luminous mist. New many astronomers believed that if they possessed telescopes of greater power, this mist would be found not to be composed of nebula, but small stars. Yet when Sir John Herschel viewed it through his telescope, eighteen inches in width, though its beauty was greatly increased, its general appearance was the same. Lassell's telescope, two feet in diameter, gave a like result. Even Lord Rosse's three-feet reflector failed to reveal anything different from the luminous

cloud; still, many astronomers held to the opinion that glasses of greater power would be certain to show that it consisted of stars, and that the appearance like a cloud of mist was due to their immense distance; nor was the opinion changed even when Lord Rosse had constructed his massive six-foot speculum, and viewed it through that without discovering the slightest trace of a star. Within the last few years, however, the question has been set to rest by other means, and the cloud-like appearance has been proved to arise from the presence of true nebula."

HERBERT. "By what means has this proof been obtained?"

"By means of the spect-ro-scope, a very clever instrument, used for the purpose of examining rays of light. Just as it is possible for a child to take a toy in pieces in order to see what it is made of, so is it possible for an astronomer to separate light into its various parts, and to show by what the light is produced. This wonderful instrument has convinced men of science that the nebula in Orion consists merely of luminous gas, and not of stars, as some had supposed."

BERTHA. "Does any one know what sort of gas it is?"

"No one knows much about it, for they have only lately obtained the proof of which I have spoken; but many astronomers believe that all the stars in the heavens once existed in a gaseous state, like the nebula seen through our telescopes now, and that they have gradually become solid in something like the same way that steam condenses into water, and then becomes solid ice. This opinion was held by the great English astronomer, Sir W. Herschel; but it is by no means likely that such an opinion can be generally received without much stronger evidences than those existing at present."

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. *The meaning of Job xvii., 6.*
2. *The Authorship of the Book of Job.*
3. *The meaning of John iii., 13.*

J. H. Basford, Beswick, Manchester, inquires; (1.) To whom Job alludes in the words, "He hath made me also a byword of the people," xvii., 6; (2.) Who was the author of the Book of Job; (3.) What is the meaning of John iii., 13., "No man hath ascended up to heaven," &c.

ANSWERS. QUERY 1.—If our friend turns to Job xxx., 9., he will see a recurrence of the expression in a connection that renders its allusion in the former instance unmistakable.

Job, after deploring that he has become the "song" and the byword of "base men," "viler than the earth," goes on to say, "They abhor me, and spare not to spit in my face. Because he hath loosed my cord, and afflicted me, and they have also let loose the bridle before me."

From this we learn that Job looked upon the derision and mockery of the people as being a part of the divinely-permitted affliction which was to be the test of the uprightness of his character, and of his faith in the justness and benevolence of his Maker, and in that sense attributed it to God.

QUERY 2.—It is not known who wrote the Book of Job. Speculation has given us not a small number of possible authors, among them being Job, Elihu, Moses, Solomon, Ezra, Isaiah, Ezekiel.

The commonly-received opinion is that Moses wrote the book, or what is more probable, constructed it from existing records during his sojourn in the land of Midian. (Exodus ii., 15; iv., 20.)

To form a conclusion as to which of the many theories advanced respecting the origin and authorship of the Book of Job is the most credible and worthy of acceptance is a matter of no little difficulty; but if there be one which more than any other commends itself to our favour we think it is that which assigns the composition of the book to Job himself.

QUERY 3.—We take the meaning of John iii., 13., to be exactly that which would appear to be the meaning of the passage on a first glance at it.

That "no man hath ascended up to heaven" is undoubtedly true in the most literal sense.

"Heaven" here stands for the glorious region which we know is distinguished by an unceasing manifestation of the presence of the Divine Being, and we also know that He dwells in "the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see." (1 Timothy vi., 16.)

When, therefore, we speak of our deceased friends having departed to "heaven" we do not use the word in its exact meaning, but merely to denote that blessed abode which we are told God has prepared for the habitation of His people when they quit this earth.

That there exists some other destination than "heaven" for the righteous dead, where they await the Resurrection and Final Judgment for their complete reward, is implied from Acts ii., 34., where we read that David is not yet ascended into the heavens.

The particular nature of this intermediate state need not be a subject of concern with us. Seeing we have an assurance of the presence of the Lord with us during its continuance nothing more can be wanted to make it a condition of unimaginable bliss.

4. *Reconciliation of Matt. x., 34., and Luke ix., 56.*

DEAR SIR,—Will you please explain the following passages—Matthew x., 34, and Luke ix., 56? An answer will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.—We suppose what our correspondent wishes us to do is to reconcile the seeming inconsistency of the two utterances:—

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth : I came not to send peace, but a sword."—Matthew x., 34.

"The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—Luke ix., 56.

There is no doubt that the *object* and *ultimate result* of the religion founded by the Lord Jesus Christ is "peace on earth," for the angelic chorus which heralded its establishment in the world did so in the words—"Glory to God in the highest, *and on earth peace, good will towards men.*" Thus proclaiming its spirit to be characteristically one of *peace*.

We do not then think that when Christ administered to His followers the caution contained in the former of the two passages before us, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth," &c., His words are to be understood in any sense that would imply qualification of the prior declaration that his mission was "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

They would be taken by His hearers as a grave warning against the delusive expectation that the aims of the Gospel would immediately, or even rapidly, be accomplished. "To give peace on earth" was one of the pronounced and most eminent objects of "Messiah's reign," yet its attainment would not be presently manifest. The obstructiveness of the elements on which the Gospel would have to work had not been adequately estimated. So formidable, however, was this that to overcome it would necessitate an intense and prolonged struggle. To bring men "into the kingdom of God" an immense change in the courses of human thought would have to be effected. Collision of mind with mind would be produced, and conflict of thought with thought could not but make itself felt in the various relationships of society. Dis-harmony in these would be created. Even the sacred unity of the family circle would be broken. "There shall be five in one house divided, three against two and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father. . . A man's foes shall be they of his own household."—Luke xii., 52, 53. Matthew x., 36.

For a time, therefore, the true character of the Gospel as a power for the establishment of order and peace among men on the most admirable and only certain basis, namely love between man and man, would not only be obscured but even belied by the results immediately consequent on its introduction ; and we think it was to apprise His disciples of this fact that it might not be a cause of stumbling to them that our Lord spoke the words contained in Matthew x., 34, 36, and in the parallel part of Luke, xii., 49, 53.

5. *The time taken in building Nebuchadnezzar's palace.*

DEAR SIR,—Will you please tell me, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

how long the new palace of Nebuchadnezzar was in building, and in being brought into use? An answer will oblige yours truly,

AN ESQUIRE.

ANSWER.—All we can learn respecting Nebuchadnezzar's palace from historical records is that it was built directly after Nebuchadnezzar's return from his expedition into Syria and Egypt, about B.C. 605, its erection being one of the three great works entered upon at that time: the first being the rebuilding of the temple of Bel from the spoils of the Syrian war; the second, the improvement and fortifying of the city of Babylon; and the third, the construction of the new palace which adjoined the old residence of his father, and was completed in the almost incredibly short time of *fifteen days*.

6. *Meaning of Habakkuk iii., 3.*

SIR,—Will you kindly explain through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR at the earliest opportunity Habakkuk iii., 3, "God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran," and oblige JOHN STEPHEN.

ANSWER.—Rather similar in expression to the one under notice, and which we quote, as they will serve to make its meaning clearer, are the following passages:—

"The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Paran, and he came with ten thousands of saints; from his right hand went a fiery law for them."—Deuteronomy xxxiii., 2.

"Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir, when thou marchedst out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled and the heavens dropped, the clouds also dropped water. The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that Sinai (or as did Sinai itself) from before the Lord God of Israel."—Judges v., 4, 5.

"O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; Selah: the earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God; even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel."—Psalm lxxviii., 7, 8.

The majestic character of the advance of God's chosen people into the promised land appears to be the theme of them all, and it is dwelt upon in a poetical strain of the loftiest nature.

The locality of the mountains of Sinai and Paran* is here viewed as the starting-point of the sublime march. In the words "he came with ten thousands of saints; from his right hand went a fiery law for them," we see "the God of Israel" leading forth upon the neighbouring heathen nations, to whom "Seir," "Teman," "the field of Edom," were points of immediate approach, the people whom He had appointed to be unto Him "a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation."—Exodus xix., 1—6.

So that they may "possess the land" these idolatrous tribes

* The exact position of Mount Paran is undeterminable, but it is generally supposed to be one of the Sinaitic group.

would be driven out before them, and in the language of the two latter passages we see it shown through the strongest figures it is possible to employ for the purpose, how that all the obstructions that stood in the way of an accomplishment of God's purposes regarding the people He had "chosen for himself" were destined to annihilation. (Read Exodus xv., 13—17.)

7. Meaning of Mark x., 18.

DEAR SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would give me an explanation of Mark x., 18:—"Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." An early answer will oblige A. B. O.

ANSWER—In the parallel part of Matthew's Gospel xix., 16, 17, the two oldest Greek MSS., namely the "Sinaitic" and the "Vatican," with the Vulgate and other of the best versions, read, instead of as in the authorised version, "Why askest thou me concerning what is good? He who is good is one," &c. The genuineness of the reading in Mark x., 18, and Luke xviii., 19, is however unquestionable.

We think it not improbable that Christ's words on the occasion embraced both the utterances attributed to Him. But are we then to conclude from these words that our Lord disclaimed the possession of Divinity and confessed to be only human like ourselves? Far from it.

There appears to us to be a meek reproachfulness, what we might almost term a quiet irony, in the utterance. As if he said, "Why, if I am not indeed the Christ, the anointed of God, the Messiah that was to come into the world, the Son, who having left the bosom of the Father is alone qualified to declare Him to men—Why, if I am not in truth all this, do you thus look to me for knowledge as to heavenly things?—do you thus enquire of me concerning what is good when all illumination must descend from Him who is Himself the Supreme Good?"

It was to expose this inconsistency, and thus to lead men to a confession of His personal union with the Divine Being, that we think Christ spake the words in Mark x., 18.

N.B. Other questions to hand, and will be answered next month.

TOBACCO.

A FAMOUS American gentleman, who died a short time ago, attributed his success in life to the influence of his mother, who, amongst other things, warned him against using tobacco. Doubtless, if he had not been warned, he would have followed the example of others, and learned to smoke. If so, he would in all probability never have achieved such a distinguished position. Bad habits stand in the way of advancement, hence we are anxious that boys should avoid them. They should avoid smoking, because it is not only injurious, but it too often prepares the way for drinking and other bad habits. We believe that many boys begin to smoke in consequence of not knowing

that it is injurious to the system. Seeing men smoke, they regard it as manly, and will undergo great discomfort in order to acquire it. But smoking is not manly. It is simply and truly a bad habit. It has led to the ruin of thousands who might otherwise have become useful men. The boy thinks that by smoking he is making himself a man, but, in truth, he is making himself a slave. He is forging fetters which will increase and strengthen with exercise, and ultimately enslave him. The confessions of those who are now in bondage impel us to the conclusion that no habit is more enthralling. Charles Lamb again and again tried to give up the habit, and as often failed. At last, however, he succeeded, and in the "Farewell to Tobacco," he records his jubilant feelings at his success. From the difficulty of cure we learn the importance of prevention. Boys must be rightly trained. If they are to grow up into true manhood, we must warn them against contracting habits of self-indulgence, such as smoking and drinking.

R.

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TEASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January and February Numbers.)

ANSWERS.

- 35.—Judges ix ; Jotham.
- 36.—Feeding the 5000.
- 37.—Moses, Elijah, Jesus.
- 38.—Exodus xxv., 1,2.
- 39.—Zoar. Genesis xix.
- 40.—Assyria, Bedad, Elisha, Lakum—(Abel and Adam.)

QUESTIONS.

- 41.—How many times is it recorded in Scripture that lions were employed to execute judgment on the disobedient or ungodly?
- 42.—How many instances are recorded of brute creatures being endowed with speech?
- 43.—Mention the words of the Lord Jesus which are preserved by the Evangelists in the original Hebrew, as they were spoken, and give their interpretations?
- 44.—In what chapter is the name of God mentioned the most frequently?
- 45.—There are two persons notorious for their greedy and selfish conduct—the name of the one spelt backwards gives the name of the other. Who are they?
- 46.—In one book of the Bible find four men,
Whose sons were a hundred threescore and ten?

A HEBREW TALE, RABBI AKIBA.—WHATEVER GOD DOES IS BEST.

COMPELLED by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts; his whole equipage consisting of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock which served him instead of a watch to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass on which he rode. The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused, not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; *but God is just, and whatever He does is for the best.*" He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law; he had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What," exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study? *But God is just, and whatever He does is for the best.*" He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed his cock. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba; "my vigilant companion is gone; who then will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just, He knows best what is good for us poor mortals." Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer; "my lamp and my cock are gone, my poor ass too is gone—all is gone! *But praised be the Lord, what ever He does is for the best.*" He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive! It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, and killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation. But Thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me by their inhospitality from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate; had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the

robbers would have been drawn to the spot and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised then be Thy name, for ever and ever!"—*Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales.*

HIS MOTTO WAS "EXCEL."

MANY years ago, a poor boy, with his "things" tied up in a handkerchief, walked twenty miles, one cold winter's day, to a blacksmith's shop, where he was going to serve an apprenticeship.

His name was David Maydole.

David stayed with his master six years. There were other apprentices in the shop. But after working a year or two, and getting some smattering of the business, they left and went to work for wages elsewhere.

"And why don't you go, David?" they asked. "You are a fool to stay on here, and work year after year as faithfully as you do, for nothing but your board."

"I stay to master the business," was always David's answer, and nothing could tempt him to leave until he learned about it all there was to learn. That was at twenty-one, when he left with nothing but his freedom-suit.

"Nothing," did I say? He was master of his trade in all its branches. And there is no better capital to begin life with.

Not quite satisfied, however, with his attainments, David went into a manufactory of edged tools, and learned all he could about working in steel. He was then ready to open a small shop of his own, which he did in Norwich, New York.

One day a carpenter, at work on a new church in the neighbourhood, lost his hammer, and he went to David to make him one. David did so. Pretty soon five more of the carpenters came, and each wanted a hammer. Then the master came and spoke for two.

The master took him to a hardware store, and asked why they did not sell hammers like these. "Such hammers are not in the market," replied the hardware-man.

"Then engage Maydole to make you some," said the master, who then took a couple of dozen to show a merchant in New York.

"A very superior article," said the merchant, a little afraid of the price; but their excellence led him to send an order for twenty dozen.

In spite of new forges and new machinery for every department of the work from that time to this, twenty-five years or more, David Maydole has never been able to catch up with the orders which have

come in upon him, and his market extends from South America to Japan.

His motto has been "Excel." First-rate work always makes its way and commands the market. His hammers, to be sure, cost more at first, but there are no hammers like them. They are at the top of the trade. None but skilled workmen are employed on the premises, and he never lets a tool leave the shop until it is as perfect as the most skilful labour and the best material can make it.

One day a man brought him back an axe which he had made and warranted, but which had broken "while I was only chopping firewood," the man said, "good clear stuff."

"But I know, by the place and shape of the break, that you have not told the truth," said Mr. Maydole, explaining the only way the axe could have been so broken.

"That was exactly how," said the man to the foreman afterwards; "but how did he know?"

There is no deceiving a man who is master of his business.

His first partner used to tell him he was too particular to get along in the world, "while I," said the man, "can turn off twice as much as you a day, and have time enough to run round."

"Good work rather than fast work," said David; "besides, your apron lies too much on the anvil. We must be with our men. There is no eye like the master's." Faithfulness, industry, and vigilance have their own great reward.—*Child's Paper*.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Our school here is one of the youngest in the Connexion, having been begun only about two years ago. It is not too young, however, to do anything for the good cause of Christian Missions. Andrew Davis collected 13s.; Harriet Brown, 6s. 6d.; Henry Dale, 5s. 6d.; Agnes Trenholme, 5s.; Annie Boardman, 4s.; John Bennett, 3s. 6d.; and other scholars lesser sums, amounting to £2 5s. 7d. Like others, we say, "We will try and do better next year."

HYDE, HURST CIRCUIT.—The Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held at Hyde, on Sunday afternoon, May 24, 1874. These meetings have been but recently established at Hyde, and are making encouraging progress. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Jones occupied the chair, making some very appropriate remarks. Two pointed and effective addresses were given by Mr. Blagbrough, of Oldham, and Mr. Longden, of Hyde. Recitations and Missionary hymns were interspersed. Collection amounted to £6 17s. 6d.—H. MARSDEN.

LONDON FIRST CIRCUIT.—ACCOUNT OF EXCURSION OF THREE SCHOOLS.—On Tuesday, July 14th, the united excursion of Brunswick, King Street, and St. George's New Town Sunday schools took place by special train to Erith Gardens. On the morning, the children of Brunswick and St. George's

New Town Schools met at nine o'clock on one side of the Dover Road, and King Street on the opposite side (the arrangements being left to Mr. A. Howard), and stood and sang a hymn entitled, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"; one of the teachers of King Street played a corneopeon, and another a flageolet, while the superintendent of Brunswick conducted, during which, in the road, omnibuses full of gentlemen going to business, railway vans, carts, and other vehicles, were drawn up between them, waiting to hear the hymn sung. After which, the children proceeded to the Bricklayers' Arms Station with banners and flags flying—Brunswick going first, then St. George's New Town, and King Street following last. They arrived at Erith, and proceeded to the gardens in the same order. The day was very fine, and the children and visitors, numbering nearly 800, all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Games, such as cricket, football, &c., were entered into and enjoyed by all; and, at the close of the day, some were tired, but all were sorry that the day was so soon over. A procession was formed, and the children all marched round the gardens, and back to the station, where the train was waiting to convey them to London, where they arrived at about a quarter to ten p.m., and then returned to the chapel, where they sang a hymn of praise, and went to their respective homes.—AN ELDER SCHOLAR OF BRUNSWICK.

Poetry.

WHAT I CAN DO.

I OFTEN think of distant climes, where Jesus is not known,
But gods are made by human hands from blocks of wood and stone;
Oh! how I wish that they could know the love of God to men,
How, when they strayed in sinful ways, He drew them back again.

I live in England, and am blessed with every needful thing;
I've many friends, a happy home, and all that these can bring;
But, more than all, I know my sins may all be washed away,
And Jesus loves the little lambs who serve Him day by day.

But far away, in lands afar, no Gospel sounds are heard;
No happy children meet to hear the truth of Jesus' Word;
The Sabbath-day brings them no joy, they know not of God's love;
No one have they to teach them how to reach the heaven above.

I thank the loving God above, whose goodness crowns my days;
So long as I shall live His love shall have my warmest praise.
And is there nothing I can do for those who know Him not?
Can I not help to spread the truth, however poor my lot?

Oh, yes; 'tis true;—I can both work, and speak, and give, and pray;
So I will try to work for God, in my own humble way;
My little store shall help to send the Gospel far and wide,
Till all mankind shall find sweet joy in Christ the crucified.

DARLEY TERRY.



RICH CHILDREN. (See page 254.)

RICH CHILDREN.



THE engraving given on the other page leads me again to say something about children, but children of a different sort to those I talked about last month. Just put the two pictures together, and what a difference you see between them ! Instead of a miserable hovel without a scrap of furniture in it, you look into a beautiful room, fitted up with everything that can please the eye and gratify the senses. There is more than comfort in it—there are elegance and luxury ; and the little child in the handsome bed, what a contrast she is to those dirty, destitute children huddling together in the hovel ! How happy she looks ! And from the way her little hands are placed, you would think she is very thankful, too. Perhaps she is. I could almost fancy it was so. I could almost believe she was repeating to herself the verses of Dr. Watts before she went to sleep—

“ Whene’er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me !

“ Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

“ How many children in the street
Half naked I behold !
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold !

“ While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

“ Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.”

Yes, children in these specially-favoured circumstances ought to be *thankful* children ; they ought to be thankful to their parents and friends, who are so kind and attentive to them, and they ought to be thankful above all to God, who gives them the blessings they enjoy. The children of rich parents should never be proud, or haughty, or scornful, or masterful because they are rich. Riches do not make men, but kind dispositions, true and noble principles, the

living of a life that is of itself right and good. Even a child should remember the words of Jesus, "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses." The trueness, the richness, the joyousness, the real nobility of his life does not arise from his surroundings, but from his dispositions—not from what he has, but from what he is.

But our surroundings may still be very helpful to us both in doing good and being good. Our readers will have heard of the prayer of Agur, "Remove far from [me] vanity and lies : give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me ; lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord ? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." He who prayed in this way, felt that his circumstances had something to do with the forming of his life. In this he was right ; but I am not so sure that he was right in asking to be kept in a particular condition of life for his soul's good. He should rather have let God choose his lot for him, and have asked for wisdom and grace rightly to act his part, whatever his surroundings might be.

Now, while children of well-to-do parents may be good as well as the children of poor parents, they have an advantage over them, for they have the means of showing their goodness, which poor children have not. They need be under no temptation to envy and covet what is another's, to lie, or cheat, or steal, as they already have all their hearts can reasonably wish. But they can show kindness, and beneficence in a way, and to an extent, that poor children cannot. The child of poor parents may have a generous heart beating in his breast, a heart that feels for human woe ; but all that he can give to the needy or distressed he would wish to help is a sigh, or a tear, or a fervent wish. He has no pocket-money out of which he can buy bread for the hungry, and clothes for the naked ; and he knows it would be quite useless for him to go to his parents for means to gratify his benevolent disposition. Though they have never told him in words, yet from their manner of life he is well aware they have nothing to spare ; that their resources are all needed to find for him, and his many brothers and sisters, food and raiment, and a comfortable home.

While, then, rich children should be thankful children, they should be generous and benevolent children as well. They have plenty, while others are in want—not by any fault of theirs, any more than rich children are well off by any virtue of theirs ; and so they should be ready to distribute, giving out of their abundance to

supply another's lack. The other day I met in a park a little boy who was heavily afflicted. Through some affection of the spine, he could not walk, nor stand; yet there he was enjoying the fresh air, and looking at the flowers, and the beautiful scenery all around. How was this? Well, science had taught some one how to make a machine on which he could repose, and, without suffering, be conveyed from place to place, as he desired. But this help which science can give to the afflicted, would have been of no avail to him had he been the child of parents without means.

Now, if this paper should be read by any children who may be said to be rich, I ask them to live worthy of the circumstances in which they are so happily placed. Don't let your lives be marked by selfishness. Don't only think of yourselves and your personal gratification. Don't spend all the pocket-money your parents or friends give you for your own enjoyment. Begin life on right principles. Always consider so much of the money at your disposal as sacred to the cause of God. Never neglect to put it in the offertory when on Sunday you go to the house of prayer. Worship God, not only in the hymn you sing, and the prayer in which you join, but also in the gift you present. When the wise men from the East came to see the infant Jesus, they were not content simply to say kind words to Him and His parents; they did more than utter good wishes, they opened their treasures, and presented unto Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

We should worship Jesus in the same way. It is true, He is not here in person to receive our gifts, but He is here by His representatives, who are the poor and the needy. Jesus tells us so. "I was hungry, and ye fed me, naked, and ye clothed me; for inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these ye did it to me." But the love of Jesus is not in our hearts if, when we have this world's good, we shut up our bowels of compassion from those who have need.

Look around you, then, my dear children, to find out such. Shall I help you to find one or two? There is that poor cripple, that you see almost every day, who is deprived of a thousand pleasures which you have, from the full and vigorous use of your limbs. Ah! how he would delight to join in a game of football, or prisoner's-base, or cricket! He thinks he would give all the world if he could climb a tree, or run, and romp, and tumble about as he sees you do. But such pleasure is denied him, and he can only move about by help of crutch or stick. There are times when he feels this, when his heart is sad, and a tear steals down his cheek, though he takes care no one

shall see it. Can't you do something to help that little fellow to bear his cross cheerfully? You can, in many ways. I need not mention them, for you know what these ways are as well as I do.

Then there is another deserving object of your kindness. What a highly-favoured child you are! Your home is the abode of comfort and elegance; you live in rooms that are large and airy; you walk on floors covered with beautiful carpets; you look on walls hung with paintings of surpassing excellence; while all the furniture in your home is made to contribute to your ease and enjoyment. At night you sink to repose on a bed of softness; when you wake in the morning everything your comfort requires is at your service. Ample meals are punctually prepared for you: you never know what it is to want food, or to have to live on coarse fare; your food and raiment are of the finest kind, and are abundantly provided for you. But how? By whom? You know that all your comforts come to you by your father's industry and success in business. Suppose some day the sad truth should break upon you that you were fatherless! What a change this would make in your home, and the comforts of that home! Perhaps privation would come in the place of plenty, scanty fare instead of luxury, and a hard couch instead of that bed of down on which you now so fondly nestle.

When Job's reverses came to him he comforted himself with the thought that in his prosperity he had been a benevolent man, especially that he had been so to the widows and the fatherless. And this is still the religion that God approves of, "to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction." I want you rich children, if any such read this paper, to be Christian children in this sense. Cannot you practise a little self-denial, and forego some of your personal enjoyments, to make the widow's heart to sing for joy or the orphan's lot less cheerless than it is?

J. HUDSTON.

"OUR SIDE."

By TOM BROWN, Author of "A Year at School," etc.



HAT mean all that bustle and confusion of tongues at the bottom of the playground yonder? The boys were busily engaged about a minute ago, in half-a-dozen different games, walking leisurely round, or lazily lounging on the seats under the trees. But now everyone seems to have left the game he was playing, the walk he was taking, and the seat he was occupying, and they are all surging and crowding, shouting and gesticulating around

two of the bigger boys, who seem to be vainly trying to make themselves heard above the din. Whatever can it mean? Presently the tumult abates a little, and now the two bigger boys get outside the crowd, and stand a few yards apart. They call in turns one by one, a number of boys from the rest, all of whom are eagerly begging to be named, and these flock round the boy who has called them. What can they be about? Have the two bigger boys disagreed, and can they be going to settle their dispute, after the fashion of kings and princes, by getting others to fight it out for them?

Nothing of the kind. The lads are merely going to have a game at cricket. The two big boys are Harry Swift, the best bowler in the school, and Charlie Turner, the "crack bat," and the disturbance was due to the anxiety of the boys to be chosen to play on the side of one or other of these captains. They are going to play a game for practice, and so instead of only eleven, they have more than twice that number on each side. But the players will flourish their bats, show off their skill, and try all their favourite styles of play as much as if they were engaged in a match with strange opponents, instead of merely practising with their own schoolfellows.

And now that we know the cause of the commotion, we are not at all surprised at it, for we all know with what importance a schoolboy regards the operation of choosing sides. It is as exciting to him as an election contest is to his father or grown-up brother, and as secret voting and the ballot have not yet been introduced into the playground, there is all the more opportunity for the exercise of vigorous lung power, private influence, and personal energy, to say nothing of such disreputable practices as treating, intimidation, and other undue influence.

Whatever else we may or may not see in a group of English schoolboys, we are sure to discover abundant evidences of enthusiasm. And if all boys were in robust health, physically and morally, we should find none who did not possess this attribute of youth. A boy without enthusiasm is a melancholy spectacle. Of course, as was said when speaking of "Old Boys," there are many who try to cloak their enthusiasm by assuming an air of manly gravity, but even if they are successful, it is merely cloaked—it is there just as certainly as before. But besides these, there are boys occasionally to be met with who never possessed any enthusiasm, or have lost what little they had. Sad indeed is their case, for one of the greatest charms of life is absent. To imagine a boy loafing about in purposeless indolence, joining in a game if pressed to do so, but caring nothing whether he plays or not, or whether his side wins or loses, is to think of a boy who is prematurely old—a boy who has no boyishness in his nature, and who will have no bright fresh youth to look back upon with delight. Happily such cases are very rare, but one such is a terrible protest against any system of education or state of society which even permits a young life to be so blighted.

Very different indeed is the ordinary British schoolboy. Brimful

of enthusiasm, he enters heart and soul, hand and voice, into any project which recommends itself to him. He is like a gun ready charged and primed, you have only to direct him to some object, supply a spark of interest, and he "goes off" with the suddenness of a fowling-piece, and with almost as much noise.

One marked peculiarity of a schoolboy's enthusiasm is its manifest patriotism. He thinks our land is the brightest and best, the most glorious—past, present, or future—of all the countries of the earth. Whatever may be said in Parliament about the decay of our fleet, he will never be driven from his belief that Britannia still rules the waves, and that she might any day sweep all other ships from the face of the ocean. No matter what may be said by the Opposition in the House of Commons about the inefficiency of our army, he still maintains that one English soldier is equal to at least three of any other nation, and that if we went to war, we could easily defeat any other power without much trouble.

And coming to other matters, he is equally patriotic, and whatever he has a right to use possessive pronoun of the first person with relation to, he is prepared to shout for, play for, work for, and, if need be, fight for. Hence "our school" is always held up as a model academy, and "our first boy" is as learned as a parson, and as clever as a lawyer: and woe be to anyone who affirms to the contrary. To hear him talk of "our cricket club," one would think the chosen Eleven of all England dare not play against them, and "our match" is an event that seems to demand the *Times* reporter fitly to chronicle its importance.

But all his patriotic enthusiasm seems to reach its climax in "our side." As long as he discourses about "our school," he describes it in such a way that one feels delighted with the almost universal cleverness and courage of the boys, and still further pleased at the mutual goodwill and appreciation which seem to reign among them. One never heard before of boys so little affected by petty jealousy, and so uniformly devoted to the interests of the school at large. It seems like a happy family on a large scale. But when he comes to talk of "our side," one discovers that after all there are in the school just a few cowards, one or two cheats, and quite a number of stupid, awkward, clumsy lads. Of course they are all on the other side. "Our side" seems to consist of the picked boys of the school, and he is never tired of talking of its capabilities and conquests.

No young member of Parliament ever thought more of his side of the House of Commons than does a boy of his side in a school-game. No barrister could be more eager to gain a lawsuit on behalf of his client than such a boy is to gain a victory for his side in the game. Although the boys who make up his side change every day, and with almost every game, still "our side" partakes of his personal identity, and he praises it, glories in it, excuses it, and defends it with as much persistence and zeal as he would his own person.

"Our side" was never known to be thoroughly and fairly beaten

yet. Of course it has lost the game many a time, but then it was always easy to account for it. Either it had the worst choice of ground, a smaller number of players, the sun shining in their faces, or some other equally fatal, but nevertheless, unpreventible obstacle to success. The victory of the opposite side is easily explained away as the natural consequence of a string of fortunate circumstances, or, as it is called "a run of luck." They really played very poorly indeed, and they had everything in their favour, or they would have had a terrible defeat. But, inconsistent as it may seem, when "our side" wins it is always on account of sheer courage, skill, and good play. Luck has nothing to do with it then. And the opposite side is represented as a band of really formidable opponents, whom it is quite an honour to have vanquished.

Very excusable all this seems in a schoolboy, but it would not do for us to act exactly so in relation to "our side" in after life. "What!" asks some puzzled reader, "do folks choose sides when they are grown up?" Certainly they do, and a great deal more depends on the choice than there does in the choice of sides for a game. Choosing sides forms one of the most important duties of life, and we are always being called upon to exercise our choice on some new question or movement. And now let us see what we can learn from the way in which a schoolboy treats "our side."

He is very much in earnest in his choice. If he were not it is most likely he would not be allowed to play in the game. Only the best and most important players can afford to assume indifference, and rely on their election, and even they are sometimes forgotten and left out of the game in consequence. And so it is with us in more serious matters, where work is the object, and not play. The earnest spirits who aim to be of use in the world do not wait to be asked, "Please take this side or that." They examine and decide upon the point at issue, and like the war-horse, eager for the fray, rush to the front of the side they have chosen. Of course many—alas, the great majority of mankind—are not sufficiently in earnest to act thus. The only choice they care to make is between eager earnest work on the one hand and indolent indulgence on the other, and they quickly decide upon the latter. It is much easier, they think, to wait idly until some question presses itself for decision, and then reluctantly to choose the side which promises to give least trouble, and demands least exertion. It certainly is not desirable that people should be always in the strife and cavil of controversy, nor that they should be continually seeking out points of difference in opinion and creed. But on all broad principles of right and wrong—questions that affect our health, liberty, or religion, we ought earnestly to investigate the points at issue, and at once range ourselves on the side of truth, cleanliness, freedom, and goodness.

Then, as has already been shown, "our side" is held in great esteem by a schoolboy. He uniformly praises it, and is as blind to its errors and defects as he is to the good qualities of his opponents.

Now, so far as concerns holding "our side" in high estimation, we cannot do better than follow the example set by the schoolboy. Some degree of partisanship is necessary if there is to be energy and zeal. If a man considers either side of a question is as good as the other he will not trouble himself much about either. A great deal of the non-success of various social, moral, and religious movements may be fairly attributed to the indifference of numbers of people who, while hanging on loosely to the skirts of the enterprise, and so to some extent identifying themselves with it, are, at the same time, doubtful if the reform in view is really so very needful, or whether the means employed are best adapted to effect it. If a movement does not command our earnest sympathies, let us stand aloof from it; but if it does, let us work for it with a will.

But while we ought to think highly of "our side" we should not be blind either to its failings or to the good points of our opponents. Neither individuals nor opinions are wholly good or altogether evil. Truth is rarely altogether and absolutely on one side of any question or dispute; and while no human effort is perfectly free from faults, it will be strange indeed if we cannot discover in the things against which we are most earnestly opposed something to admire and emulate. And so, while we stand by "our side" with unwavering fidelity, we should be quick to discern its errors of judgment or practice, for the simple reason that they are sure causes of weakness, which ought to be removed at once. And in the same way, while consistently opposing argument, influence, and example, against our opponents, let us diligently consider all the reasons they have on their side, and gladly give them credit where we can for the best of motives. And while we do not budge an inch from the position "our side" has taken up, let us try to believe our opponents are mistaken, rather than wilfully perverse. Let us never agree with a wrong thing because it happens to have been done by "our side," nor wilfully ignore a worthy deed because it is done by the opposite party.

Then, a schoolboy always wants to be on the winning side. How eager he is to be chosen on the stronger side—under the best captain, so that he may share in the glory of the victory. And this is a very natural feeling. No matter whether it be a game at school, an election contest, or a social movement, it is very pleasant to be on the winning side. It gratifies our vanity—and the humblest of us has a great deal—and however little we may have done, or however small our influence may be, we feel that in some way our efforts have contributed to the victory of "our side," and we are accordingly elated. Now in most games where the sides are, as they should be, equal in numbers, strength, and skill, it is very difficult to foresee which will win, but, of course, each boy fondly imagines that his side is destined to be successful. And it is just as difficult in the various struggles and contests of after-life to determine beforehand what will be their immediate results.

But, for all that, there is a sense in which we may be always

certain that "our side" will win. Truth and righteousness are eternal, and though error and injustice may triumph for a while, there is certainly a time coming when they shall be vanquished and driven from the earth. So if "our side" is the side of truth, purity, and enlightenment, it is sure to win in the end, although for the present the opposing allied forces of ignorance, prejudice, and sin are too strong for us. We may probably not live to see the victory, but it is very cheering amid temporary defeats to know that though *we* are vanquished, "*our side*" is not, and that ultimately it shall carry all before it. It does not follow even that "our side" shall win by pursuing the course we think best suited to attain our object. If we are aiming at the social and moral elevation of the people, we have doubtless our pet plans for the accomplishment of this glorious purpose, but it is by no means certain that success will crown our efforts in that particular direction. But what care we, if the great end is achieved, by whose scheme it has been attained? If "our side" wins, what matters it by what particular plan the victory was gained? Plans and schemes are only means for the attainment of certain ends—ladders by which to gain higher altitudes—scaffolding within which to build glorious edifices, and that man is selfishly seeking his own glory, who is more anxious for the success of his pet schemes than for the attainment of their object.

In school-games success generally attends the stronger side, and the many generally carry the day against the few. The same principle seems to hold good in relation to the more serious contests of later life, and so for a time it certainly does, but in the end, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The party which has right on its side is sure eventually to win. It has ever been so.

Look at Martin Luther in the fifteenth century. Finding that the doctrines of the Romish Church, in which he had been brought up, were contrary to the teaching of the Bible, and feeling that its corrupt practices were degrading and demoralising he openly denounced both, and preaching an open Bible and freedom of conscience he commenced the glorious Reformation. His side was weak enough at first. His enemies had him in their power. They persecuted and imprisoned him. But truth and righteousness were on his side, and no matter though he was confined the movement spread, until from one end of the continent to the other the Romish hierarchy suffered a shock from which it has never recovered.

Look at the English reformers of the next century. They refused to conform to the requirements of the Romish Church, backed up as it was by English law. Their side was so weak that numbers were put to death, and others were driven into exile or forced to skulk about like criminals for fear of persecution. Yet truth and right were on their side; and so, although they were crushed, their cause was at last triumphant. As one of them said when suffering at the


stake, they that day lit "such a candle by God's grace in England as shall never be put out."

And then turning to the world of science and art. Look at Galileo, the astronomer, asserting that the earth revolved round the sun, in contradiction of the opinion that the sun revolved round the earth, as taught by Copernicus, and universally believed—Harvey demonstrating his theory of the circulation of the blood, contrary to the teaching and traditions of the schools—Newton affirming the newly-discovered law of gravitation or the attraction of bodies—Stephenson declaring the possibility of a steam-engine running on wheels. Each of these individuals found numerous and formidable opponents to his theory. For a long time few persons had the courage to come over to their side, and they had to suffer ridicule, scorn, and even violent persecution for defending their opinions. But their theories were, in the main, in accordance with truth, and though they did not all live to see it they were at last universally acknowledged and received.

And so it would be possible to go on enumerating instances in the history of social, commercial, and political reforms of the side which was at one time weak and unable to oppose itself successfully against ignorance and prejudice, being at last gloriously successful, because truth and right were on its side.

We shall doubtless always find plentiful occasion for choosing sides. There are still many wrongs to be righted, many abuses to be remedied. The generation has not yet died out of those who value money more than health, and pleasure more than virtue—or of those who prefer dirt, ignorance, and brutality, before cleanliness, enlightenment, and nobility of heart.

AMBITION AND ASPIRATION.

" LIKE to see my boy ambitious," said Mr. A., with a satisfied smile, after proudly enumerating the prizes which his son George, a quick, clever lad, had just received at a school-examination.

"I would rather see *mine* aspiring," replied Mr. B., thinking of his own boy, who, though less quick and less ready than Mr. A.'s son, was yet, as his father knew, passing through a more thorough mental discipline, and laying the foundation of a more solid and comprehensive education than George A., who was being taught on the "cramming" principle.

Mr. A. looked rather perplexed. He had, like many others, regarded ambition and aspiration as meaning much the same thing. But they are widely different; and seldom does one become the ruling principle of a life without eventually displacing the other.

"May a Christian lawfully cherish ambition?" is a question not seldom asked. Of course the answer depends upon what is meant

by ambition. A good deal of light is often thrown on the significance of a word by considering its derivation. Now, the word ambition comes from the Latin word *ambio*, meaning to *walk about*, and had its origin in the customs prevailing among the Romans in regard to candidates for political honours. These were wont, for some time previous to their election, to "*walk about*," clad in white robes—*candidati*—to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens; an act which we now call canvassing. It is plain, then, that the word intrinsically means the desire for position, power, pre-eminence, among men. That this desire, as a ruling motive, does not harmonise with the Divine ideal of a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus is clear to any careful reader of the Scriptures. Even in the Old Testament we have the warning, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." And in the New Testament, from our Lord's exhortation to refrain from seeking the uppermost seat, and His rebuke to His disciples when they contended who should be greatest, to the Apostolic injunction, "In honour preferring one another," no room is left for doubt as to the nature of its teaching. And its warnings receive additional significance from the fact that to personal ambition is clearly traceable the corruption which so soon darkened the purity of the early Church; to the personal ambition of priests and bishops, covetous of worldly ascendancy and honour, which led them to use unholy means, contract unholy alliances, and even to foster and encourage false doctrines, for the sake of subserving their own worldly power and interests, unmindful of the emphatic declaration of their professed Master—"My kingdom is not of this world."

It is clear then that ambition in this sense of love of pre-eminence is not meant to be a characteristic of the highest Christian character, and, therefore, not of the noblest ideal. But aspiration, in its best and highest sense, stands on altogether different ground. Our Lord commands the very highest aspiration when He says: "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!" Aspiration is the craving of the nature for the highest good, for communion and assimilation with the Divine, the reaching out of the soul towards the Divine goodness, that it may be filled with it, and lifted out of the iniquities and infirmities that, to its shame and anguish, prevail against it. Ambition is the desire to seem great according to the ideas of man. True aspiration is the desire to be good according to the thoughts of God. Ambition would fain be what men will praise and admire. Aspiration longs with an ineffable longing, to be what God loves and intends us to be. Ambition strives for the exaltation of self. True aspiration desires that the power of self be weakened and destroyed, in order that the being may be taken possession of and pervaded by God's Holy Spirit. Aspiration finds its highest and holiest expression in such words as these of the Psalmist: "My heart breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times!"

Ambition is the love of power, of pre-eminence, of all that

ministers to human pride. Aspiration the "love of love," of truth, of goodness, of all that refines, ennobles, and sweetens the nature. Even the ambition to be honoured as "an eminent Christian" is often no less injurious than any other ambition; while the aspiration to be Christ-like will make the Christian's light burn ever "brighter and brighter towards the perfect day."

Yet the Christian may often lawfully seek and enjoy places of trust and influence. It would be sad, indeed, for the world if he could not. Christians are to be the "salt of the earth" in all spheres and positions. But he will seek such power and influence not for the sake of exalting himself, but out of love to his fellow-men, that he may be able to communicate to them the blessings which he has learned to value for himself. Just in so far as the desire for self-exaltation influences him, just in so far is the purity of his aspiration alloyed; just in so far does he forget the Christian example set before him to raise him to its ideal height. There never was a sharper sentence of condemnation than was pronounced on certain who would cast our Lord out of the synagogue, that they "loved the praise of men rather than the praise of God!"

The Christian has something far better to do than to concern himself with ambition. God has set him to work for Him in the world, and all he has to care for is to do this, "pressing towards the mark for the prize of his high calling." The Lord will, Himself, take care of the reputation of His servant. In so far as power, influence, honour from men, may be good for him he shall have them, and a blessing with them. If not he may well be content without them, in the consciousness of his heavenly Father's smile, of the high calling with which he has been called, of "the inheritance undefiled, that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens!"

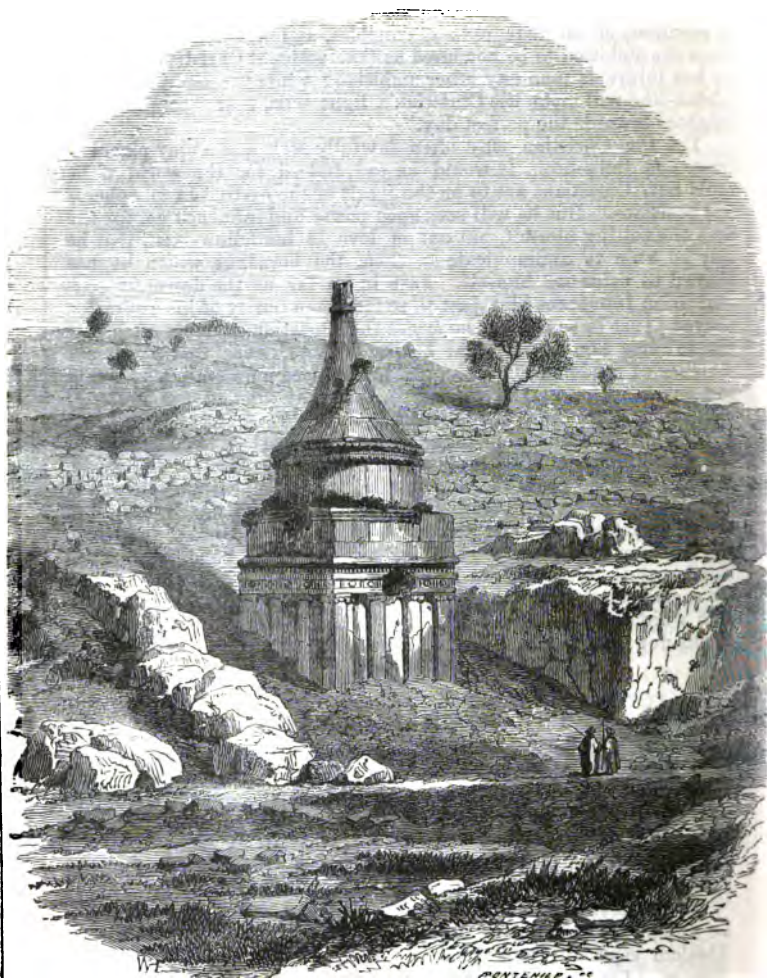
A. M. M.

THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.



THE monument bearing the above name is in the valley of Jehoshaphat, just outside Jerusalem. Perhaps it would be more correct to speak of it as the so-called Tomb of Absalom, as the Ionic pillars which surround its base show that it belongs to a comparatively late period. It may be, however, that they are not part of the original erection, but have been added when the monument was falling into decay.

In our boyhood the Old Testament history had a peculiar charm for us, and we spent many days poring over its pages. The life of Absalom especially took hold of our fancy, and fixed itself in our memory. Our imagination was often employed in realising his personal beauty, the luxuriant growth of his hair, and the splendid retinue with which he was attended. Then the steps he took to court popularity, and supplant his father, greatly interested us. His standing in the gate, conversing with every suitor, lamenting the



THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.

difficulty which he would find in getting a hearing, and "putting forth his hand and kissing any man who came nigh to do him obeisance," was a picture never to be forgotten by us. Equally memorable were his subsequent acts. His raising the standard of revolt at Hebron, the flight of his father before him, his occupation of Jerusalem and assumption of his father's royal rights; the conflicting advisers he had there, and the suicide of the chief of them; his solemn anointing as king, and the crossing of the Jordan to attack his father; the battle fought in Gilead, and his total defeat; the entanglement of his long hair in the branches of the tree as he was escaping, where he was left hanging while the mule on which he was riding ran away from under him; then his despatch by Joab as thus suspended, in spite of the prohibition of David, who, loving him to the last, had desired that his life might be spared; his dishonoured burial in a great pit in the forest, with stones thrown over his grave; and then, most touching of all, his father's lament for him when he heard of his unhappy end. "And the King was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went thus he said, 'O my son, Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!'" This graphic narrative we were never tired of reading, and its leading events have ever been vivid pictures in our chamber of imagery. We sometimes wonder whether young people of the present day take the interest in it we did, and we are almost led to think they do not. Of course there is a deal of Bible-reading in our Sunday-schools, but we fear not so much at our homes as there should be. We will not now moralise on the history of Absalom, though it teaches some important lessons both to parents and children, but we ask our youthful readers to make an acquaintance with the history, and draw a moral from it for themselves.

FACTS TO ENCOURAGE BOYS.

BOYS in the pursuit of their studies generally like to get on, and sometimes they become discouraged and think they shall never succeed. Now there is no feature in the human character so contributory to success as energy, or firmness of purpose. Boys, stick to it; for he who intends to get on must have a fixed determination to *be* something and to *do* something. He who sticks to nothing will master nothing, and always be nothing. He who glories in the distinction of "Jack of all trades" will be Jack to the end of his life, and nothing better; while he who with steady energy pursues a determined course will rise above his position and attain honour and distinction. It is true that there are many anomalies in life, yet it is equally true that, as a rule, life is pretty much what we make it. Many boys who have studied hard have failed apparently, but it should be remembered that that is not all success which *seems* to be; nor is that all failure which *appears* to

be. It may be pleasant from mere accident or personal influence to slip into the stream that bears on without effort to the great ocean of popularity ; but it is far more honourable when a boy by his own efforts gains himself an important place.

Be not discouraged. Many who have risen to eminence, both in ancient and modern times, have come from the lowest ranks. Some of the wisest politicians, best historians, sublimest poets, greatest preachers, and most popular writers, have been of humble origin. Many to whom the world is most indebted have been the sons of toil, in some cases the subjects of stern poverty, uncared for by either parents or friends ; yet by their constant application to study, their mechanical inventions, their discoveries in science, and their literary attainments, they have materially lightened manual labour, alleviated the sad woes of mankind, and enlightened the gloom of ignorance. Numbers, by keeping to one pursuit, have nobly triumphed over difficulties, and risen from poverty and obscurity to affluence and honour. We may mention as illustrations the following :— Euripides was the son of a fruitseller, and Virgil, the immortal poet, was the son of a baker. Homer is reputed to have been a beggar, and Æsop, who lives in his unrivalled fables, was a slave. Horace was the son of a freed slave, and Dante once wandered a grief-stricken exile. Rollin, the historian, was the son of a herdsman ; so was Tamerlane. Rousseau, the accomplished French writer, was the son of a watchmaker, and Ben Johnson was the son of a mason. Sir Edward Sugden was the son of a barber, Sir Thomas Lawrence of a custom-house officer, Sir Samuel Romilly of a goldsmith, and Sir Edward Saunders, who in the reign of Charles the Second was the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was left an orphan and begged his bread from door to door. Shakespeare, the " Bard of Avon," was the son of a butcher, and his poems were not published until long after his death. Robert Burns, the " Bard of Scotland," Kirke White, and Bloomfield, all come from the ranks of poverty. Among engineers may be mentioned Brindley, the originator of canals, which in their day did so much to promote the commerce of our country ; John Rennie, the son of a small farmer in Scotland, who built the breakwater at Plymouth, and designed London Bridge, which was built by his son ; and George Stephenson, the father of railways, who was a " pit laddie." Among discoverers and explorers we have Columbus, the son of a poor wool-comber in Genoa, and the late and much lamented Dr. Livingstone, the explorer of Central Africa, who has opened up sources of commerce and wealth before unknown, and who was the son of a poor weaver at Blantyre, and himself spent his early days in a factory. As politicians we may name William Cobbett, who has been called " England's mightiest peasant born," who spent his early days in clipping box hedges and weeding flower beds, and who wrote fifty books, and edited ninety volumes of political papers. More recently we have Richard Cobden, the apostle of free trade, who by his own endeavours rose from

obscurity to honour. Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shepherd boy, and used to draw out his starry maps with strings and beads, to the great amusement of his master. Opie, the celebrated painter, was a poor boy, and began his career as an artist by drawing likenesses with a smutty stick against the whitewashed wall of his father's cottage. Sir Francis Chantry, the sculptor, who executed the statue of the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange, in his boyhood drove his father's ass, and carried sand. Hunter, the anatomist, was a poor boy, and had scarcely any education until he was twenty years of age. John Dolland, the distinguished optician, was a French refugee, and worked in a factory, yet he learned to speak the Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian languages. Linnæus, the botanist, was so poor in his youth that he gladly accepted the worn-out shoes of his companions. William Gifford, who distinguished himself in the literary world, commenced life as a cabin boy on a fishing boat, and was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker, and he learned to write on smooth pieces of leather with a blunted awl. Samuel Drew, the metaphysician, was a puddle boy in a clay mine, and afterwards a shoemaker. Sir Humphry Davy, inventor of the Davy safety lamp, was a poor Cornish lad, and his pupil, Sir Michael Faraday, was the son of a blacksmith, and began life as a news-boy; they both became eminent chemists. Among celebrated preachers and divines we have Archbishop Tillotson, who was of humble birth; Dr. Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, who was apprenticed to a pastrycook; and Dr. Prideaux, the learned author of the "Connection of the Old and New Testaments," who was a poor lad. Joseph and Isaac Milner were sons of a poor Yorkshire weaver, whose father on one occasion bought Joseph a book instead of a joint of meat for the family dinner. Dr. Kitto was a workhouse boy. George Whitfield was the son of a tavern keeper in Gloucester, and Samuel Lee, professor of oriental languages at Cambridge, was a charity-school boy.

These are only a few out of many who might be named.

Boys, take heart, for you know not how well you may succeed yet. Which of those whose names we have mentioned, when in youth were struggling with poverty, hardships, and difficulties, ever dreamed of the renown which they obtained? It is no disgrace to have poor parents, or to work for our daily bread. Poverty has been dignified by the proud pre-eminence to which many of its sons have risen. But you may say, "We cannot all be great." No; but we can all be good. Nothing dignifies a man like piety.

"'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

Repudiate all that is mean and dishonourable, and seek the love of God; and possessing this, though you may not rise to distinction in this world, you shall rise to a more glorious eminence in the presence of God in the world to come.

J. HAMNETT.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIX. — HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.



ASTRONOMY is no new science ; it is one of the most ancient. The poems which have come down to us from the Greeks and Romans contain references to the stars and constellations which show that, for many years before they were written, great attention had been given to the movements of the heavenly bodies ; and you will remember that we have spoken previously of the evidence for the antiquity of the science furnished by the references to Pleiades and Orion in the Book of Job. With the Egyptians and Chaldeans it was a favourite study, and was frequently used as a means of deceiving the people by leading them to suppose that astronomers were able, from their knowledge of the stars, to foretell events about to transpire on earth. The prophet Isaiah, in pronouncing God's judgment upon Babylon challenges these star-gazers and astrologers—"Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators stand up and save thee from these things which shall come upon thee."

BERTHA. "Did the study of the stars commence with the Egyptians and Chaldeans?"

"No : many important facts had been observed and classified before those great nations were formed, and there can be no doubt that from the very earliest time of man's existence upon the earth, his attention had been drawn to the wonderful changes constantly taking place in the heavens."

HERBERT. "Are the names of the first great astronomers known to us?"

"Not certainly : Josephus informs us that Seth, the son of Adam, and his children were acquainted with this study, as the following extract will show :—'Now, this Seth, when he was brought up, and came to those years in which he could discern what was good, became a virtuous man ; and as he was himself of an excellent character, so did he leave children behind him who imitated his virtues. All these proved to be of good dispositions. They also inhabited the same country without dissensions, and in a happy condition, without any misfortunes falling upon them till they died. They also were the inventors of that peculiar sort of wisdom which is concerned with the heavenly bodies and their order. And that their inventions might not be lost before they were sufficiently known, upon Adam's prediction that the world was to be destroyed at one time by the force of fire, and at another time by the violence and quantity of water, they made two pillars ; the one of brick, the other of stone ; they inscribed their discoveries on them both, that in case the pillar of brick should be destroyed by the flood, the pillar of stone might remain, and exhibit these discoveries to mankind.' He further tells that the stone pillar was known to be in existence at the time when he wrote, but he is supposed to have mistaken for it a pillar erected in Siriad, by

Sesostris, the king of Egypt. Amongst the Chaldeans and Egyptians astronomy was studied and taught for many years, and it is clear that through them it descended to the Greeks. Thales, who was born 623 years before our Saviour, received instruction in astronomy from the priests of Memphis in Egypt. He became one of the seven wise men of Greece, and pursued his studies with such care that he was able to calculate the time when an eclipse would occur with greater exactness than the Chaldeans, who had been students of the heavens for several hundred years. He is said to have been so absorbed in the contemplation of the stars, on one occasion, that he fell into a pit, and was laughed to scorn by a Thracian maidservant, who thought he ought to have been looking where he was going instead of stargazing, when walking out. After Thales, Pythagoras studied the heavens and taught astronomy to his pupils. He is said by some to have made the discovery that the earth revolves round the sun; but others believe him to have obtained the information while travelling abroad, for the only reason he gave for the belief was that the sun was composed of fire, and ought therefore to occupy a more important position than the earth. After his time many Greek philosophers travelled in Egypt and India, returning to their own country laden with plenty of valuable knowledge; which, however, they entirely spoiled by mixing with it their own fancies and reducing it to their own systems. A much more useful work was accomplished by Hipparchus, who flourished about 120 years before the birth of Christ. He was not satisfied with the manner in which those who had lived before him had tried to explain the movements of the heavenly bodies, so he began to make close observations for himself. After noticing for some time the changes in the positions of the sun and moon, he resolved to number all the principal stars and to note their places. This was a work of great difficulty, but his love for the study supported him, and he made a catalogue of more than a thousand stars. For this useful work he has been honoured with the title of Father of Astronomy. About two hundred years after the birth of Hipparchus, there arose the last of the Greek astronomers, namely, Ptolemy (pronounced tol'-e-me). He carefully examined the opinions of former students of the stars and spent much time in making observations for himself, then rejected the scheme of Pythagoras, and came to the erroneous conclusion that the earth did not travel round the sun, but remained stationary, while the sun, the planets, and the stars travelled round it. This was called the Ptolemaic system; it was generally accepted as true, and continued to be so regarded for more than fourteen hundred years."

ANNIE. "Did astronomy cease to be studied when Ptolemy died?"

"It ceased to be cultivated by the Greeks; but Ptolemy's books were carried into Arabia and there preserved by the Arabs. A few learned men there also occasionally took notice of any great eclipse and recorded it; but the names of the Arabian astronomers are so

strange and so difficult to pronounce that we will pass them over. We come now to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the time when learning began to revive in Europe, and the system of Ptolemy was taught in all the great schools and colleges. The history of modern astronomy commences at this time, when Copernicus sought to show that the Ptolemaic system of the universe was false, and the system of Pythagoras true."

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. *The genuineness of Matthew i. ii., and Luke i. ii.*

DEAR SIR,—There are some here who say that the first two chapters in Matthew and Luke did not form part of the original Gospels, but have been added to them, as prefaces, by men of later times. If you will give us your opinion on the matter through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR you will much oblige

THE MEMBERS OF A BIBLE-CLASS.

ANSWER.—It is quite true that some Biblical critics have thought fit to throw doubt upon the genuineness of the first two chapters of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, but we think without any sufficient reason for so doing.

That these chapters have formed part of the Gospels with which they are connected ever since the construction of the same appears evident from the following considerations:—

1. They are contained in all the oldest MSS. and versions; and
2. They are quoted by the earliest writers of the Christian Church.

With the exception of those portions of it we are now considering, all the record of our Lord's life given in the four narratives is only of what we may call its working period: the point at which the history of this opens is identical in all;—the preparatory preaching of John the Baptist.

It is left to "apocryphal Gospels" to picture, and to surround with every detail an exuberant fancy can suggest, the early life of Jesus.

In a sense, therefore, the first two chapters of Matthew and Luke may be looked upon as "prefaces" to the narrative, as enlargements upon the strictest limits of the biography as given in the words of the Apostle Peter, "beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up from us," Acts i., 22.

There is no basis, however, to justify the entertaining of the idea that such "prefaces," or enlargements, have been the work of hands other than those which originally compiled the biographies.

A species of criticism, which we may designate "subjective," has

been applied very largely to the sacred writings, and in the question before us we have an instructive specimen of this mode of criticism.

Perceiving the introductory character of the first two chapters in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, certain critics have conceived the idea that these chapters might *possibly* have been appended to the original writings, and have thenceforward gone on to conclude, from reasons conjured up by their imaginations, a strong *probability* that such was the case, the final step being to assume it to be the fact.

Now we cannot regard a system of criticism which thus appears to be but a sequence of inferences with approval; and to plunge into those critical quicksands into which we are led by an abandonment of belief in the integrity of the Scriptural records on such insufficient grounds seems to be most deplorable.

Happily it has now somewhat fallen into discredit, and our sentiments are in accord with those of a writer of repute, when he says, "the day has passed, it may be hoped, when a passage can be struck out against all the MSS. and the testimony of early writers, for subjective impressions about its contents."

That Christ's biographers should have thought it incumbent upon them to record the incidents of His advent into the world before entering on the history of His public career, is what we would expect, and the presumption is not at all an unlikely one, that why Mark and John omitted such matter from their narratives is because they were aware that it had been supplied in anterior biography.

2. *Meaning of John vii., 37, 38.*

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give me an explanation of these words in the seventh chapter of John, commencing at verse thirty-seven. "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." By doing so you will much oblige.

JOHN JAMES.

ANSWER.—It is not certain whether by "the last day, that great day of the feast," we are to understand the last of the seven days which constituted the festival proper, or the day following them, which was observed as a day of solemn assembly, and from being freely spoken of as "the eighth" would probably in time come to be regarded in the popular mind as "the last, the great day."

There does not appear to have been anything in the observance of the *seventh* day in particular to make it merit the distinctive appellation, "the *great* day;" and the balance of probabilities seems to be in favour of the *eighth* being the day so designated; the point, however, is not a very material one, and need not be further dwelt upon.

The Feast of Tabernacles, the third of the three great annual festivals observed by the Jewish people, was, in an especial degree, a season of public rejoicing. Amongst the various ceremonies which marked this festival, was one the observance of which was regarded

with peculiar interest: the pouring out before the altar of water brought from the pool of Siloam. The joyousness of the people seemed to concentrate itself in this rite, so that it became a saying, "He who has never seen the rejoicing at the pouring out of the water of Siloam has never seen rejoicing in his life."

By its observance the minds of spectators would inevitably be led back to the time when, during the journeyings of their forefathers in the wilderness, their thirst was miraculously supplied by the bringing of water out of a rock (Exodus xvii., 1-7). It is probable that they would also look upon it as faintly typifying the fulfilment of the prophecy occurring in the portion of Scripture appointed to be read on the first day of the feast. "And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out of Jerusalem" (Zech. xiv., 8).

It is said that during the performance of the ceremony the chapter of Isaiah in which are the words, "with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation" was sung.

We mention these details in the ritual of the festival because we think they throw some light upon the words our Lord took the occasion of its celebration to utter. If it was the fact that the deliverance of these words was coincident with, or that they were even mentally connected with, the ordinances alluded to, a particular force is imparted to their utterance.

There is some little doubt as to the period of the festival in which these ordinances were observed.

Some say that the ceremony of pouring out the water of Siloam was continued throughout the whole *eight* days of the feast; others assert it to be improbable that it would occur after the conclusion of the *seven* days proper; while Dr. A. Clarke even states, but on what authority we know not, that its observance was reserved until the *eighth*, the final day.

In face of this wide divergence of opinion as to the time of its occurrence it is nevertheless pretty safe, we think, to assume that in the celebration of the rite may be found the incentive of our Lord's utterance.

Among the blessings which the Messiah was to give to His people was that of spiritual satisfaction, expressed in the symbol of water yielded from a spring that would never fail in its supply, but would be for ever springing up; in the beautiful idiom of the Hebrew, "living water."

The object of Christ's words at the feast clearly enough then was to show that in Him, as being the promised Messiah, the people were to find the realisation of this longed for blessing.

What could give to them a greater earnestness and a more solemn significance than the incidents of pouring out before the altar the water brought from the pool of Siloam? In Himself was the fulfilment of all that was shadowed forth in the ordinance. He was the "spiritual rock"—the anti-type of that from which their fathers drank in the wilderness—(1 Cor. x., 4). He was, in truth, the "well

of salvation ;" one drink from which would prove sufficient to the satisfying of all spiritual thirsts. It was when He—the Messiah—should be present in Jerusalem that the time would arrive when it would be the source from whence "living waters" would flow.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto ME, and drink," said Christ. The water that He could give would not only relieve the immediate thirst, it would be to each recipient of it, as it were, in *himself*, the source of a perennial supply. This is expressed in the words "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." The prefix to them, *as the Scripture hath said*, need not perplex us. If the employment of the phrase be made a difficulty, it is in truth but an artificial one.

True, no prophecy identical as to expression can be found, but such a literal prediction it is quite unnecessary to look for.

This, with the similar utterances our Lord had previously made—that to the woman of Samaria (John iv., 4) and the one given vi., 35—may be looked upon as an *enlarged* reference to the promise given concerning Christ's own in Isaiah xlix., 10, and elsewhere, that they should never thirst. Enlarged because, as we have seen, the realisation so much exceeded in breadth the original promise, in its limited expression of the blessing. The water which Christ would give was not only a spring to which men were to come for the quenching of their thirst; it was something more than that. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be IN HIM a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv., 14).

Thus would there be no recurrence of its tormenting sensations; no waiting, no journeying, before the spring could be drunk from which would give relief, for the water being ever present and sufficient, there would be no need for a repeated "going to draw" (v. 15).

"Springing up into everlasting life," no possible spiritual craving does it leave unsatisfied, for in this great thirst of the soul—that for undying joyous existence—do we see comprehended all its minor wants.

Do we ask, What is this "living water" that Jesus will give to believers in Him?

The answer is supplied in that brief elucidatory remark on our Lord's words which immediately succeeds the stating of them. "But this spake he of the spirit, which they that believe on him should receive," &c.

The giving of the Holy Spirit to dwell in believers, assuring them of adoption into the family of God, purifying them from sin, and thus being unto them the earnest of an everlasting existence in the Divine favour, is then the "living water" of which all who come to Christ shall drink to their full spiritual satisfaction.

Reader, hast thou yet drunk of this water of life?

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNCLE TEASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January and February)

ANSWERS.

- 18.—Esther and Solomon's Song.
 19.—Acts xx., 35.
 20.—Dan. vi., 10; Acts v., 29; Hebrew xi., 27.
 21.—2 Samuel xxiii.
 22.—Jacob. Laban.
 23.—Thorn, Veal, Alone, Rat, Rather.—Love one Another.

QUESTIONS.

47.—Name three persons who had dreams which were fulfilled to their sorrow.

48.—Which of the prophets was forbidden to mourn for the dead of his nearest and dearest relative, and why?

49.—Why was the period of Israel's captivity in Babylon fixed at seventy years?

50.—Centuries elapsed between the writing of the first and last books of the Bible; how is it they all agree?

51.—Jesus condensed the law into two sentences. What are they?

52.—Who is represented by the following letters, and where is he named? a, a, a, b, c, d, e, b, i, m, n.

53.—67 letters.

18, 9, 3, 28, 12, 44, 23, 49, 35, 62, 32, 20, 31, 45, 46, 41, 57, 25, 14, 36, 1, 5, 63, 67, is one of the Beatitudes.

67, 40, 60, 56, 3, 46, 14, 42, 26, 24, 52, 17, 27, 40, 51, was an inscription on an altar in Athens.

49, 61, 7, 40, 47, 55, 30, 5, 60, 39, 53, 8, 6, 66, 21, 28, 48, 2, 37, 9, is a precept of St. Paul against the love of sin.

5, 22, 13, 49, 4, 10, 64, 32, 38, 33, 49, 9, 9, 61, 1, 65, 21, 2, 34, 50, 19, 15, 46, is an encouragement to prayer.

43, 34, 4, 24, 60, 16, 11, 22, 54, 59, 17, 19, 40, 58, 15, 29, 26, 6, 24, 50, 6, 34, 64, 55, 38, is the advice of St. Paul regarding self-confidence.

The whole is a verse in Proverbs which every child should learn.

(Kittie in "Christian Union").

[Our young friends are requested to send their answers to the Rev. J. Hudston, 156, Queen's Road, Liverpool. The little inadvertence in the early publication of the answers, which a few have referred to, will not be to any one's disadvantage.]

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY, &c.

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SALEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BERRY BROW, HUDDERSFIELD CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in our chapel on Sunday afternoon, April 26, 1874; but I am sorry to say it was not so well attended as last year. Our able and well tried friend, Mr. J. Goldthorpe, presided, and gave a short stirring address. Suitable addresses were also given by our teachers, Messrs. C. Edwards, H. Berry, and S. Pinder; and Mr. G. H. Fox, of Lindley. A dialogue on missions was ably recited by Henry Crossley and Allen W. Dawson, and pieces were recited as follows:—Helena Whiteley, "The Missionary"; Mary E. Dawson, "England's Mission"; Harriet B. Dawson, "The Bible"; all of which were well rendered, and added greatly to the interest of the meeting. The addresses given by our friends were short but to the point, all seemed to have their hearts in the mission work. A collection was made at the close, which, with the amount collected by the scholars, makes a total of £1 18s. 8d., being 9s. 2d. less than last year; but this may be easily accounted for when I tell you that an extra effort has been going on in our school all through the year. We have had our school rebuilt and enlarged, which has cost a considerable amount of money, and the scholars and teachers have been contributing every week towards clearing off the debt. The following scholars collected for the missions, Emma Heeley, 12s. 4d.; Ellen Crow, 12s. 1d.; a friend, per Elizabeth H. Kaye, 2s. 6d. We trust that the year we have already entered upon may be one of greater happiness and prosperity, and that our hearts and hands may be stimulated to greater diligence on behalf of the poor heathen who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Our prayer is that God may bless all our scholars with the spirit of missions, and may they work more nobly this year than ever they have done in the past.—HENRY GLEDHILL, Secretary.

SALEM SABBATH-SCHOOL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—We commenced our Juvenile Missionary effort under somewhat unfavourable circumstances. We are something like the Israelites encamped in the wilderness of sin previous to our entry into the promised land—to wit, our new chapel. But knowing that every little helps, our scholars went forward prepared to face angry looks and hear the music of slammed doors, if perchance they could get a little to help the self-denying men who have left home and its hallowed associations to preach Christ to the heathen. The following sums have been collected:—Sarah Faggin, 19s.; Mary Wigham, 8s. 10d.; Wm. Faggin, 8s. 9d.; Mary E. Watson, 7s. 6d.; Margaret Hogg, 7s. 4d.; Edward Watson, 5s.; Anne Lee, 3s. 6d.; Joseph Hopkinson, 3s.; M. M'Pherson, 2s. 10d.; Leopold Hamnett, 2s. 6d.; John Hamnett, 2s. 6d.; Wm. Campbell, 2s.; Elizabeth Reed, 1s. 6d.; small sums, 8s. 4d.; total, £4 2s. 7d. We held our Annual Meeting on the 27th of May—Mr. E. W. Oldham, presiding. Addresses were delivered by Rev. F. T. Rushworth and Mr. James Watson. Collection, 18s. 9d., together with 9s. 2d., proceeds of magic lantern and sums collected by scholars make a total of £6 10s. 6d. We hope next year to double our subscription, and thus aid our beloved missionary, Mr. Hall, in the realisation of his fondest hope—China for Christ. R. W.

PARK PLACE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday afternoon, 30th August, we held our Quarterly Juvenile Missionary Meeting. The Rev. W. Longbottom kindly presided, and delivered a very interesting address to the children. The Secretary then read the following report:—Collected by girls: Emily Burley, £3 3s. 2d.; Maria Clarke, 11s. 2d.; Sophia Thomas, 17s.; Emma Thomas, 16s. 10d.; Miss Molyneaux, 13s. 10d.; Mary Jones, 6s. 2d.; Emily Keggan, 3s. 6d.; Mary J. Leitch, 6s.; Miss Burley, 6s. 3d.; Louisa Pender, 2s. 10d.; Sarah Jones, 3s. 2d.; Ada Butler, 2s. 2d.; Minnie Butler, 8d.; Lydia Benjamin, 2s. 7d.; total for girls, £7 15s. 4d. Collected by boys: Bertie Kerridge, 10s.; John Clarke, 2s. 1d.; Arthur Molyneaux, 10s. 11½d.; John Molyneaux, 2s. 2½d.; John H. Crellin, 8s. 10d.; total for boys, £1 14s. 1½d.; total, £9 9s. 5½d.; proceeds of collection at close of meeting, 12s. 2½d.; grand total, £10 1s. 8d. After this report was read, the chairman called upon Emily Burley, and presented to her a handsome book as “a reward for diligence in collecting money for the Juvenile Missionary Fund”; the book is entitled, “Famous Girls who have become Illustrious Women.” The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. George Buchanan and Charles C. Quayle, and so brought to a close. We are sure, sir, that everyone who reads our report will agree that it is seldom so large an amount is collected in so short a time, and by so few young collectors. And we trust that out of the many thousands of little folk who may read this report there will be some who shall resolve to do better in the future, so that our great missionary enterprise may be more abundantly successful.—JOHN H. CRELLIN, Secretary.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN RESPECTING RIDICULE.

At this avenue the young, and especially young men, lie perilously open to temptation; let me say a few words directly to them. If you have, as surely all young men have, your secret leanings towards goodness and piety, and the pure heroism bred of these; if you really wish to acquaint yourselves with the will of God, and to form yourselves on the model of the Perfect Man, you are almost sure to meet with ridicule and affected contempt from the more worthless of your companions, and to find these the most formidable obstacle in your path. Some silly puppy (with his hair parted down the middle, perhaps, as if he suspected he did not belong to the stronger sex) will lip out his feeble sneers at your “taking a pious turn,” or at your “growing goody,” or at your “not being half the man you were.” You may not really respect him. You may know that his hair covers no brains, or none worth mentioning. You may know that he has not read many books, or mixed much with wise and able men; that he has never thought much about anything save his own foolish face, and gay apparel, and vulgar pleasures. You may hold him in such slight esteem that you could never dream of consulting him on any matter more important than the worth of a cigar or the cut of a coat. He may not possess, so far as you can judge, a single quality which fits him for handling the facts of life to any wise or useful end. And yet you will often permit his vacuous simper, his stale and paltry gibes

to unsettle your gravest convictions, be shamed out of your wisdom by his folly, and fall from the true manliness to escape the sneer of one, who very hardly deserves the name of man ! Does such weakness need any other rebuke than it be simply and plainly described ?
—*Congregationalist.*

A MODEL GIRL.

Who is lovely ? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along ; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty ; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds or precious stones, as you pass along the street ? But these are the precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless ; smile on the sad and dejected ; sympathise with those in trouble ; strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be loved.

A NOBLE BOY.

AN excellent woman, the mother of five children, whose husband was steward of a steamer that foundered at sea, and all hands were lost, was fighting a hard battle, and bringing up her children kindly and well. One day when she was from home, trying to sell some goods, her eldest boy about thirteen (who had been at sea regularly with his father), moved by his mother's exertions for the common support of the family, went and shipped as a sailor in a vessel belonging to a well-known Liverpool firm at two pounds a month. He then sought an interview with one of the partners, and asked for an advance. The answer was that this was not customary. The poor lad then told the story of his mother's struggles, and how he had gone and engaged as a sailor to help her, and that he would so like to leave her something before he went to sea. The owner said, " Boy, your looks tell me all you say is true. Lads frequently run away ; but I don't think you will ; you shall have all you ask for."

SAVE THE LITTLE BABIES.

A MOTHER is sitting at the door of a little hut in India, with her infant asleep on a mat beside her. This mother is a heathen : she has never seen a Bible, nor heard of the dear Saviour. If her infant lives, she will teach her to worship false gods. With a bunch of flowers in her hand, she will make her pray to an unsightly idol. She will tell her that the great god Brahma is fast asleep, that it is

no use to pray to him, but that there are many other gods of all shapes and colours, some in the form of peacocks or snakes, some with a hundred hands or eyes, and that to these she must pray. As the little child grows older, she is never taught anything, but has to work very hard; or, if she is pretty, she is probably carried away from her mother and from her home, to the temple of some idol to whom she is supposed to be married, and she is taught by the priest to dance and sing before his gods, that on their festival days crowds may come to the temple to see her, and so bring money into his hands.

Now, who is to save these babies from such a life? The little Mission Bands in our Sunday-schools may do something.

P o e t r y .

'T WAS JESUS

Who left His Father's house on high,
Regions of love beyond the sky,
To wander here to bleed and die?
'Twas Jesus.

Who, who alone the winepress trod,
With robes dyed in atoning blood,
To bring poor wanderers back to God!
'Twas Jesus.

Who looked for human help in vain,
When groaning with His load of pain,
Of Satan's yoke to break the chain?
'Twas Jesus.

Who toiled up rugged Calvary,
And hung upon the accursed tree,
That sin and death might vanquished be?
'Twas Jesus.

Who for His murderers sweetly prayed,
That guilt on them might not be laid,
For "they know not what they do," He said?
'Twas Jesus.

Who went to Heaven to intercede,
And there for guilty sinners plead,
And help them in their utmost need?
'Twas Jesus.

And shall we waste the Saviour's pain,
And crucify the Lord again?
Ah, no, Thou shalt not die in vain,
Dear Jesus!



A PATAGONIAN ENCAMPMENT.

A PATAGONIAN ENCAMPMENT.



WE have been speaking the last two months about poor children and rich children, and the different homes they have in England. But England is not all the world. There are other countries besides our own, and there are children and children's homes in those countries as there are in this. Our engraving is the picture of a home in a country called Patagonia, and to the English people a strange sort of home it looks. It is something like those gipsy camps which we sometimes see on our commons, and which when we see we wonder how any one can prefer to comfortable homes of brick or stone. But in some countries there are no brick or stone houses. They would not suit the climate of the place nor the habits of the people. It is so with Patagonia and the Patagonians.

But in what part of the earth can we find this place and these people? If we were to form our young readers into a geographical class, could they tell at once and without much inquiry? A few might, but many we think would have to confess their ignorance. To help us then, let us get a map—a map of the Western Hemisphere. We spread it before us, and we see a great part of the globe it represents is covered with water called the North and South Pacific and the North and South Atlantic Oceans, but between these oceans are the great continents of North and South America. The latter has on the map an outline somewhat resembling a shoulder of mutton. You come to the narrow or shank part, and you see it marked Patagonia, and so it is described in geographies as forming the southern portion of the South American continent. On the side of the Atlantic it consists of arid shingle plains, without trees, and growing only a few small thorny shrubs and coarse, wiry grass. On the borders of the Pacific, where the climate is excessively humid, it is lined with volcanic mountains and densely clothed with woods. There is also the River Negro, which divides Patagonia from La Plata and Chili, and on the banks of this and a few other rivers a little better vegetation is occasionally found. The native animals are very few. There is the guanaco, which is hunted for food; and there is a small kind of fox, and troops of mice. We can well understand that Europeans will not be found settling in a country like this, for besides its barrenness it is without convenient harbours. The eastern coast is sometimes visited by whaling vessels, and has been oftener explored

than the western shore, which is very rugged and surrounded with rocky islands.

Our young friends will now understand why the Patagonians live in camps instead of permanent houses. They must be moving about, or they could not obtain food on which to subsist. If they knew the arts of agriculture which we practise, the soil is too infertile to yield a harvest. So they are necessarily *nomads*—that is, wandering people; and like our gipsy tribes they must have houses which can be soon set up and soon taken down. How numerous the native tribes are we cannot say, but suppose they will be very few. They are called Indians, and notwithstanding their scanty fare, and what appears to us their hard lot, they manage to thrive. You will see from the picture they are represented as good-sized people. They are said to be the tallest race of people in the world, being seldom less than six feet high. Then you will see they have long black hair, which is secured above the temples by a band of twisted sinews. Their dress is made of the skins of wild animals, and is loosely gathered about them as greatly to increase the size of their appearance. Their colour is a dark copper brown when not disguised by paint, a decoration of which they are very fond.

Look at that mother with her children around her. Are the children ill? or are they hungry? One seated on the ground is eating somewhat eagerly; another leans against her as if it had no strength; that she has on her lap she is embracing very fondly, as if she was trying to soothe and comfort it, while the person standing at her side is offering food. Yes, a people living as the Patagonians live must often feel the pinchings of hunger, for they live, as we say, from hand to mouth, and cannot, as we do, lay by food in autumn to last through the winter. They have as a rule to kill before they can eat, and therefore they always carry in the girdle the bolas—that is, the instrument with which they catch the wild animals on whose flesh they subsist—so as to be ready in case of need.

Would any of our young readers like to change places with the children in the picture? We think not; we should rather think you are ready to sing—

“I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And make me in these Christian days
A happy English child.”

J. HUDSTON.

NEW BOYS.

By TOM BROWN, Author of "A Year at School," etc.



CHATEVER shall we do to amuse ourselves," said George Walters, as he and about half-a-dozen other boys, hardly so big, were lazily lounging about the classroom fire one dull, damp day in October.

"What say you to a game at prisoners' base?" said Philip Horton, who, with his hand upon the handle of the door, had been for some minutes entreating his more indolent schoolfellows to come out of doors and have some fun.

"There aren't enough of us for that," said Bob Meacham; "but we might have a jolly game at 'cross-tick.'"

"I should think so," said Sam Millward, "and nice figures we should look after slipping and splashing about in the mud for half-an-hour such a day as this."

"Well, if you are determined not to go outside," said Philip Horton, leaving the door and coming up to the fire, "a game at 'Jack of all trades' would be just the thing—Bob and Sam and myself will be out first, and——"

"Hold a bit," chimed in Charlie Ford, from his perch in the window casement; "I have a better idea than that. Young Simpkins, one of the new boys, is coming this way—let us have him in and put him through his catechism. What say you, George?"

"Capital!" cried all the boys, excepting Philip Horton, who threw himself on a seat with a gesture of impatience. George Walters at once despatched a youngster with his compliments to young Simpkins, and a request that he would step into the class-room for a few minutes.

"Now then, Smith," said Walters to another boy, "you sit by the door, and see he doesn't get out, and we will ask him the questions."

With that the door was pushed open, and a neatly-dressed lad of about twelve entered the room. He was a light-haired, pale, timid lad, and the look of curiosity and suppressed fun in the eyes of his schoolfellows made him nervous and bashful. He took his seat reluctantly on a stool which had been set for him in the centre of the group, and George Walters at once commenced to question him with assumed sternness.

"Now, my boy, what's your name?"

"Edward Everard Simpkins," said the lad, timidly.

"E-d-ward E-v-e-r-a-r-d," drawled his questioner, "and what on earth do you mean by coming to school with a name like that? Do they call you all that at home?"

"Yes," faintly answered the new boy, who felt that his godfathers

and godmothers had done him a very serious wrong when they gave him that name.

"Well, we haven't got time for it here, young 'un," said Walters, "so we shall call you Ned—remember that now. What is your father—is he a gentleman? Come, speak up."

"No—he—he is a grocer," answered the lad, hesitatingly, for he was quite bewildered by the question.

"Oh," said Bob Meacham, laughing, "I am glad to find he recognises the fact that no grocer can be a gentleman."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" asked Sam Millward.

"No," said the frightened youngster.

"Then you are your mother's only darling, I suppose," sneered Charlie Ford. "I wonder she trusts you out of her sight."

"Oh," said Sam Millward, "she brushes his hair in a morning, ties his muffler, gives him a sugarstick to be good, and then kisses him, and tells him to make haste home at night to be loved again."

The boy was still silent, but his colour rose and his mouth twitched nervously.

"Does mamma really tie her little lad's muffler then?" asked George Walters, in a tone of mock sympathy. "Come, tell me, there's a dear boy."

The poor boy gasped a second, and then, as he burst into tears, he said—"I haven't any mother." The evident distress of the lad at being reminded of his great loss silenced for a minute his tormentors, but Charlie Ford, not willing that their amusement should be ended so soon, came forward with his pocket-handkerchief, and said, tauntingly, "Here Edward Everard, dry your eyes; the little pet shouldn't be vexed." The lad still sobbed violently, and Ford was going to wipe his eyes for him, when a firm hand pushed him aside, and Philip Horton said, "Come, that's quite enough fun at his expense. No boy shall be taunted about his mother while I am near." And turning to the timid lad, who seemed half afraid lest this, too, should prove a trick of his tormentors, he said, "Come away, youngster, and dry your eyes in the passage here before you go out into the playground, or perhaps someone else will be teasing you."

There were some signs of dissatisfaction at this proceeding, but Horton was quite able to hold his own against any of his schoolfellows excepting Walters, and he did not choose to interfere, for he was somewhat ashamed of the part he had taken in the matter. So the new boy was soon freed from his tormentors, and in a few minutes was walking about among the younger boys in the playground.

There wanted still a quarter of an hour to schooltime, and the lads were again wondering how they should fill up the time, when the class-room door was opened, and John Baines, the other new boy, stepped in to search for a slate which he had left there before dinner. Philip Horton had not returned since befriending young Simpkins, and as there was this time no danger of interruption to their sport, the opportunity of catching Baines seemed too good to be thrown

away. So at a signal from Walters the door was shut, and the new boy was told to sit down on the stool.

He turned round from his search, with a surprised, but by no means frightened expression, and it was easy to see at a glance that he was altogether different from young Simpkins. He seemed about the same age, was somewhat shorter, but more sturdy. He had black hair, dark, piercing eyes, and his tumbled appearance certainly gave no grounds for calling him a dandy. At the second command to sit on the stool, he quietly seated himself on the nearest bench, with a look that said as plainly as possible that he would not occupy the seat pointed out. One of the boys tried to compel him, but as Walters saw he had a very obstinate lad to deal with, he allowed him to sit where he was, and commenced to question him.

"What's your name, young 'un?"

The lad hesitated for a second, as if considering whether he should answer or not, but apparently coming to the conclusion that it was a perfectly fair question, he coolly replied, "You can call me Jack—I like that name best."

The reply was such a contrast to what he had expected that George Walters was at a loss how to proceed, but after a slight pause, he said sharply, "I didn't ask you what you like best—I asked you what your name was."

"Well, then, Jack Baines," said the youngster. "Why didn't you say you wanted my surname as well?"

Walters began to feel painfully conscious that they had this time caught a Tartar, so he nudged Charlie Ford to put the next question.

"What does your father do—is he a gentleman?"

"Of course he is," said Baines, promptly.

"How do you make that out?" asked Charlie, thinking to puzzle him.

"Because he minds his own business," pluckily answered the new boy; "and that is what none of you seem to do."

Ford bit his lips with vexation at the reply he had called forth, while several of the boys—Bob Meacham among the number—laughed outright.

"And pray what may the business be that your father minds?" asked Charlie, sneeringly. "Is he a barber, or a baker, or a butcher?"

"I'll give you his address, and then you can call and see," was the unabashed reply, as all except the questioner burst out in a hearty laugh.

"What do you mean by answering my questions in that way?" angrily demanded Ford.

"I mean just this," said Baines, steadying his voice with some difficulty; "that I shall answer no more questions from you or any other boy." With that he rose from his seat, and walked towards the door.

Ford was wild with passion, and so, planting himself in front of the door, he declared the new boy should not go out until he asked

his permission. There was an awkward pause for a few seconds, as the boys stood facing each other; the new boy measuring his opponent, and trying to seem calm, although it was plain to see he was trembling with excitement. All on a sudden he made a dash at Ford, and notwithstanding his opponent's advantage in size, he managed to pull him away from the door and get it a little way open. But Ford quickly recovered from the surprise which the attack had given him, and before Baines could get out he caught him, and the two lads, closing together in a struggle, rolled on the class-room floor. Just then a quick, firm step was heard in the passage, and the other boys, throwing up the window-sash, sprang through, just in time to escape the eye of the master. Of course the struggling lads got up at once, and as the new boy would not say anything to throw the blame on Ford, they both had to write fifty extra lines as a penalty for their disturbance.

The two lads never struggled again. Charlie Ford could not help respecting the new boy for the way in which he had sheltered his opponent by his silence, when he certainly expected him to make the very most he could of the matter. And so, when his vexation at being laughed at had worn away, he was quite friendly with Jack Baines, who had at once established himself on terms of easy familiarity with all the rest of the boys.

As for poor Ned Simpkins, the story of his crying somehow got into the playground, and for a long time he had a miserable life of it. But being of an amiable and obliging disposition, he gradually won the hearts of his schoolfellows, and though for months he was teased about his long name he was safe from further annoyance.

The foregoing is an illustration, and by no means an exaggerated one, of some of the unpleasant experiences of a "new boy" at school. His other are almost all equally disagreeable. We can all recollect the feeling of unfamiliarity with which we entered on our new duties. How terribly afraid we were of the teachers, and how dreadfully severe we thought them! How awkward we were at the lessons—the studies we liked most seemed altogether new and strange under our changed circumstances. The lesson-books were different, the desks were higher or lower than we were accustomed to, and everything seemed designed to impress us with the fact that we were "new boys."

But still we could cheerfully have borne all this if we had only found ourselves among agreeable companions, if our schoolfellows had only done what they could to make us feel comfortable. But, on the contrary, both at lessons and at play, they did all they could to make us feel our position. They left us to learn the rules and discipline of the school as best we could, never offering to keep us from disgrace or punishment by a hint that something was wrong, but heartily enjoying our confusion when we were brought to task. Thus we went on writing whole pages out of the wrong books, elaborately finishing maps when outlines merely were wanted, learning by heart

the Latin exercise that had been said a week ago, and in various ways committing blunders which a friendly word would have prevented. But they not only refused to take the smallest trouble to help us, they were at great pains to hinder and perplex. We were for weeks the victims of all kinds of practical jokes. Our books were hid, leaves were cut out and gummed in again at the wrong places, our copy-books were inked, our dinners interfered with, and our lives altogether made as uncomfortable as possible.

In the playground, away from the supervision of the teachers, matters were of course worse. We were usually treated as perfect strangers, or if asked to join a game it was only with a view to playing some prank upon us. We never felt safe. If we sat on a bench we were sure to be upset. If we stood about we were in danger of being hit by balls thrown apparently by accident, or we were dragged to the ground by a piece of stout string which had been dexterously slipped in a noose round our legs. Our jackets were frequently adorned with hieroglyphics in chalk, our hats were made targets for others to throw at, and we ourselves were always in the way to be knocked down by some rade player.

And it is not only at school that "a new boy" has to suffer. The same experiences await him in the workshop or the counting-house. The "new boy" is usually made the butt of all the stale jokes of his workmates. He is sent on the most absurd errands, set to do impossible things, and generally made to look and feel as foolish and ridiculous as possible. And if the "new boy" should go to reside on the premises, his troubles are even greater. In a strange town, perhaps without a friend, he finds himself continually subjected to practical jokes of the most unpleasant character. At no time is he secure from his tormentors—indoors or out, at business or at leisure, day or night, he is relentlessly persecuted and annoyed. But even here it is generally the youngsters who keep him in torment. The older workmen or senior clerks seldom stoop to such folly.

Now why is it that young folks are such tyrants to each other? Why do they take such delight in terrifying, ridiculing, and teasing "new boys?" Perhaps one of the chief motives is revenge. They remember very distinctly how uncomfortable they felt when they were "new boys," and they recollect, too, how they were taken in hand by the bigger boys, and plagued and threatened and tormented by them until they felt half inclined to outrun it, and never come to school again. And so they feel some sort of satisfaction in serving others in the same unpleasant manner, they feel a gratification in watching the discomfort and vexation of other "new boys," and almost convince themselves that since they were worried and annoyed it is only right they in their turn should harass others. They seem to reckon it merely a part of the "give and take of life," and doubtless many an apprentice solaces himself under the petty persecutions of his shopmates with the thought that in a year or so he will have the

opportunity of indulging his mischievous wit in the same way at the expense of some other "new boy."

But the chief reason for the annoyances to which "new boys" are subjected is to be found in the love of tyranny which seems almost natural among schoolboys. It has been said that there are no greater tyrants than schoolboys, and there certainly are but few schools where the bigger boys are not strongly tempted to become such. It is impossible that the master can be personally aware of all that passes in the class, the playground, and the dormitory; and it would be wrong to remedy this by encouraging tale-bearing. And so it usually happens that the bigger boys find themselves possessed of almost absolute sway over their younger schoolfellows, and as a consequence they indulge their caprices and amuse themselves at the expense of others. And if this is the case with the old scholars, how much more likely is a "new boy" to fall in for persecution? In nine cases out of ten it may be supposed he has not a friend in the school, and as big and little boys equally enjoy the sight of his confusion, it is no wonder that the older ones indulge their love of mischief to the utmost, and find a pleasure in the sport proportioned to the unhappiness of their victim.

Now how much better it would be if the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you," were constantly practised; if boys would just for a minute or two imagine themselves in the place of the "new boy." If they remember the vexation and annoyance they suffered when they were "new boys," it ought to move them to sympathy for others, and prompt them to do all they can to promote their comfort and happiness, instead of trying to increase the feeling of strangeness, which is quite unpleasant enough of itself. If any good resulted from treating a "new boy" roughly, it might be some excuse for its unkindness, but it can only produce ill-will, malice, and revenge. It does harm not only to the "new boy," but to his persecutors, for it tends to make them heartless and inconsiderate.

And besides, it is a very cowardly practice, and as English boys profess to hate cowardice more than almost anything else, they ought at once to abandon it. No matter how much a boy may relish such fun, he is not very likely to treat a schoolfellow as he does a "new boy." He dare not do it. Although the sufferer might not complain to the master, he would be almost sure to appeal for protection to some other big boy, whose favour he had gained at some time or other. But when the tyrant gets hold of a fresh lad, who has no friends in the school, who does not even know the rules, and who is quite frightened by the strangeness of his surroundings, he knows he can do pretty much what he likes, and so, coward-like, he delights in tormenting his helpless schoolfellow. It is not often that the "new boy" has the daring to withstand his oppressor's authority, and if he should be so bold there are always plenty of cowardly on-lookers to enforce his submission. As a rule, the most constant tormentors of

"new boys" are the very lads who would not have the courage to annoy anyone else—they are often the greatest cowards in the school.

It is to be hoped that no boy who reads this will ever again seek to amuse himself by tormenting his schoolfellows; but that, on the contrary, he will help all "new boys" either at school or at business as much as he can, protect them where possible from the persecutions of others, and, as far as lies in his power, try to make them forget the unpleasantness of their position. We need never fear losing respect by such conduct, indeed it is the surest way to win the esteem and love of those by whom we are surrounded. Let us, therefore, never forget that "new boys" in any position in life have quite enough of discomfort and annoyance in the ordinary course, and have therefore a claim upon our sympathy and forbearance. Remembering our own experience, let us give them such assistance as we should have liked when in similar circumstances.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.



HIS was one of the mottoes by which good old Mrs. Nantville had trained up her family. For many years she had been left a widow; but God supplied the place of the absent one, and gave her health and strength to bring her lads up in the paths of goodness and sobriety. And now in her old age they were able to stand around and protect her from the rough blasts of life; to give comfort and happiness to that fond mother who had so often ministered to their wants.

Frederick was the youngest of Mrs. Nantville's sons. At an early age he had been placed in one of the principal warehouses in the town, where he soon rose in the esteem of his masters. But this very favour in which Frederick came to be held nearly brought about his ruin. It is not often that young men, when they suddenly become possessed of good salaries, can withstand the temptations which almost seem to be showered upon them from every side. If they have had need to exercise prudence before, when their income was comparatively small, how much greater need now that more is at command. But Frederick did not look at it in this light. He was bent upon having enjoyment with the money at his disposal. He indulged in every kind of excess; at the theatre, music-hall, or beerhouse, where life and gaiety were carried on, there he was sure to be met with his debasing companions. And all this was the more painful because it was done in secret; in secret as regarded his mother, who was under the impression that her boy was working hard to earn an honourable name, and who attributed his late hours to time spent at his books; and in secret to his relatives and friends, who had no idea of the misguided course he had already taken. Fortunately, however, an

incident occurred which served to check his sinful life. Frederick came home one night very intoxicated, and in a boastful manner showed a handful of gold to his mother. Mrs. Nantville was shocked at seeing, for the first time in her life, one of her sons drunk; but her fear knew no bounds when she saw the money.

"Frederick, where have you been to?" she exclaimed, almost in breathless words.

"Been to?" replied he, with a drunken stare at his mother, "why I've been to the governor's, and we've had a spree."

This was false, and his mother knew it. Poor Frederick! He did not know what he was saying, so completely was he stupified with drink. His mother could make no sense of him that night, so the only course was to wait till morning. But when morning came how did the culprit feel, think you? Very poorly, indeed, through bodily pain; but sick at heart for fear they might get to know at home of the money in his possession. Poor lad! He had had a good religious training, his early steps had been directed to the Sunday-school and chapel, where he was taught to serve the Lord and shun evil; but here, by one gigantic stride as it were, he found himself in the grasp of Satan. How his soul within him cried aloud for help! how he longed to unfold everything to that fond mother; and receive her comfort and forgiveness! And God heard his prayer, and brought about his reformation in a wonderful manner. Frederick made a candid confession to his mother as to the manner in which he got the money.

It was a sad tale, but yet not an unusual one. His downfall had been the result of betting. How many young men can attribute their misery to this accursed amusement! They first begin their career by betting that So-and-so cannot jump over a certain wall; having been successful in this, their first attempt, they go a line farther, and bet that Mr. — will run Mr. — a mile. Is not this a fact, dear reader? Have not hundreds of youths been ruined in this manner? So it was that Frederick was nearly ruined. He had risen step by step in the service of Satan, until, when near the top of the ladder, the evil one had whispered to him, "Well now, do something very grand, and then you shall be my right hand friend"; and in accordance with this wish he had robbed his master. Oh, my dear young friends, never listen to the calls of Satan; for if you do he will assuredly separate you from your best friends on earth, and from your best and *only* Friend in heaven!

The morning after Frederick had come home so very intoxicated his mother marched up into his bedroom, hoping to have a full explanation from him. She had an idea that the poor lad would only be too glad to unfold everything to her, so that he might obtain her forgiveness. And so she went into his presence, hoping with a deep, fervent hope that he would lay his weary head on her bosom, and tell her all, so that she might comfort him, and help to bring him right with the world, and with his Heavenly Master.

Frederick was the first to speak when she went into the room. "Good morning, mother," he feebly said, for he had a fearful head-ache.

His mother answered him kindly, at the same time walking up to his bedside.

"Well, my dear boy, how are you now?" and, as only a mother can do, she stroked the hair back from his forehead, straightened the pillow, made the bedclothes straight, and finished with giving him a hearty kiss. This last was too much for Frederick.

"Mother, can you forgive me?" he cried, piteously, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

But what need to ask that? Had not the kiss which his mother had given him been full of love and tenderness, and was not that a sufficient testimony that he was forgiven? But poor Frederick, wounded with the thought of his past transgressions, imagined that he never could be pardoned.

"My dear child, no one is more sorry than I am to see that you have departed from God's ways, and from that pious teaching which I have always endeavoured to give you, in order that you might be prepared to fight, in a Christian-like manner, the battles of this life; but then you know, Frederick, there is forgiveness for our past sins, and I am sure, my dear boy, that if you pray to God earnestly He will pardon you for what you have done." And then, having thus spoken to her son, Mrs. Nantville's tears dropped slowly on to the counterpane.

Frederick then made a candid confession to his mother. He told how one of his fellow- clerks had induced him to go to a singing-room to spend a "pleasant night," and there he had got mixed up with fast young men who made bets, and who, after a deal of persuasion, coupled with sundry "drinks," had at length managed to get him in their clutches.

But this was not all. Having once joined their society, he must of course do as they did. He must always have plenty of money on him, drink as much beer as he possibly could, and never be without a cigar in his mouth. In addition to these accomplishments he had got into the habit of betting, and lost large sums of money. And now came the painful part of his story. Having been so unfortunate as to get over head and ears in debt, he had been led on by Satan to take some of his master's money.

"And now, Frederick, I want you honestly to answer me this question," said Mrs. Nantville, when her son had finished. "How much money have you taken of your master's? Is it fifty, sixty, or seventy pounds, or more?"

"Yes, mother, more than those sums—it is one hundred!"

The truth was out at last. Mrs. Nantville, however, bore it bravely, and lost no time in trying to clear up her son's disgrace. She went to his employers, and told them all the circumstances, and begged of them to be lenient with her son. And who could listen to

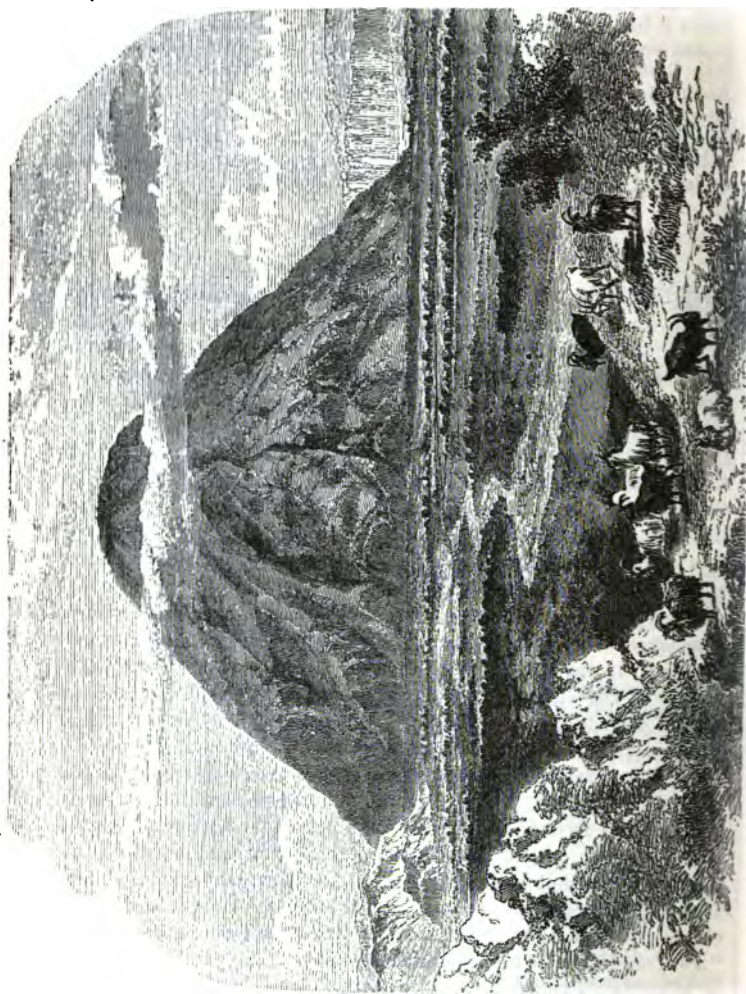
that mother's pleading without granting her request? Frederick was forgiven, and once more restored in his master's confidence; for, before it had been his evil misfortune to meet with bad companions, he had served those masters faithfully; and now, in the lad's trouble, they showed their Christian feeling by placing fresh trust in him. And that trust was never forgotten by Frederick. He studied their interests more assiduously than ever; to his loving, indulgent mother he once more brought comfort and happiness; and to his Heavenly Father, who throughout all his misfortune had never deserted him, he devoted the remainder of his life to His service.

S. FOSTER.

MOUNT TABOR.

THIS is one of the most interesting and remarkable mountains in Palestine. Among the Jews it was a Rabbinic saying that the Temple ought of right to have been built here, but was required by an express revelation to be erected on Mount Moriah. It presents to the eye, as seen from the distance, a beautiful appearance, being so symmetrical in its proportions, and rounded off like a hemisphere, yet varying somewhat as viewed from different directions. Its height is estimated at 1000 feet. It lies about six or eight miles due east from Nazareth. The panorama spread before those who stand on the summit of Tabor includes as great a variety of objects of natural beauty and of sacred and historic interest as any one to be seen from any position in the Holy Land.

Early tradition fixed upon this mount as the scene of the Saviour's transfiguration, and in the monastic ages, partly in consequence of this belief, it was crowded with hermits. From the earliest period it was one of the shrines which pilgrims to the Holy Land regarded as a sacred duty to honour with their presence and their prayers. The correctness of this tradition is now called in question, because the Evangelic narrative says that Jesus took His disciples "up into a high mountain apart," so that they were alone by themselves, whereas it is said it is susceptible of proof from the Old Testament that a fortress or town existed on it from very early times, and so it is morally certain that in the days of Christ it must have been inhabited. Well, it may be so; yet our imagination refuses to obey the dictates of cold criticism, and dissociate Tabor from the Transfiguration, for "if one might choose a place which he would deem peculiarly fitting for so sublime a transaction, there is none certainly which would so entirely satisfy our feelings in this respect as the lofty, majestic beautiful Tabor."



TRUE MANHOOD.

MAN, occupying the highest place in the earthly creation, is endowed with corresponding superior qualities of body, mind, and spirit. Physical powers have been given to him for useful action; mental, for the acquisition and investigation of truth, and spiritual for the apprehension and enjoyment of God. It depends upon himself, therefore, whether he rises to the dignity of his high calling, or sinks to the level of the animal. The fullest scope is allowed him, and he who lives in the healthful and legitimate exercise of all his faculties alone fulfils the sublime purposes of his creation. He who makes the soul the servant of the body degrades his manhood, and becomes the prey of evil. Foes within and without acquire a mastery over him which he cannot overcome. He desires to get free, but is powerless. His bondage began in unmanly indulgences, which soon enslaved his entire manhood. Indulgences such as smoking and drinking are regarded by many young men as manly, and youths will undergo great discomfort in order to acquire them. What a description of the tyro smoker is given by Alexander Smith, the young Scotch poet, who, describing his companions in a city warehouse, says of one:—

“ And there was one
Who strove most valiantly to be a man,
Who smoked and still got sick, drank hard and woke
Each morn with headache; his poor timorous voice
Trembled beneath the burden of the oath
His bold heart made it bear.”

It is one of the most painful features of modern civilisation that mere lads are falling victims to the vices we have named, which are undermining the life of our nation.

Again, the athlete is admired as a fine specimen of manhood, and so far he may be. We do not depreciate exercises by which the body is strengthened for greater endurance; but we cannot overlook the fact that muscular power is too often attained at the expense of the mind. The man whose highest ambition is to excel in rowing, running, or jumping, is little better than a mere animal. Under certain circumstances these exercises are harmless, and even beneficial. What we protest against is the disposition to regard them as superior to mental acquirements.

Dr. Watts, who was small of stature, was once in a coffee-house, when he overheard a gentleman ask rather contemptuously, “What! is that the great Dr. Watts?” whereupon the Doctor repeated the following stanza from his lyric poems:—

“ Were I so tall as reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind’s the standard of the man.”

But mind alone cannot constitute true manhood. A man may possess

a highly-cultivated and richly-endowed intellect, an elegant and refined taste, philosophical acumen, and yet he spiritually ignorant and morally vile. Swift, Voltaire, Burns, Byron, and many others confirm our statement. "It was an easy thing," as Professor Blackie remarks; "for Lord Byron to be a great poet; it was merely indulging his nature; he was an eagle, and must fly; but to have curbed his wilful humour, soothed his fretful discontent, and learned to behave like a reasonable being and a gentleman, that was a difficult matter, which he does not seem ever seriously to have attempted. His life, therefore, with all his genius and fits of occasional sublimity, was, on the whole, a terrible failure, and a great warning to all who are willing to take a lesson."

Having referred to some false ideas of manliness, it devolves upon us to show what constitutes true manhood. In our judgment, true manhood is attained when all the faculties of our nature exist in a healthy and vigorous condition. A true Christian is the highest type of a man. Dr. Livingstone was such a one. He was one of the most heroic, self-denying men that ever lived; a mighty man, a man of pith, purpose, endurance, and tenacity; a man of great faith and holy hope, a martyr to a grand purpose of philanthropy. In brief, true manhood may be said to consist in the legitimate exercise of all the faculties, and especially the spiritual faculties. R.

LITTLE CROWNS.

(A SERMON FOR CHILDREN. BY C. LEACH.)



I DARE say many of the boys who read the JUVENILE have often wished that they were kings, and had palaces in which to live, attended by servants wearing beautiful clothing and smiling faces. Perhaps some boys who will read "Little Crowns" may have had a day-dream about what he would do, buy, and give, if only he could be a king, and wear a crown.

I think I can hear one boy say: "If I were a king I would remove from this small house to a much larger one in London. Father should go no more to the forge; and mother should not work so hard as she now does. I would not let her shed another tear because she had not money sufficient to buy John a new jacket, or Mary a new hat. I would make them all rich, and give them a beautiful home near my own."

For mother's sake I am sorry I cannot tell you how to become a king and rule a nation: but I can tell all boys, and girls too, of "little crowns" which they may wear: crowns of more real value than any cluster of diamonds which ever graced a monarch's brow.

I. The first of which I will tell you is the crown of obedience.

This always looks bright upon the head it fits, and it fits none so well as the young one. "Obedience," says an old writer, "is twofold—that which is given to God, that which is given to man." The Bible teaches young people, and old ones too, to observe both. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," is the teaching of the *Old Testament*, whilst the *New* speaks of this as the "first command with promise."

In some ages parental command was considered so important a matter, that one nation determined to punish with death every son who would not obey the command of his father, nor listen to the voice of his mother. Of this you may read an account in Deut. xxi, 18—21. Parental obedience is a crown which every boy and every girl may and ought to wear.

Obedience should not, however, end with parents. Beginning there, it should rise into that higher and, if possible, more holy obedience to the commands of Jesus, which are all given in love. (Matt. x., 37.) The boy or girl who listens to and obeys His commands, wears a crown which keeps many pains from the head, and pangs from the heart.

II. Another little crown is love.

This is a bright, sparkling crown, which Jesus Himself brings all the way from heaven to give to every little follower of His who is willing to wear it.

Would not you like to have this crown? I am sure you would. But you must understand it is not given to any one in whom there is hid any hatred. No, you must put out of your little hearts all feelings of malice and sin. You must love and

"Pray for those who hate you,
If any such there be,"

if you want Jesus to give you this crown of love.

III. The last little crown of which we will now speak (but we might speak of many more) is the "crown of glory."

This is the brightest and best of all. If the beauty and brightness of all crowns ever worn in this world were put together as one, the "crown of glory" would outshine even that. Its brightness will never lose its lustre; its glory shall not pass away. This may be worn by every child. Many that we have known are now wearing such crowns. There are many of them in the storehouse of Jesus, waiting for those heads which have worn the crowns of obedience and love.

In conclusion let me say, that if you would live among the happy angels, and walk over the golden streets of heaven, crowned with glory and honour, you must in this world live a life of obedience, goodness, and love.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIX.—HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.

(Continued from page 272.)

BERTHA. "Who was Copernicus?"

"He was a native of Thorn, a city in Prussia, just bordering on Poland. He was born in the year 1472, studied at Cracow and Rome, and for a period of thirty years he closely observed the heavenly bodies, hoping to find in their movements some agreement with the tables of Ptolemy. In this endeavour he was so disappointed that he began to doubt whether the last of the Greek astronomers had been correct in his belief that the earth was stationary. Further examination convinced him that not the earth but the sun was stationary, while the earth and the other planets revolved around him. When he had reached this conclusion he was afraid to make it known, lest by so doing he should rouse opposition on the part of those who held the doctrine of Ptolemy, and so bring punishment upon himself. He therefore continued his observations, and sought proofs in support of his own opinions, not publishing them until very near the close of life. It is said that he received the last sheet of his book on the day before he died."

HERBERT. "Were the opinions of Copernicus generally accepted when his book was published?"

"They were not. The beautiful simplicity of the Copernican system seemed to have no attraction for the adherents to the system of Ptolemy, and the views of the great Polish astronomer were everywhere distrusted merely because they were opposed to the generally-accepted opinions, and were contrary to the Romish Church's interpretation of the Scriptures.

ANNIE. "Then how was it they came to be accepted?"

"Mainly through the efforts of three great men. One of these was Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer and a follower of Ptolemy, who closely studied the heavens for the purpose of overthrowing the opinions of Copernicus, but whose valuable observations were made use of by Kepler, the greatest astronomer of his age, for the purpose of establishing the system of Copernicus. Kepler was a native of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and being born about twenty-five years after Tycho Brahe, he found he was able to use the facts which the laborious Dane had spent many years in observing and recording. And use them he did with excellent purpose, joining to them his own close and continuous observations of the planet Mars, until, after seventeen years of arduous toil, he was able to declare the three great doctrines of the planetary world which go under the name of Kepler's laws. The first of these laws directly answered a question which had puzzled astronomers from the very commencement of the science. The greatest difficulties in the system of Ptolemy resulted from his

method of trying to explain the orbits of the planets. Ptolemy asserted that they moved in large circles, but that each planet described a number of small circles while moving round the large one; Kepler's first law declares that the planets move, not in circles, but in elliptic orbits; and all the observations made since have tended only to establish the law."

BERTHA. "Did you not say that three great men assisted to establish the system of Copernicus?"

"Yes; I have already mentioned two, a Dane and a German; the third was an Italian, Galileo Galilei, who was born at Florence in the year 1564. When a young man Galileo was a teacher of philosophy at Pisa, but was driven thence because of the envy and jealousy which his great ability excited. He was a firm believer in the astronomy which Ptolemy had taught, and refused to go and hear a public lecturer discourse in favour of the system of Copernicus, for he thought the system to be full of nonsense. A short time afterwards, however, he was conversing with a person who had heard the lecturer, and there appeared so much sound reason in the scheme that he resolved to consider it fully. A very brief inquiry convinced him that Copernicus was right, and after further examination he became one of the most devoted and successful champions of the Copernican system. Shortly afterwards a discovery was made which gave him the means of establishing beyond a reasonable doubt the opinions which he had adopted. Previously all astronomical observations had been conducted without the help of a telescope, for no such instrument was known; but one day Galileo heard that a Dutchman named Jansen had constructed an instrument by which distant objects, when viewed through it, appeared to be brought near, so that they could be clearly seen. This caused him to wonder how such an instrument could be made, and having brought his great ability to bear on the subject, he was not long in finding out the principle on which it was constructed. By the next day he had made a small telescope; he then produced one larger; and within a short time he possessed a telescope which would magnify thirty-two times. With its assistance he examined the moon, and afforded himself immense pleasure by watching the mountain shadows on her surface. He then turned his attention to the planets, and discovered the moons of Jupiter, also the changes in the appearance of Venus; all which discoveries afforded the strongest possible proof that the views of Copernicus were correct. Galileo died on Christmas-day, 1642, and on the same day our great English astronomer, Sir Isaac Newton, was born. Newton's work consisted mainly in the discovery of the law of gravitation; but the discovery was a most important one, requiring years of close investigation and careful reckoning before it was completed and fully applied to all the members of the solar system. Newton's mighty intellect was exactly suited to this great work, and his knowledge of mathematics enabled him to pursue it with wonderful exactness. Everywhere the great value of his discovery is acknowledged,

for the law has given to astronomers a key to unlock rich stores of knowledge which were previously closed against them."

HERBERT. "Have not many other discoveries been made by astronomers in this country since Sir Isaac Newton's death?"

"Yes; England has occupied a high position for its astronomical discoveries from Newton's time till now. In the year 1675 the Royal Observatory of Greenwich was founded for the purpose of preparing maps of the stars, and gathering information likely to help sailors in finding out their position when away at sea. John Flamsteed was the first Astronomer-Royal appointed to have charge of it, at a salary of only £100 per annum. With this salary he had to find his own instruments, and procure whatever assistance he needed. After forty-three years of patient toil, by which many difficulties were overcome and numerous practical observations made, he was succeeded by Dr. Halley, the first astronomer who computed the period and orbit of a comet. In 1742 Dr. Bradley was appointed to the position of Astronomer-Royal. The Government now began to render more substantial help, so that with improved instruments and more assistants Bradley was able to make considerable progress in the work of observation, and in conjunction with his friend Bessel he obtained results which are valuable even at the present day. Since his time the office has been filled by Dr. Bliss, Dr. Maskelyne, and Mr. John Pond. At present it is occupied by G. B. Airey, Esq., and continues to supply and record information the value of which it is beyond our power to estimate. Of the principal discoveries made during the last hundred and fifty years we have already spoken, namely, the accidental discovery of the planet Uranus by Sir W. Herschel, and the wonderful finding of the planet Neptune in accordance with the predictions of Adams and Leverrier. Much additional work of great value was done by Sir W. Herschel, and not less by his son, Sir John Herschel. Many means are now in operation for the making of further discoveries, but the notice of these we will for the present defer."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS FAITH ?

A poor little wild Irish boy, taught in a mission school, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

A young Portuguese convert being asked what she meant by faith, replied, "Me think this: God say to me, 'Maria, I promise you something very, very good.' Me not know what it is; me wait, perhaps, long, long time; but me sure God tell not story. Me quite happy. God say He give, and me quite sure God will give—that me think faith. God says, 'Maria, Me do it?' me quite sure; no want to see. God says, and that enough for Maria. That's faith, is it not?"

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The Mosaic Religion and Slavery.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will kindly explain, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, how it was that slavery was permitted and sanctioned amongst the Israelites of old. According to the laws given by Moses from Mount Sinai it was so. I am aware that the ceremonial and political codes of the Jews were then, as being typical of Christ and good things to come, different from what they were after the Gospel dispensation; but should not the perpetual moral law of brotherly kindness require that we should "do unto others as we would be done by," and therefore prohibit any shape or form of slavery? Being a firm believer in the Bible, I am anxious to have this apparently difficult subject explained.—I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

J. J. BRADEN.

Bately, 23rd July, 1874.

ANSWER.—(1) Our correspondent's assertion that slavery was permitted and sanctioned by the Mosaic Law is true in a sense. It permitted it certainly, and in an indirect way might be said to sanction slavery—though to allow a thing is not always equivalent to sanctioning it. The Mosaic Law did not originate or enjoin slavery. It never says it shall be, but it says if there be slavery it shall exist only in a certain form and with certain limitations. Instead of using our correspondent's term, we should have said the Mosaic Law recognises slavery, and the facts of the case we think will not fairly go farther than that. Slave-dealing it made a capital crime. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, shall surely be put to death."

(2) As to the question—How it was that a law given by Divine authority recognised slavery?—an answer is supplied in the object for which the recognition was given. This was not to enforce the practice of slavery, but to mitigate its hardships, and secure to every man his ordinary rights. The object, therefore, was truly benevolent. With regard to the Hebrews themselves the slavery recognised was simply servitude, entered upon voluntarily and only for a term. A man who was poor, and had mortgaged his property, and was unable to support his family, might sell himself to another Hebrew—that is, he might enter into a condition of compulsory servitude toward him, with a view to obtain maintenance, and perchance a surplus sufficient to redeem his property. (Lev. xxy., 25, 39.) In the 39th verse it is said, "And be sold unto thee"; but Hebrew scholars tell us the translation should be *sell himself*.

The case of a thief is exceptional. He was reduced to a state of forced servitude if he could not make restitution according to the scale prescribed by the law. (Ex. xxii., 1, 3.) The thief was bound to work out the value of his restitution money in the service of him.

on whom the theft had been committed. When this had been effected he would be free, as implied in the expression "sold for his theft"—*i.e., for the amount of his theft.*

The servitude of a Hebrew, as we have said, was not perpetual. It might terminate by the satisfaction or the remission of all claims against him. Then it would terminate by the recurrence of the year of jubilee, which might arrive at any period of his servitude. And failing either of these, it would end at the expiration of six years from the time that his servitude began. Provision was, indeed, made by which a man who did not desire to avail himself of the opportunity of leaving his service might become a servant "for ever." (Ex. xxi., 6.) But whether the term meant till the year of jubilee, or to the end of his life, is a disputed point.

Lev. xxv., 39, 40, shows the care the law took of the Hebrew servant or slave. His master is admonished to treat him, not as a "bondservant, but as a hired servant and as a sojourner;" and again, "not to rule over him with rigour": while at the termination of his servitude his master is not to "let him go away empty," but to remunerate him liberally out of his flock, his floor, and his wine-press.

As to non-Hebrew slaves, the majority of them were war-captives, either the Canaanites who had escaped the general extermination of their race under Joshua, or such as were conquered from the other surrounding nations. But from Lev. xxv. we see the Israelites were allowed to purchase slaves from foreign slave-dealers. The slave is here said to be the "possession" of his master, and in Ex. xxi. he is described as his master's "money." Such expressions may show, as it is asserted, that he was regarded very much in the light of a chattel. Still provision was made for the protection of his person, and the general treatment of slaves appears to have been gentle. In the whole course of Jewish history we do not read more than twice of a slave running away from his master.

(3) In the second part of his communication our querist goes into the region of abstract principles, and enters on matters which are perhaps too high for us. We are not sure that the political or even social code of the Jews was typical of Christ and good things to come. Why should we suppose so? The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews does not. The sacrificial law and temple service are the shadows of the richer blessings coming to us through Christ. The social code must be judged of by what it was in itself, and for its beneficent character it is worthy of the highest commendation. Society existed before the delivery of the Mosaic law, and that law had necessarily some conformity to pre-existing social relations. The Israelites were not born into the world on the day of the law's promulgation; they had been sojourners in Egypt, and had acquired some of the ideas and habits of the Egyptians. From these they had to be purged, and the process was not to be done except in harmony with the various faculties of their intelligent nature. And has any nation evolved for itself, or had given to it by its philosophers and states-

men, a social system which more nearly approaches to an embodiment of the law of brotherly kindness than that delivered to the Jews by Moses? The annals of universal history may be searched in vain to find one. Its equity and beneficence has ever struck us with wonder, and has often made us ashamed of the character of our so-called Christian civilisation. Do we treat our erring or criminal brother with the consideration the Hebrew did his? Do we our poor brother? We should think it will not be contended that Hebrew slavery or servitude was an infraction of the law which requires us to do as we would be done by, unless that law abrogates all obligation on the part of men to be truthful and honest to each other, and involves the establishment of an anarchical communism. It was rather the upholding and the enforcing of that law in its true interpretation and meaning. It at once maintained the rights and enforced the duties of both parties; and as to the slavery of non-Hebrews, that, it is true, was more severe and exacting. The hired servant was changed into the bondservant, the freeman into something like a chattel. Why did the Mosaic law admit of that? Why, we may ask in return, did God admit of the Jews having a king? or living in the practice of polygamy? Not because He approved, but because of the hardness of their hearts. They were too perverse to be brought up to His standard of freedom and purity. Still, if this slavery was admitted, the law of brotherly kindness was not even in their case altogether ignored. The germs of that law were preserved, and preserved in vital force; so that the Christian law of brotherly kindness, in all the beauty and perfectness with which the Great Master presents it to us, is but an evolvment of the true spirit of the social system which Moses gave to the Hebrews. He himself says this, and enforces it upon our attention and practice by this consideration—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. vii., 12.) Thus, according to our Lord's teaching, if the institutions of Moses be so applied as to infringe on the laws of human kindness, or violate the rule of doing so as you would be done by, they were abused and perverted from their original and beneficent intention.

A LITTLE DEED, BUT A GOOD ONE.

LITTLE EFFIE found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died, but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all the summer long it sent out a sweet perfume and showed bright blossoms that pleased everybody who looked at it. A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. It is the kind words and bright smiles that make people happy; often they are worth more than great speeches or rich gifts, and any little boy or girl can give them.—*Apples of Gold.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES.

BY UNGER TRASER.

(For Conditions and Prizes see January and February.)

ANSWERS.

- 41.—Four.
 42.—Two : ass and serpent.
 43.—Ephphatha, Talitha cumi, Eli Eli, lama.
 44.—1 John iv.
 45.—Nabal. Laban.
 46.—Judges, viii., x., and xii.

QUESTIONS.

54.—It is written, "Pride goeth before destruction." Give the names of five different persons who were remarkable and terrible examples of this.

55.—In the Bible Jesus is spoken of by a great number of different names and titles. Give a list of as many as you can find in both Testaments.

56.—By whom were the first two sermons mentioned in the New Testament preached?

57.—What was Jericho famous for in the history of Israel.

58.

Warned by a prophet's voice in vain,
 Two kings to battle ride,
 But one put down his royal crown
 And laid his robes aside.
 The other's rich apparel
 Made every weapon bend
 Against his life; yet he escaped the strife,
 For God was still his friend;
 While the wicked in fancied safety,
 Disguised in mean attire,
 By an arrow found out in the deadly rout,
 Did in agony expire.

Little Ones called Home.

MARY SCOTT, daughter of Thomas and Ann Scott, was born at Ardsley, near Barnsley, June 13, 1868, and died August 10, 1874. She was a remarkable child for her years. She loved the Sunday-school, listened with deep attention to her teachers, and would often talk with her parents about what the teachers said. One day, when her mother wanted to dress a sore she had, she found it healed, and

said, "Polly, the sore is gone." "Yes, mother," she replied, "I have been praying to God to take it away." Her illness was short and severe, but when she could she talked about heaven. "Mother," she said, a day or two after her illness began, "if I die, Jesus will save me." She asked her parents not to weep for her; and after five days' illness she fell asleep in Jesus.

EZRAH JONES HUGHES, son of Elias and Margaret Hughes, was born at Flint, January 15, 1863. When very young he went to the Methodist New Connexion Sunday-school at that place, and up to the time of his illness he would have done anything sooner than neglect attending. His sufferings in his sickness were very great, but he bore them patiently. He often spoke of Jesus and of heaven, and told his mother not to weep, for he was sure he was going to heaven, and she would come there too. At another time he said to his father he would rather die and go to Jesus, than live to suffer so much. Then the light went out of his blue eyes, and—

"He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

He died September 2, 1874, and was followed to the grave by a great many of his school companions, who sang on the way—

"Death has been here and borne away
A scholar from our Sabbath-school."

TWO STORIES OF THE BLIND.



Y heart has been touched by the stories that I am about to tell you. They are about two children who lost their sight; and when you read them I would have you thank God that you have eyes to see with, while you remember that if you should lose your sight you should not murmur, for God doeth all things well.

THE BLIND BOY.

Once there was a good little boy in Scotland, about eight years old, who took the smallpox; and when he grew better, it was found it had shut up both his eyes, so that he could see nothing. He had been such a gentle, good boy, that all the family loved him, and led him about, and were very kind to him. He had a little sister Annie, twelve years old, who used to find amusement for him, and when warm weather came she would take him to walk in the country.

One day they took a long walk, and sat down at the foot of a great tree. "Annie," said James, "what a pleasant day this is! The air feels so soft and so warm to my face. I hear the brook racing over the smooth stones, and the sheep and lambs bleat. How I wish I could see them again! Hark! there is a thrush singing over our heads. Oh, how beautiful it used to be to sit down here,

and look to the far-away hills and the clear blue sky, and see the mill yonder, and the pretty ducks in the pond ! Ah, Annie, I think I shall never see these things again ! ”

Then the little boy thought how dismal it would be to be always blind and dark, and felt so helpless and sad : and he began to cry. “ Don’t cry, Jamie,” said his dear sister, “ maybe you’ll see yet. There was Daniel Scott, you know, had the smallpox, and was blind for weeks ; but he got well, and now he sees as well as anybody. Besides, you know,” said she, “ God will do right about it, as dear mother says ; and if He leaves you to be blind, will make you happy some other way. Besides, we all do what we can for you ; and I will read to you, and it will not be so bad.”

But poor James kept thinking of his misfortune, and sat down with his head bent upon his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and kept on crying. The flood of tears pressed their way between his eyelids, which had stuck together, and when he lifted up his head he cried out, “ O Annie, I can see ! There’s the brook, and the mill, and the sheep ! Oh, how glad I am ! ” Annie was as joyful as he, and hurried him to return home so as to tell the good news ; but James could hardly walk, for he wanted so to look about him. “ Oh,” said he, “ how little do children know of the blessing of sight ! If they had only lost it awhile, like me, they would never cease to thank God for eyesight.”

You may think how pleased they all were at home. At night, when the father prayed in the family, and came to thank God for restoring dear little James, he wept for joy. James soon got his sight completely, and when he grew up to be a man, he never forgot to be grateful to his Heavenly Father that he was not blind.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Alice was sitting up, and was so anxious for our coming, and so happy at the thought of seeing once more, that she had quite a rosy colour in her cheeks. The doctor looked at her very sadly, and said, “ How d’ye do ? ” to her with a very soft and kind voice.

She seemed hardly to hear him, but said very quickly, with a pleasant smile, “ Now doctor, must I take off the handkerchief ? ” and raised her hand to take out the pin which fastened it.

“ Not yet, my dear,” said the doctor, taking hold of her head ; “ I wish to say something to you first. I fear, Alice, that you are going to be very much disappointed. You have no idea how very bad your eyes are. They give you no pain, and therefore you think there cannot be much the matter with them ; but, my dear child, those are not the worst diseases of the eye which give the most pain. You think that this handkerchief keeps you from seeing ; but I am afraid when I take it off you will see very dimly—very dimly indeed ; nay, Alice, I may as well tell you all—I fear that at present, at least, and perhaps for many days to come, you will not see at all.”

As Dr. Franks spoke, the smile had gone from Alice’s lip, and the colour from her cheek ; so that when he was done, instead of the

bright, happy face she had when we came in, she was looking very pale and very sad. She seemed to have forgotten the handkerchief, her hands hung down in her lap, and she did not speak a word.

Both the doctor and I were much grieved for her, and Mrs. Scott's tears fell upon her head, as she stood leaning over the back of her chair. Alice did not weep—indeed, she seemed quite stunned.

After a while the doctor said, "Alice, this handkerchief is of no use to you, and it must be very warm and unpleasant; shall I take it off?"

Her lips moved, and she tried to say "Yes, sir," but we could scarcely hear her.

It was taken off. Alice kept her eyes shut for a little time, and then opened them suddenly, and turning them first towards the window, looked slowly round the room, then shut them again without saying a word. She soon opened them, and looking towards the doctor, said, in a low, faltering voice, "Doctor, is it night?"

"No, my child, it is not more than four o'clock in the afternoon."

She was silent a minute, then said, "Is it cloudy?"

"No, Alice, the sun is shining brightly."

She was again still for a little while—the tears began to come into her eyes, and her lip quivered very much, as speaking again, she said, "Are the windows shut?"

The doctor again answered her, "No, they are open, and the sashes raised."

Poor Alice covered her eyes with her hands for a second; then stretching out her arms, and turning her head around, as if looking for someone, she cried mournfully, "Mother, mother, where are you?"

"Here, my own precious child," said Mrs. Scott, as, coming round to the side of the chair, she put her arms around her, and drew her head down upon her bosom.

Alice did not cry aloud, but her tears came fast, and her sobs were so deep, that it seemed as though her heart would break with this great sorrow.

The doctor said softly to Mrs. Scott, "Persuade her to go to bed as soon as you can;" and then both he and I went out, for we knew her mother would be her best comforter.

Poetry.

OUR FATHER'S HAND.

HELD by a Father's hand, with childish glee
Content we wander; want no cause to see
Why He thus leads us and directs our way:
Is He but with us, then 'tis brightest day.

Could we but trust with childlike faith our Lord,
And to His guidance all our ways accord,
He darkest hours with light divine would fill,
And in our hearts His presence oft instil.

When on the past we gaze in pensive thought,
Plainly we see the way we have been brought;
Though griefs oft came, then hard to understand,
They were but leadings of a Father's hand.

What though misfortune's billows toss and swell?
Secure we rest: He doeth all things well.
And though at times we near life's stormy strand,
We know He guides us with a Father's hand.

Fiercest temptations then may rage in vain;
Yet, fighting boldly, greater strength we gain;
And till we conquer, and all foes withstand,
God will uphold us by a Father's hand.

We need not dread the future that we fear,
'Tis but the portal to that higher sphere
Where, when we enter, in that blissful land,
May we be welcom'd by a Father's hand.

Let us hope on; the shadows on our path
Come not as tokens of God's mighty wrath:
When heaven we gain, plainly shall each command
Show the kind leading of a Father's hand.

"Ch. 10. 23."

ASK, AND YE SHALL HAVE

(A PRAYER IN AFFLICTION:)

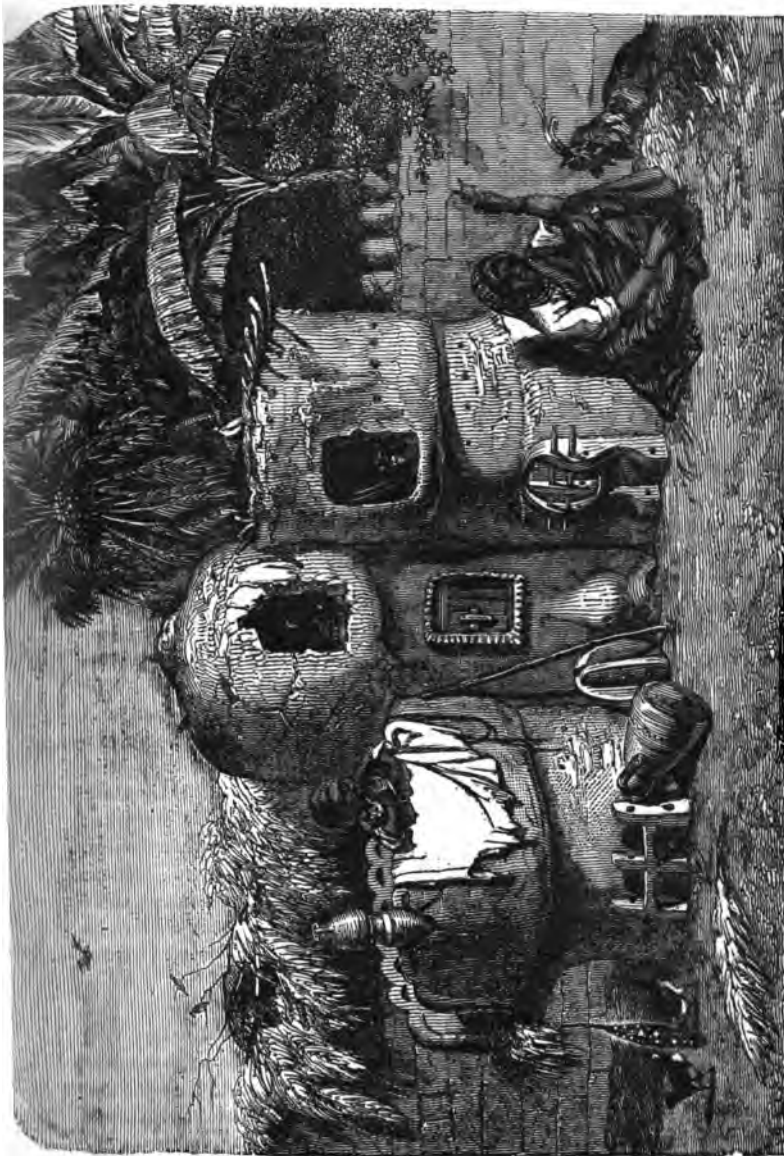
O Father, hear my prayer!
Breathe new an ev'ning blessing]
Upon thy lowly servant here,
On his weary couch expiring.

Be thou ever near me, Lord;
My heart with grace sustain:
Fulfil the promise of Thy Word,
And cleanse my soul from ev'ry stain.

O Saviour, take my hand,
And lead through death's dark river
To the peaceful "Promised Land,"
Where I'll laud Thy name for ever.

Guernsey.

FRED.



A FELLAH RESIDENCE. — (See page 310.)

A FELLAH RESIDENCE.



FELLAH is an Egyptian peasant, or agriculturist. He tills the soil, and, therefore, is the source of the country's wealth; but the wealth he produces he is not permitted to enjoy.

Egypt is an object of interest to us English people, and will probably be more so in the future than it has been in the past. Our commercial relations with it will tend to this. We may see a great deal of the cotton which we spin and weave in our factories grown there; while increased facilities of travelling will lead vast numbers to visit this remarkable country.

The Government of Egypt is despotic, and the present ruler—the Khedive, as he is called—has introduced many innovations into the land. These changes in some instances are without doubt improvements, but they chiefly apply to the towns. The condition of those who cultivate the ground is said to be very deplorable. Dr. Efin, an American missionary, thus describes their state:—"Oppression comes to them daily with its sternest demands. Taxation is sucking at the very vitals of all classes. Unable to pay their taxes, the people have given their lands; so that the Wazir has now in his possession 160,000,000 of acres, out of the 220,000,000 now under cultivation, leaving only 40,000,000 now in possession of the peasants. The result is a most distressing state of things among the people. The most squalid destitution is revealed at every turn. Men, women, and children sleep upon the bare earth, without bed or covering, and the majority without even a mat. A single dark blue tunic of thin cotton is the only garment of thousands by day, and their only covering at night. Multitudes have not a change of clothing, but wear the same garment until it drops in rottenness from their bodies. Of washings and cleanings they know almost nothing. These fellahs may have treasures buried in the earth, or ornament their hair, ears, and noses with medals and gold rings, but they cannot be persuaded materially to change their customs. 'Gold does not wear out,' they say; 'beds, coverlets, sheets, and the like do.'"

To know these things should teach us lessons of contentment and thankfulness. In our country there are many social evils to be removed. Many are wretchedly poor, and have to endure privations which are so painful that we shudder to think of them; and some perhaps are not strangers to oppression. But compared with such countries as Egypt, and others we might name, old England is a very

Paradise. And why? Because it is a Christian country. The pure and benevolent religion of Jesus is known by us, and more or less practised by all classes. In this is found the main source of our happiness. Our experience is a fulfilment of the Psalmist's prophecy that men should be blessed in Christ. In return let us all call Him blessed.

J. HUDSTON.

"CHRISTMAS FOR EVER!"

By TOM BROWN, Author of "*A Year at School*," &c., &c.

"CHRISTMAS for ever!" shout the cheery, light-hearted schoolboys, as they gladly leave school and studies behind, and hurry home to enjoy with relish, rendered keen by weeks of eager anticipation, the various delights and amusements provided for their entertainment during the holiday. How their imaginations run on plum-puddings and parties, beef and blindman's-buff, custards and carol-singers! They seem to think three months' holiday would not be enough to exhaust such a constant and varied succession of pleasures and pastimes.

"Christmas for ever!" sings the apprentice, as on the previous day he gaily packs his travelling bag, and with high hopes and glad anticipations of welcome, he starts on his journey by road or rail to the old home, from which he has been absent a long time. His thoughts are of the faces of loved ones, of the joys of social intercourse, of the presents to be given and received, and of a short rest from the whirl and rush of business. How dear his home seems now, and how pleasant are all the old associations that he once thought so dreadfully commonplace.

"Christmas for ever!" chant the old folks at home, in wavering bass and tremulous treble notes, as they bustle about in glad some hurry to get ready for the reception of the grown-up sons and daughters and the toddling grandchildren, who are expected again to fill the old house with cheery home music. How fondly they will gather round the glowing hearth, to listen to the pleasant oft-told tales of long ago, by their mutual sympathy drawing each to each in closer bonds of unity, and receiving fresh courage to meet the long succession of every-day duties and fresh strength to fight the every-day battles of life!

"Christmas for ever!" say young and old, from wee Johnny, who calls it "Kismus," to his aged grandfather, whose failing utterance can scarcely say it plainer. So says everyone—married or single, rich or poor, social or solitary, excepting those unfortunate ones to whom the festive season only brings a keener sense of poverty and privation and a bitter memory of long past pleasures; and the equally

unfortunate cross, selfish, grumpy people, who begrudge themselves and everyone else indulgence in innocent enjoyment, and who go croaking and grumbling about, trying to make other people as unhappy as themselves. A man who does not say "Christmas for ever!" with a right good will must either have had the brightness driven out of his life by some dread calamity, or else he has wilfully shut it out by cherishing in his heart feelings of revenge or discontent.

So much in love are we with Christmas that we should not like the prospect of outliving its observance. It would be bad enough to live in those parts of the world where it is only slightly kept. How queer it must be for an emigrant in Canada to wake up on Christmas morning and find business going on almost as usual, and people going about as if they knew nothing of our grand old festival. But if such an one wishes he can shut himself up in his own house, and with his family about him he can welcome old Father Christmas into his home, and, like his friends across the Atlantic, celebrate his advent in true old-fashioned, cheery English style.

But what a sad thing it would be if Christmas were to be entirely forgotten in our own country, and its return unnoticed! It would seem as if all the brightness were taken out of at least five months of the year. We should have nothing to look forward to through the chill and fog of October and November, and nothing to look back upon amid the snow and sleet of January and February. When all the autumn fruits were gathered in, and one by one the flowers had passed away, there would be nothing pleasant to look forward to until the pretty spring flowers should come again. The four months—November, December, January, and February, would be like four tremendous arches in a bridge of wearisome length, joining together two lands of beauty and brightness. And we, like poor pilgrims, should slowly travel across its vast expanse, groping through fog and darkness, battling with wind, hail, and snow, and splashing through wet, before we could reach the farther side, where the primroses and the bluebells bloom. But as it is, Christmas is like a huge double-reflecting lamp set in the centre of the bridge, cheering us on with its glowing brightness and pleasant heat until we reach it, and after we have passed it, still flinging after us a share of its light and warmth. It is like a refreshment-room, to which we hurry through the drenching rain and bitter cold—a sort of half-way house, where we rest for a time to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and to partake of glorious good cheer; and from which we set out again warmed, strengthened, and cheered, and all the better fitted for the rest of our weary journey.

So we shout lustily "Christmas for ever!" And we mean it too. We feel that we cannot very well do without our old visitor. We feel that every time he comes he does us good, and that the influence he leaves behind helps us to do our duty, and to be more contented with our lot. Let us, then, give him a right hearty

welcome. Let us make our houses warm and cheerful, and our rooms bright and gay with holly and ivy. All dark looks must be brightened, and all thoughts of discontent, envy, or uncharitableness must be banished. We must usher our venerable guest into a bright, cheerful home, greet him with hearty, genial words, welcome him with happy, pleasant looks, and entertain him with all kinds of good cheer.

Everything connected with Christmas seems suited to endear it to our hearts, and to make it the happiest of all festivals. Perhaps the most noticeable of all is the "Christmas fare." The old couplet says—

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

And from the time when the boar's head was considered "a dainty dish to set before a king" until now, Christmas has been celebrated with feasting and merry-making. As civilisation has advanced, these celebrations have become more refined. In the old feudal times the baron held high festival in his castle, and while he and his friends in the hall ate and drank with riotous indulgence, his vassals and retainers in the servants' apartments partook of the rude hospitality of their lord, and followed, as far as was in their power, the gluttonous example of their superiors. But nowadays we no longer consider it respectable to get drunk; our tables, if spread with less abundance, are furnished with more taste; and instead of the festival being only observed in the halls of the great, it is kept in the humblest homes, and most of our artisans have it in their power to sit down to a better Christmas dinner than that partaken of by knights and squires in the olden time. The consequence is an enormously increased demand for those good things which have come to be considered essential to Christmas fare. And surely our tradesmen take care that the supply shall be at least equal to the demand; indeed to see the provision made for the festival, one might almost be tempted to fear that later on we might run short in consequence of such lavish supplies. All that our own country produces is brought into the market in abundance, and every clime contributes its luxuries for our use. What piles of prize beef and prime mutton are exhibited at the butcher's! What scores of turkeys, geese, pheasants, and hares, are to be seen at the poulterer's, hanging in rows, as if all convicted of a similar offence, as they certainly are sentenced to a very similar fate! What heaps of golden oranges, ruddy apples, and tempting grapes are displayed at the fruit shop! While the crowd of youngsters who flatten their noses against the window-panes, bears testimony to the charms which a confectionery establishment possesses for youth and humanity!

Well, we suppose it is quite right. We are obliged to eat, and there seems no reason why we should not once in a way gratify our appetites with the best and daintiest fare we can afford, provided always that we observe due moderation. Custom certainly is all in favour of a bountiful spread at Christmas, and it would be very

inhospitable at such a time to offer our friends nothing but frugal fare. Of course there is always a danger that, incited by dainty flavour, our palate may crave for more than is good for us. Youngsters especially have great difficulty in keeping their appetite for pudding within proper bounds; but it is often the case that some of the older people, who are so severe on Johnny's excesses, are themselves guilty of too large indulgence in their favourite dish. Few things spoil the enjoyment of Christmas more certainly than over-indulgence. We are so constituted that our head always sympathises with our stomach, and if we are so weak as to overload the latter our digestion is impaired, our comfort disturbed, our good-temper soured, and our enjoyment is at an end.

Then look at the Christmas family gathering. Possibly this custom had its origin in the old feudal gatherings in the ancestral hall, but whatever may have been its origin, it is worthy of all observance. It is well that on one day in the year the father and mother should gather around them again their grown-up children, and that the old faces should be seen in the old home. This admirable custom seems to run small risk of becoming obsolete. As the means of locomotion have increased, the number of Christmas visitors has rapidly multiplied, and every year sees an increase of this special traffic. What gigantic arrangements the railway companies make to enable friends in all parts of the country to meet around the Christmas fire! If the whole population were playing a gigantic game of "forfeits," and the signal "move all" had been given, one would think there could hardly be more bustling about and travelling than there are at Christmas time. How interesting it is to visit a large railway-station on Christmas-eve, and watch the busy crowd as it comes and goes! To see the anxious sisters awaiting the home-coming of their handsome grown-up brother from the city, or the father awaiting the arrival of his son from a distant town. How pleasantly excited everyone seems, while suppressed mirth and eager expectation beam from every eye! How frequent the questions addressed to the officials, who, bothered and worried as they are, cannot help but be cheerful and civil at Christmas-time! And when at last the train arrives, and the long-looked-for face is seen looking longingly out of the window, what a race there is to the carriage, and, quite regardless of spectators, what warm embraces the young man receives as he alights, and what lots of questions he has to ask and answer as he is hurried on to the happy home circle! How good and how pleasant a thing it is for families to meet in a happy Christmas gathering! Every such meeting tends to tighten the bands of sympathy and love, which a temporary absence may have loosened. If any are prosperous, all rejoice over the success; and if any are bowed down by calamity or difficulty, the sympathy of the others cheers them, and their counsel and encouragement nerves them for fresh endurance. Perhaps the young man who left home a year ago light-hearted and happy, has suffered under the fierce temptations of

town life, and although he has been preserved from disgrace, he is saddened by the thought that his "foot had well-nigh slipped." But his Christmas visit home cheers him. He makes an open confession of his weakness, and is comforted and encouraged by his father's judicious words. Possibly the daughter, whom adverse fortune has sent from home, has been placed in circumstances of great peril or perplexity, and the mother's quick eye soon detects the look of unrest and dissatisfaction. But before they go to rest on Christmas-eve the fond girl has wept out all her troubles on her mother's breast, and, comforted by her counsels and her prayers, she throws off her load of trouble, and Christmas-day dawns without a single cloud of care. Half the charm of such family gatherings is due to the old memories and associations they call up. How pleasant it is to talk over old Christmas festivals, and to enjoy again in retrospect the pleasant scenes of bygone years! And though some chairs may be vacant, and some names mentioned in softened tones, as the speaker's eye-glances at the canvas copy of some well-remembered face, the remembrances are not unhappy. Though tears may steal from the eye, and the voice may falter, there is a pathetic pleasure in thus keeping Christmas with those who have gone before.

Then there is the Christmas party. Not only is this the season for family gatherings, but it seems to promote a feeling of almost universal hospitality, and so, something after the fashion of our feudal ancestors, we keep "open house" for all our friends who may call. And the good wishes mutually expressed on such occasions are none the less hearty because they are familiar. It is a good thing to cultivate social intercourse. We are just as liable to family as to individual selfishness, and if we keep ourselves to ourselves we grow up to a certain extent narrow-minded and prejudiced. Frequent and intimate acquaintanceship with other people widens our sympathy, extends our knowledge, increases our usefulness, and tones down such peculiarities as are likely to become unpleasant. And what time is better suited for a party than Christmas? The cold and discomfort outside make the cheerful warmth and brightness of our dwellings peculiarly grateful. But we have no sympathy with the stiff elegance of a fashionable party, where the people are half strangers to each other, and accordingly spend half the time in staring at other visitors, and wondering who they are. Our ideal of a Christmas party is a gathering of relations and friends, where all are bent on an evening's enjoyment, and where rudeness and reserve are equally unknown—where old and young join together for one night in the year, and, giving up personal preferences, do what they can for their mutual enjoyment. It is very possible that the scientific toys, the literary puzzles, and the various new-fangled amusements which this age has produced, rather tend to decrease the charm of our Christmas parties, if they do not really defeat the purpose for which they are intended. They discourage the old-fashioned games at which our grandfathers played, and over which they laughed until the old oak rafters echoed

with their merriment. How jolly it must have been to assemble in the largest room of an old-fashioned mansion, and join in a good game of trencher, hunting the slipper, or blindman's buff, while the old folks sat in their high-backed chairs in the chimney corner, watching the games with as much interest as the players themselves—now laughing, now crying, as their thoughts ran on the present and the past! Perhaps these old-fashioned games are considered too boisterous for our modern tastes, as they certainly are rather unsuited for the small rooms in which we are nowadays crowded. Of course no Christmas party can dispense with music, and, happily, this accomplishment is now within the reach of every family. After the due proportion of old favourites and new, a good old carol joined in by all present will prove a very agreeable change. Then, if a good reader is at hand, selections from standard authors, grave and gay, will add considerably to the enjoyment. Literary games, forfeits, or charades may follow; and then, while the old people chat together round the fire, and the young men and maidens whisper together in quiet corners, surely the youngsters might be allowed to indulge the extra hour of sitting up in a good game at trencher or blind-man's buff.

And then Christmas presents must not be forgotten. How eagerly we looked forward to them when we were youngsters, and how bitterly we felt the disappointment if one we had reckoned on was not forthcoming! The half-crown or the shilling we thought so much of as boys would not call forth any great degree of gratitude now; but it is still pleasant to find we are not forgotten; and the little presents from loved ones are valued far beyond their intrinsic worth. Christmas presents need not cost very much, but they have a language of their own which is very agreeable, and notwithstanding the unreasonable demands sometimes made on us, we should be sorry to see the custom pass entirely away.

But the best feature of our Christmas festival is its spirit of love. All the other things we have referred to are but the outgrowth—the practical expression of it; and unless we are actuated by its influence, we cannot so fully enjoy its pleasures. Christmas had its origin in the celebration of the most sublime expression of God's love to man. And like that great love ours should go forth in warm sympathy, and, where possible, in practical help and consolation. It was this Christmas spirit that breathed in the song the angels sang, when Bethlehem's shepherds were aroused by the wondrous melody, and heard from heavenly lips the expression of heavenly love—"Peace on earth, good will towards men." That is the true Christmas spirit. Peace on earth—all quarrels must be reconciled, all enmity forgotten, all discord harmonised. Good will towards men—towards all men. No mere sentimental good will that hopes without helping, but practical good will that comforts the distressed, cheers the cast down, and helps the poor and needy. It is this spirit of benevolence that provides the bountiful good cheer, gathers together the loved ones,

and breaks out in pleasant mirth and happy social intercourse. But, alas! our selfishness too frequently limits its extent, and we sit around our well-spread board while our neighbour's is bare, we gather in unbroken circle round the hearth while he sits lonely, and we indulge in joyous romp and merry laugh while close at hand are wretchedness and misery.

Let us try to feel more of the true spirit of the festival. Let some hearts be made the happier for our sympathy, and some homes the brighter for our help. Out of our Christmas store let us spare something for others less favoured, let us welcome the solitary to our Christmas fire, and, alike of our good cheer and of our good will, as we have freely received, let us freely give. And so we shall experience a new joy, and be more than ever inclined to shout "Christmas for ever!" while its seasonable fare, its social customs, and its cheerful mirth shall have for us a deeper meaning than they ever had before.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY IN THE YEAR 1874.

(Concluded from page 300.)



WHEN wealth increases, and during times of peace, Governments and people in high positions are able to devote their time and money to the increase and extension of useful knowledge. Of late years the wealth of many nations has been greatly multiplied, and wars have been of less frequent occurrence than formerly. One good result of this is found in the large sums of money which have been devoted by Governments and private persons to the purchase of astronomical instruments and the fitting-up of observatories in nearly every part of the earth.

BERTHA.—"Will you please explain to us what is an observatory?"

"It is a building from which men observe the changes constantly taking place amongst the heavenly bodies. It contains instruments for examining the stars and measuring their distances from each other, and, in some instances, has a library for storing books and papers, which contain the records of past observations."

ANNIE.—"Are there many such places?"

"Yes; a large number. 'The Nautical Almanack' for this year gives the exact locality of no less than seventy-seven public observatories, eight of which are in England and two in Scotland: if those which are private property were added, this number would be considerably more than doubled."

HERBERT.—“Which observatories are considered the best?”

“The Royal Observatory at Greenwich stands first; its observations are widely acknowledged as the most exact. The following are also worthy of special notice—namely, those of Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, the Cape of Good Hope, Derpat, in Russia; Berlin and Paris. The Greenwich Observatory is under the strict care of the Astronomer Royal, G. B. Airy, Esq. One of the greatest benefits it confers upon us is the daily transmission of Greenwich mean time by telegraph to nearly every part of the country. In addition to many and various instruments for viewing the heavens, it contains self-registering meters for recording the force and direction of the wind and measuring the quantity of rain which falls by day and night.”

HERBERT.—“Is there not an observatory at Kew, in which changes of weather are carefully noted?”

“Yes; the Kew Observatory, under the care of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is almost entirely devoted to weather-changes, including wind, rain, heat, and electricity; but the building was erected for an astronomical observatory. And, indeed, it does now confer a great boon upon astronomers through the gentle attentions which a young lady there bestows upon the sun: every day on which our bright orb condescends to make himself visible through the clouds his photograph is taken and preserved with the greatest possible care, so that any change in his personal appearance may be at once detected and accurately traced.”

ANNIE.—“What is the power of the telescopes now in use?”

“They vary according to their kind, quality, and size. Some are called Refractors; the largest in the world of this kind is the property of R. S. Newall, Esq., of Gateshead. Its object glass is 25 inches in diameter, and will grasp 15,000 times more light than the eye. It is said to make the moon appear as though not more than eighty miles away. Others are called Reflectors. The largest reflecting telescope is the one erected at the Birr Castle Observatory by the late Earl of Rosse. Its speculum weighs about three tons, and is six feet in diameter. The cost of this instrument is said to have been thirty thousand pounds. But the largest instruments are not always the best, as you will judge from the fact that the exact work of the Greenwich Observatory is done through telescopes whose object-glasses are not more than eight, seven, five, or even four inches in diameter.”

BERTHA.—“When astronomers discover anything new, how do they make it known to others?”

“Nearly all eminent observers in this country are members of the Royal Astronomical Society; regular meetings are held, papers on various astronomical subjects are read, and then discussed by the members, and everything of importance is printed either in the ‘Memoirs’ or the ‘Monthly Notices’ of the Society, for the information of all who care to enquire after such knowledge. In addition,

articles on astronomy appear in some of the magazines or journals nearly every month. One eminent astronomer of the present day, Richard A. Procter, B.A., scarcely allows a month to pass without contributing in some form a first-class article, which is always capable of being understood by 'grown-up' people, and sometimes is so plain as to be easily understood by people not 'grown-up.' Owing to Mr. Procter's clear style and general correctness he has been chosen to write the article on astronomy for the next issue of a large work, called the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.'

HERBERT.—"How do observers know when important changes are about to take place amongst the heavenly bodies? Has each one to calculate for himself?"

"No; there is a most valuable work, called the 'Nautical Almanack,' published in London by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, which gives the most exact information about the sun, moon, stars, and planets, and is designed for the use of seamen and astronomers. It is always published four years in advance, so that captains may take it with them when going long voyages. More than 20,000 copies are printed every year."

BERTHA.—"Of what use is the 'Nautical Almanack' to sailors?"

"It aids them when trying to discover their position at sea; it tells the distance of the moon from certain stars and planets every three hours during the night: when the seaman observes the moon to be in exactly the position described by the Almanack he takes note of the time, and is able to calculate therefrom in what longitude his ship is sailing. The Almanack also contains a table showing, in Greenwich time, the precise moment when the eclipses of Jupiter's moons will take place; so that if a person in any part of the world can detect the moment when the planet's moon is eclipsed he may know Greenwich time to a second."


ANNIE.—"Just one more question. Can you tell us anything further about the transit of Venus, of which you spoke to us a year ago?"

"The transit of Venus has been much spoken of lately, so perhaps a little further explanation will be of value. You will remember that I said it meant the passage of Venus between the earth and the sun, so that the planet appears like a dark spot crossing from one side of the sun's face to the other. The reason why the event is regarded as being of such great importance is the fact that it affords the best and most satisfactory means for measuring the exact distance of the earth from the sun. If it occurred frequently there would be less talk about it, but it occurs only twice in 130 years. The last took place 105 years ago; during that time great improvements have been made in the construction of telescopes, and seeing that another transit of Venus occurs on the 8th of December in this year, great preparations have been made for observing it. The transit of the year 1769 was observed at no less than seventy-four stations. The transit this year is not visible in England, but our Government has granted a sum of

money in order that observations may be made by our astronomers in other parts of the world. Several companies have gone abroad, taking suitable instruments with them, and we can only wait now in the hope that they will have a clear sky and suitable weather for their work. Meantime, I trust that my young friends have been instructed by the conversations we have had, and have been led to admire the wisdom and power of God as we have talked about one of the noblest sciences to which attention can be given.

J. ROBINSON.

BERTHA ; OR, HOW A CHILD WAS BROUGHT TO JESUS.

 **LITTLE** girl was often seen to enter the workshop of a shoemaker named Brenner. She did not stop on her way, either to look at the fowls in the yard, or to play with the kittens, which were sporting in the sunshine, or to admire the beautiful flowers in the garden. She went straight in to the shoemaker's bench, seated herself near one of the workmen, named Frederick, looked at him with a friendly face, and said—

“Well, Frederick, what are you going to tell me about now?”

Who could in such a case refuse a story? Even if Frederick had nothing particular to narrate he was not able to say so.

“Well, dear child, what do you wish to know? Whom shall I tell you about?”

“About the dear Saviour,” was generally the reply.

And to Frederick it was a pleasure; for he loved Jesus, and had long since known Him as his dearest friend. Many a time, when the child fixed her large eyes on him, and received every word from his lips like a drop of honey, the eyes of the workman overflowed with tears, and a sigh spoke the language of his heart.

“Ah, Lord God, I know why Thou lovest children so much; make me also a child.”

The little girl whom we have thus introduced to our young readers was named Bertha. She was born on the 12th of March, 1846, and at that time lived in a small place, where there was neither a minister nor a schoolmaster, for it was only a hamlet of the neighbouring parish. Still the Good Shepherd found the way to this small place—the way to the dwelling of a day-labourer—the way to the heart of a child, and of her mother and father. The loving, patient Saviour long stood and knocked at their hearts, frequently and gently, with a firm, faithful hand, until the mother first opened the door of her heart to Him, and admitted there the Lord Jesus Christ. This was a happy event for the family, and one which shed comfort upon it through time and eternity.

Ever since the mother knew the Saviour she became a changed

woman. Words of cursing and anger were no longer heard from her lips. Prayer was now her delight. Frequently she took her little daughter into her chamber, and there asked her Lord and God for the Holy Spirit for herself and her household. When engaged in washing or spinning she would relate sacred histories from the Bible to her child, and tell her of Him whom her soul loved ; and Bertha listened to her with all her heart, and rejoiced in the great things which God had done. In this manner the child knew the Lord in her early days, and learned to converse with Him, and trust Him as a friend.

One day, as she sat upon the bench, she asked Frederick if she might look at his little books. The good man reached some down from the shelf of different colours—red, yellow, blue, and green, and laid them in the little one's lap, giving her permission to choose one for herself. The child looked at one after another for a long time, for upon each there was a pretty picture. At last she found one with the title, "Jesus Christ, the faithful Shepherd," on which there was a picture of the Saviour. This took her fancy, and she said, "I like this best of all."

"Well," replied Frederick, "I can tell you something glorious about Him."

Bertha smiled pleasantly, and he began.

"There was once a good shepherd who had many sheep. They were allowed to pasture upon a beautiful meadow ; they drank from a clear brook, and slept in a warm fold at night. But one evening when the kind shepherd drove home the sheep there was one lamb missing. Where was it ? The shepherd sought for it, and called, but there was no reply, for the lamb was far away. That morning it had listened to evil counsel from an enemy outside the pasture, and said to one of its companions, 'I shall not stay here any longer ; I have heard that beyond this wood there is another meadow, where the grass is sweeter than it is here, and where we can do as we like. I shall go there.'

" 'You must not go there,' said its companion. 'Stay with our good shepherd. We are so well off with him.'

"But the lamb would not listen ; when the other turned its back it slipped away quietly, and was not missed until the evening. At first it ran over meadows and fields, until it came to a wide brook. Here it made a leap ; but was not able to reach the opposite bank, and fell into the water. It struggled and splashed pitifully, and was well-nigh drowned before it managed to get out on the other side.

" 'Now,' thought the lamb, 'the good meadow is not far off ; it must lie just behind this wood.' So it went forward with fresh hope ; and at first the cool, shady wood was very pleasant. But by-and-by the shade became thicker and darker. The poor wanderer lost the footpath, and was obliged to wind its way through the bushes. The thorns tore off its wool, and blood began to trickle down its body.

Then there came on a fearful tempest ; the thunder rolled awfully through the wood, and the lightning darted among the trees, whilst the rain began to fall heavily. Fear now seized the poor lamb. It could see and hear no longer, nor could it stir a step further. Wearied almost to death, bleeding and wounded by the thorns, and drenched to the skin, it sank down under an old fir tree, closed its eyes, and expected soon to die.

“ Ah, why have I left my good shepherd, who loved me so much ? It will serve me right if I die in this dark wood.”

“ All at once, as the lamb thus lay in sorrow, it heard a well-known sound, sweet and precious—it was the horn of its shepherd, which echoed widely through hill and dale.

“ The good shepherd had gone out to seek the lost one in woods and fields, and had often sounded his horn, as well as called out, ‘ Where are you, little lamb ? where are you ? ’ He now stood on the top of a hill and blew his horn again, and when the lamb heard the sweet tones, sorrow, and repentance, and love were awakened within, and, gathering up all the strength that remained, it cried out, ‘ Help me ! ’

“ The good shepherd has quick ears ; he heard the gentle sigh, and hastened down into the valley. There he found his poor lamb bleeding, and sick, and troubled in heart. He did not chide or beat, but laid the poor wanderer upon his shoulders, and brought it home rejoicing. Since then it never strayed away again, but remained with the good shepherd. —It now loves him, understands even the motion of his eye, and follows him.”

The child had listened with deep earnestness to this narrative. She now rose, thanked her friend for the little book, and went quietly home. But what Bertha had heard she did not forget. Many a time she went anxiously to her mother and said—

“ Do, mother, pray with me.”

This the mother willingly did, for it did her own soul good. At other times the child would go to Frederick if anything troubled her mind, and ask such questions as these, “ Is it right ? Will this give pleasure to the dear Saviour ? Ought one to do that ? ”

Sometimes she would take another child quietly by the hand, slip with her into a corner, and kneel down to pray together.

Thus did the work of grace in this child’s heart proceed in its quiet course. The faithful eye of God looked down with pleasure upon this tender plant, which was springing upwards towards Him, and which was soon to bloom in the Paradise above.



THE EDITOR'S DESK.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. *Was the Deluge universal?*

DEAR SIR,—In our class on Sunday last we were talking about the Deluge, and could not be satisfied whether it covered the whole earth or only that part of it which was then inhabited. Would you kindly give your opinion on the subject through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and oblige

A SCHOLAR OF THE TUNSTALL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ANSWER.—The language of Scripture concerning the Deluge does not, we think, oblige us to believe its universality to the full meaning of the term in the light of modern science.

The "world" which, "being overflowed with water, perished," is in the Scriptural account brought into view less as a physical system than as the platform or theatre of human action (see Genesis vi., 11—13). It is the world as it appears from the standpoint of the historian rather than from that of the geologist or astronomer. In the eye of the former the successive phenomena of the natural world are noteworthy only as they constitute events chequering the career of the human race, possessing importance exactly in proportion to the significance they may have in human history.

That the physical world so far as it was connected with the "human world"—the extent of which is not necessarily co-equal with the material limits, but is defined by the bounds of human society—was completely embraced by the awful calamity the all-prevailing impiety of the latter brought down upon it—that in the "flood of waters" which God brought upon the earth the ruin of nature was so "universal" that, apart from the "eight souls" saved from the general destruction, the entire race of Adam, with all the animate creation, *the existence of which was parallel with that of man*, was, as it were, blotted out of remembrance—is the one great fact of terrible solemnity that the inspired narrative is careful to present vividly before us, and impress upon our minds by a definiteness and emphasis of expression that effectually shuts out all possibility of misapprehension.

It must be admitted, however, that beyond this unavoidable and therefore generally allowed deduction, the declarations of the Scripture record have been made the subjects of the most various interpretation.

Seeing, then, that the Scripture statements touching the Deluge do not generally possess a precision that compels identity of inference from them, we cannot think the conclusion other than a legitimate one, that subordinate details—in which category its exact extent may be placed—should, in the discussion of them, be put upon a purely scientific ground.

In saying this we must not be understood as pronouncing decisively in favour of that view of our subject which by many has

come to be regarded as the most rational one. That the Deluge was limited in its character we are not inclined hastily to assume, as even on a scientific basis reasons for accepting its universality are adduced which are by no means weak.

But to enter here into a review of the arguments advanced on both sides would require more space than we have at our command, and would also be outside the question whether the one or the other may exclusively claim for its support the Biblical statements.

We must, therefore, leave the subject at this point for our inquirer to bestow upon it further reflection if his inclination lead him so to do.

2. *The consistency of Proverbs xx., 1, with 1 Timothy v., 23.*

DEAR SIR,—May I ask you to kindly favour me with an explanation of the following verses?—Proverbs xx., 1; 1 Timothy v., 23.

J. A. PALMER PLAYNE.

ANSWER.—We presume that what our correspondent wishes to inquire of us is how the two passages may be reconciled with each other. The inconsistency here is only a part of the general inconsistency which, to some, appears to exist between those statements of Scripture which, on the one hand, assert the extreme dangerousness of, and those which, on the other, give some sanction to the use of what are generally understood as being fermented, and therefore intoxicating drinks.

Now whatever may be the meaning of the passage given us from the book of Proverbs, that such meaning cannot be the absolute condemnation of that of which it speaks may be inferred from chapter ix., 2—5 of the same book, where “wine”—the original word so rendered being the same (*yayin*) in both cases—is again alluded to in a way that implies some degree of approval.

Proverbs xx., 1, is a caution of the severest character against an unrestrained indulgence; but that it is this only, and not an unconditional prohibition, there can be no reasonable doubt.

Thus there is no actual irreconcilableness between its utterances and St. Paul's advice to Timothy to “take a little wine” on account of his physical weakness.

[We have a few questions on hand which we are reluctantly compelled to defer answering till next month. Will our young friends who send us queries please append to them their full name and address? If they prefer not to have their names published they can say so, and their request shall be complied with. Some of the questions addressed to us we would rather answer privately, and would do so if we knew how to communicate with the sender. This department of the magazine gives us sometimes a little trouble; but notwithstanding that, we shall always have pleasure in being at the service of our readers when they seek our help on any subject with which they are perplexed, or on which they desire information.]

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY AGENCY &c.

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BETHEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, OUTLANE, HUDDERSFIELD CIRCUIT. — Dear Sir,—We are glad to have the pleasing duty of informing you that the past year has been with us one of success for the missionary cause. Our village is a very small one, yet, notwithstanding the few of whom our scholars could expect any contributions, they went boldly to work, with a determination that they would do something towards sending the glad news of a Saviour to the heathen world, and so help on the kingdom of Christ. The following sums have been collected by the female scholars :— Mary Wadsworth, £1 5s. 3d.; Elizabeth Ann Haigh, £1 2s. 4d.; Elizabeth Jane Quarumby, £1 1s. 3d.; Charlotte Whitwam, 13s.; Mary Longley, 2s. 1d.; Anne Roberts, 2s. 6d.; making the sum of £4 6s. 5d. for the females, and also 14s. 4d. by Morton Gledhill. Collection, £1 15s. 6d. Total, £6 17s. 3d. As few can have greater disadvantages to overcome than our scholars here we hope that their example may be beneficial to others, and that it may prove they have done more for their Master by their good example than even will be done by the money they have laboured to collect. As our prayer is that Christ's kingdom may come, let us not only pray, but to the utmost of our ability help on the happy time when all shall know Him, whom to know is life everlasting. —H. A.

PUDSEY, BRADFORD CIRCUIT.—We had our Juvenile Missionary Meeting in our schoolroom on Sunday afternoon, October 25. Mr. James Pickles, one of our superintendents, presided, and gave us a very appropriate address. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. Ledgard, of Maplewell, John Boyes, Samuel Lees, and Thomas Prowd. We had a good attendance, and a good feeling pervaded the meeting. A "Dialogue on Missions" was recited by Hannah M. Glover and Mary Fearnley. A recitation, "The Book of Creation," was also given by Elizabeth Walton, and a mission piece by Mary Fearnley. A missionary box was brought to the meeting, containing the pence got by our late sister, Sarah Hannah Webster. She was a beautiful reciter, and an earnest worker for the mission fund.

Not long ago she filled her place,
And sat with us to learn;
But she has run her mortal race,
And never can return.
We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath the chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

The following is the result of our labours :— Samuel Raistrick, £1 2s. 1d.; Rhoda Hinchcliffe, 16s.; James Turner, 13s. 6d.; Sarah E. Lumley, 12s. 1d.; Mary E. Townend, 10s. 7d.; Emily Wade, 10s.; Caroline Moore, 7s. 3½d.; Mary Fearnley, 5s. 9d.; Mary Ann Johnson, 5s. 7d.; Hannah Johnson, 5s. 6d.; Emma S. Salter, 5s. 1d.; John R. Braithwaite, 5s.; Laura Ackroyd, 3s. 6d.; John M. Stott, 3s. 6d.; Anna Lumley, 3s. 3d.; Hannah M. Lumley, 3s. 1½d.; Albert E. Webster, 2s. 9d.; Jane E. Canthray, 2s. 8d.; Sylvester Braithwaite, 2s. 7d.; John Glover, 2s. 7d.; Sarah H. Webster, 2s. 6½d.; Mary E. Clifton, 2s. 6d.; Alice Dickenson,

2s. 5½d.; Sam Wade, 2s. 3d.; Mary Crowther, 2s. 3d.; Martha Pearson, 2s.; Sophia Ingham, 1s. 6d.; Robert Gill, 1s. 6d.; John Gaunt, 1s. 3d.; Mary Gambles, 1s. 5d.; Mary A. Foster, 1s. 1d.; small sums, 2s. 8d.—£8 7s. 7d. Public collection, £1 4s. 5d. Total, £9 12s.—JOSHUA SHORSMITH, secretary.

SWALWELL, GATESHEAD CIRCUIT.—Services in connection with Foreign and Colonial Missions were conducted on Sunday, October 11, 1874, by J. B. Alexander, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who also filled the pulpit in the morning, as we were without a preacher. In the afternoon that gentleman preached from "Ho, everyone that thirsteth," &c., and in the evening from "Yet there is room." An interesting feature in connection with these services is the repeating of suitable pieces by the children, viz., "God is love," "What I can do," "A goat for a Bible," "Loved and lost," and a "Dialogue on Missions" by girls. On Thursday, October 15, the usual supplementary meeting was held, when suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. Jewell, Gateshead; W. Isham, Dunston; D. Briery, Durham; J. Walsh, Crook; Messrs. R. Gillender and G. Rule. The enterprising spirit of "those at home" towards "those abroad" was stirred up. October 11, collections, £1 7s. 11d.; October 15, collections, 9s. 6d.; Isabella Harwood, 4s. 1d.; Elizabeth Jobbing, 4s. 6d.; Elizabeth Lumley, 2s. 6d.; Elizabeth S. Bennett, 15s. 8d.; R. Waugh, 1s. 10d.; total, £3 6s.—P.S. We would here mention we are grateful to those donors who have honoured our youngsters with their subscriptions. It is helping a good cause. It is encouraging the bravest of brave men. It encourages our young people too; and when the Methodist New Connexion can see fit to raise £10,000 or £15,000 to properly educate the young, perhaps a few young hearts may be stirred like "Livingstone" to do battle with ignorance; and it would be no disgrace if beforehand their hands had played with the "shuttle in the loom." Missionaries wanted.—W. W. BENNETT.

Memoirs.

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WILLIAM JAMES BOWER.

WILLIAM JAMES BOWER was the only son of James and Isabella Bower, of Fulshaw, near Wilmslow, in the Macclesfield circuit. His father has been for several years a local preacher and class leader, and his mother a member of the Church. William James was gentle and amiable in his disposition, and though he died at the early age of six years and three months, he was the subject of God's saving grace. He loved the Sabbath more than any other day, and also the house of God, where he had gone regularly since he was a few weeks old. He was greatly attached to the Sunday-school, which he commenced going to when he was about three years of age, and nothing but sickness or absence from home could deter him from attending every Sunday.

His attentiveness and sedateness both at school and chapel were noticed by the minister and congregation, and led some to remark that he was too good for this world. Often on a Sunday evening he would relate to his

mother what he had been taught at school. He loved to talk of Jesus and heaven, and when he had done anything amiss, instead of trying to hide it, he would confess his wrong-doing, and ask for forgiveness. A kiss from his dear father or mother would soon make him cheerful and happy again. If he saw children rude, or at play on Sunday, he would say, "Mamma, Jesus won't have naughty children in heaven." He was a sweet little singer; he had a natural taste for singing, and could take part in the school-hymns. He took great interest in the last Christmas recital, and was one among those chosen to sing some of the little hymns. Though the recital lasted about three hours and a half, he enjoyed it to the end. His father and mother will never forget that recital, because of the part he took in it, and the pleasure it gave him. Often when thinking of their dear little boy, it all comes fresh to them; and though they do not murmur at what God has done, they cannot but shed tears. When at home with his sisters and his uncle Isaac, he would often be singing his little hymns. The following was a favourite with him :—

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, and He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.,
The Bible tells me so."

In his last illness when in great pain, he frequently sang :—

"When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears;
But now I'm singing all the time.
Singing glory, glory! Glory be to God!"

His affliction, being abscess on the brain, was very severe, yet when strength and memory seemed almost gone, he would keep repeating "Singing Glory." It would not do our young readers any good to describe all his sufferings. We hope they may never be called to suffer as he did: but should it be God's will to afflict them, it will give great comfort to their friends to hear such words come from their lips as little William gave utterance to. "Please God," was one of his prayers in his illness, "please God rub all my sins out, and please God, make me a good boy, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." The day before he died, after saying the little prayers he had been taught in infancy, he said to his mother who sat beside him, "We are not at home, here." She replied, "No, my dear, but you will soon be at home." The last words she heard him say, were—

"We'll anchor in the harbour soon,
For the land beyond the river."

She said, "You will soon be there, love. You will look out and wait for me." He answered "Yes." During his illness he was confined to his bed three weeks, but being delicate and ailing most of the winter, he never expressed a desire to get better, but, childlike, he would like his mother to go with him to heaven. His grandfather, who was almost constantly with him during the last three weeks, said he had witnessed many death-beds, but he never saw one die so happy as this little boy.

The way he went through the dark valley was a sermon to all about him. He died on the Sabbath—the day he loved so much—May 17, 1874.

“This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Called home by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.”

JAMES WILLIAM ALLEN.

JAMES WILLIAM ALLEN was born at Pendleton, June 5, 1861. He was the son of pious parents and the subject of many prayers from his earliest childhood. He attended our Sunday-school at Pendleton, and there received impressions which led him to that loving Saviour who, when on the earth, took the little ones in His arms and blessed them.

He was possessed of a remarkably intelligent mind, affectionate disposition, and amiable manners, and by these good qualities soon won the esteem and love of his teachers and fellow-scholars.

His parents wished from his birth that their boy should be a labourer in the Lord's vineyard; his mother, therefore, presented him with a missionary box when he was quite an infant (an example worthy of imitation), and to the day of his death (when health permitted) he was an energetic collector for our foreign mission cause.

In the seventh year of his age, God, in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to bereave him of his dear mother, who had watched him so tenderly, and instructed him so lovingly in the principles of religion. And during his mother's illness an accident befell him which rendered his whole life afterwards one of suffering and pain, which suffering, however, he endured with lamb-like patience. He often said, “It is well, perhaps, that God has afflicted me, or I might have grown up to be a naughty man.”

In the year 1871 a gracious revival broke out among the young of our Sunday-school, and Willie, though only ten years of age, one Sabbath came out of his pew, and laying aside his crutch, knelt at the communion rail, and penitently sought the Saviour, until, by the exercise of faith, he rejoiced in the blessing of pardon. From this time the excellences of religion shone beautifully in his character. And what is so lovely as the religion of Jesus in a child?

During the last year of his life his pain was intensely severe. Yet convinced that it was the will of his Heavenly Father that he should so suffer, he cheerfully submitted, and not a murmur was heard to escape his lips.

For some months he was confined to his bed; still his confidence in Jesus remained unshaken, and cheerful as a sunbeam he would often raise his voice in song of praise. He often realised much joy while singing, “Oh, how I love Jesus”; and “Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

On the last day of his earthly pilgrimage he occasionally said, “I am tired.” And a few moments before his departure, grasping his father's hand, he said, “Da, don't leave me, I am so poorly. Someone talk of Jesus.” His aunt then repeated part of the hymn, commencing, “Jesus, lover of my soul,” and said, “You, Willie, are safe in the arms of Jesus?” To which he inclined his head, and sweetly breathed his soul away, to be “for ever with the Lord,” July 31, 1874. R.

THE "CUSTOMS" OF THE ASHANTEES.



It is matter for sincere thanksgiving to all interested in missionary operations, that the recent war with the King of Ashantee has been brought to so successful a termination, and that it has resulted in the signing of a treaty which puts an end, as far as a treaty can, to the horrid "customs" of the Ashantees. There is good reason to fear that no treaty will be kept by these treacherous savages further than by force or by fear they are *obliged* to keep it. But it is a satisfaction to know that in future human sacrifices are as illegal in Western Africa as in our own colonies, and that cruel and cold-blooded massacres are no longer to be sanctioned under the plea of "custom," or under the pretence of religion. Rarely have British troops entered *such* a capital in triumph; where "gaunt dead trunks have lined the road, where murder pure and simple, monotonous massacre of bound men, was the one employment of the king, and the one spectacle of the populace." Nor is it a small reward to have gained from the barbarous despot of this horrid city an engagement that for the future throughout all his dominions, he will prohibit human sacrifices. The 50,000 ounces of gold which he is to pay as a war indemnity are "sordid dust" compared to the human lives that will be saved by this clause of the treaty, which, as a garrison is to be left at Prahsu, we may hope will be kept, at least to a considerable extent.

When Mr. Dalzell visited the King of Dahomey, during an illness, in his chamber, he was conducted over a path paved with human skulls, and the palace was surrounded by a wall ornamented at regular intervals with skulls stuck on short wooden stakes: 127 of these were provided by a *special slaughter for the purpose*, when it was discovered that the architect had miscalculated the requisite number!

O Christians! have ye bowels of compassion for such poor miserable captives of Satan as these? Pray, then, earnestly that the result of the recent treaty may be a large increase of missionary effort in these groaning blood-stained lands, where the glorious sun sheds its beams on beings who are "half beasts, half devils," but who *might* be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God—who might be made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of saints in light, who *might be* "conformed to the image of God's dear Son."

 PUZZLES FOR CHILDREN.

We have suspended our Puzzles this month in order to enable UNCLE TEAZER to adjudicate on the answers sent in time to have his decision announced in our January number.

They will be resumed with the New Year, and we hope our young friends will be prepared to do their best to solve them. We intend to increase the number of prizes, so that the diligent may have a greater chance of winning one.

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